

A TIME TO PRACTICE BEING HARD: Notes From Vietnam

By Jim Thomas, USMC see pages 6 & 7

THE pioneer land-grant PAPER

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Who Can Say -- What Is A Which-Niche?

SEE CHARTS PAGE 8

The multiversity--or, to use its own term, the land-grant university--frequently praises itself publicly on its devotion to public service, meaning helping the state meet its ideals for the people. A worthy goal, we are led to believe--except on those rare occasions when something goes wrong in a place like Vietnam and someone like Ramparts Magazine finds out about it.

As often as it praises itself on serving the broad public goals of the state and nation, and of the corporations which identify with those goals, the multiversity praises itself on serving the public needs of private citizens, "preparing them for democracy," as one of the euphemisms goes.

Michigan State's 18-year-old "Career Carnival" (renaming it "Careers '66" this year appears an attempt to rebuild its reputation through semantical fun, after four students and one other person were arrested along last year's midway for distributing anti-war literature) is one of the most perfect examples of the university's attempt to serve simultaneously its two masters: students are told the carnival is a chance for them to meet the world of business, to learn where to look for what kind of jobs when they graduate; the carnival does provide that chance, but it also provides a simple way for government and corporate interests to get onto campus to inspect the current crop of future organization men. Both students and potential employees benefits, if you accept the idea of students fitting into "niches" that are ready-made for them.

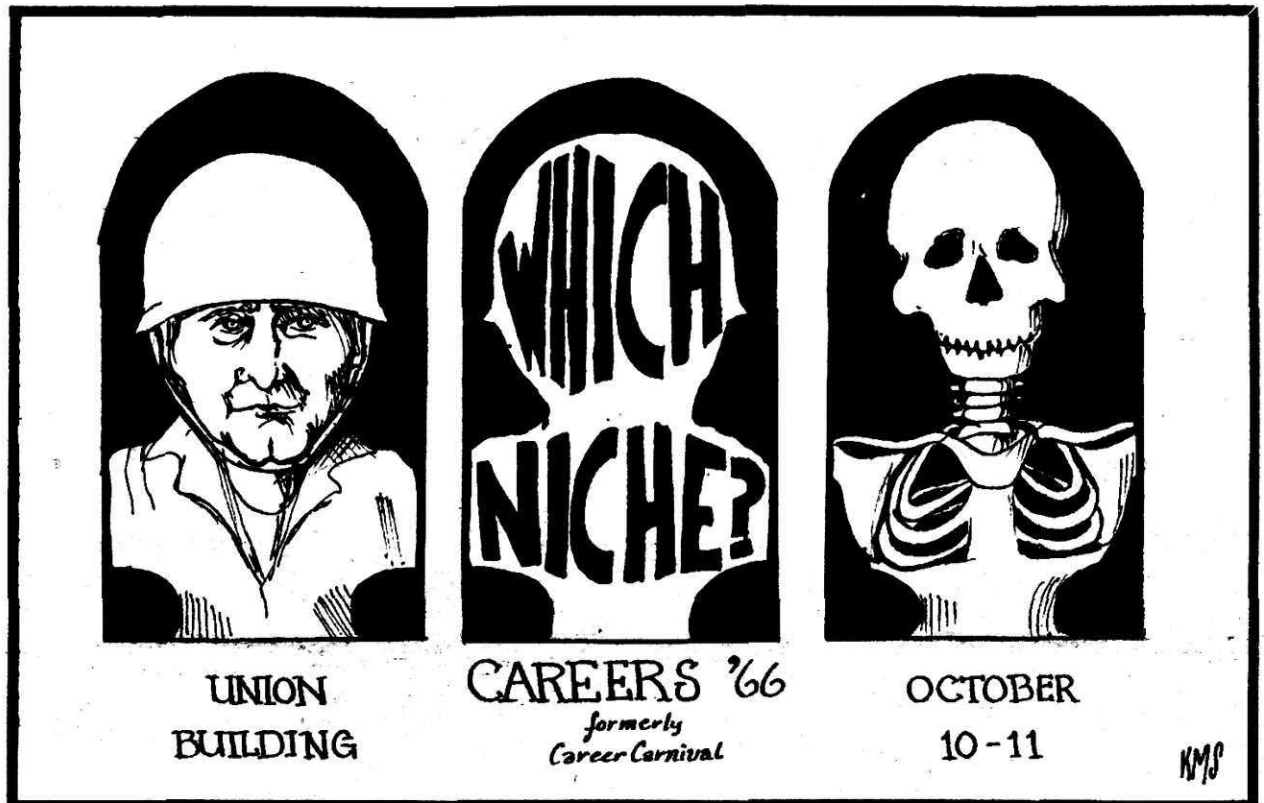
But it is only the employers who are being given an unusual opportunity. Students could always go to the Placement Bureau or write letters to employers if there were no carnival. Employers have no method of contacting large numbers of students that is as simple, inexpensive and effective as the career carnival.

Why does the university put itself out every year just so a limited number of businesses and government agencies can have a go at the students? The charts and articles which accompany this one suggest a possible reason: the university's own interests--that is, the financial interests of the university administration, and, at least possibly though we don't discuss it here, the personal interests of members of that administration--are best served by encouraging the largest number of students into the already largest industries and governmental agencies in the country.

Ten of the corporations participating in this year's carnival are among the corporations making the most money off the war in Vietnam. This is the issue discussed in the leaflet distributed at "Careers '66" by the Students for a Democratic Society (part of which is reproduced here); the research on which that leaflet was based is reproduced in the first chart.

"Careers '66" is a chance for some of the corporations making the

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The Niche Pitch

By GREGG HILL

The circus comes only once a year. This year it's bigger, better, brasher and brassier than ever.

Ringmaster Jack Shingleton has announced, "The booming economy and the increasing number of young people going into military service can help make the coming year an exceedingly good one for getting a job." Formerly called Career Carnival, a much more appropriate name, "Careers '66" serves the needs of the parvenu, the would-be Horatio Alger, in his search for security, opportunities, good income, challenges, and enjoyable work, under the warm, protective wings of Big Business.

The State News describes it: "It's for every student with an eye on the future." Undoubtedly his own future. On the other side of the table, big business greets the wide-eyed youth with a firm handshake and company trade-mark smile. According to the State News, "Careers '66' participants are diligent, loyal, patient and brave." And I'm sure they display all the Boy Scout virtues.

(By the way, among the "companies" represented this year is the Boy Scouts of America. Other newcomers to the Industry on Parade are such reputable and longstanding firms as the FBI, the State Department, and the Treasury Department.) It's all very cozy. Except for the clowns.

The Students for a Democratic Society didn't ask for the part of the clown. They were given the role by the diligent, loyal, patient and brave Brothers of the Bourgeoisie, the United Mind Workers.

On the pretense of being career-conscious and ambitious, I attempted to discover the reaction of the participants to the sobering presence of SDS in the circus atmosphere.

The FBI reacted paternally. Their spokesman resembled a cross-breed between Alvin Karpis and the infamous Baby Face Nelson. (Both are in the FBI Hall of Fame--whatever happened to Al Karpis?) The fed's answer to the clowns--"They're nice kids. They'll grow up some day. What

the hell? Heh, heh, heh. . . I guess the old search for identity goes on."

Boeing's comment: "It's a free country." I choked down my laughter.

Ben Franklin (I swear to God that was his name, and he was wearing Ben Franklin bifocals and asking about the weather) of Standard Oil merely shrugged his shoulders at the question. As I walked away I thought I heard him mumbling something about wasting not, wanting not.

Whirlpool's response, "Would you like some astronaut food?"

"Will it make me fly?"

"It might."

Then I went Krogering. My technique--I'll pretend I'm interested in your management training program if you'll talk about SDS. I got a two-for-the-price-of-one bargain answer. "Speaking for Kroger's I'm neither pro nor con. It seems senseless. . . Personally I don't like them. They're a black eye to the university." He then struck a more casual pose and smugly remarked, "Of course, your education is indirectly financed by the war. We're all profiteering if you want to think of it that way." There's real ruth in packaging.

To Collins Radio Company: "What's your opinion of the SDS activities occurring here?" Their "rep" smiled sweetly, clasped his hands together, and burred ecstatically, "Oh, I'm much too busy here with what I'm

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Editor and Resident Beatnik	Michael Kindman
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A Hard Day's Journey Into Night

Part Two

By STEPHEN BADRICH



THE BEATLES! Suddenly, twelve feet away, in a salmon jacket and a sea green shirt, was John Lennon, Member of the British Empire, late of Liverpool and St. John's Wood; George Harrison, visiting musicologist, in a tan shirt and an unreadable expression; Paul McCartney, of the choirboyish good looks, in a brilliant yellow blazer and a shirt striped with zigzag lightning; and Ringo Starr, as strange-looking as his pictures, in a black jacket and a shirt with lavender polka dots.

The air in the room seemed to pick up a slight static charge, an air of heightened reality. Notebooks flipped open. The first few flashbulbs popped, as photographers found their range. From my vantage point (I had slipped into a seat in the fourth or fifth row), the immediately striking thing about them was how good they looked, now clean, how incapable of doing anything epater le bourgeois; the complexion problems I had half-expected were non-existent. Lennon was surprisingly handsome, with symmetrical features, a Grecian profile, and a mouth heroic in repose; from head-on, two springy columns of hair could be seen flying out on either side of the nape of his neck like a pair of parentheses turned inside out, so:). McCartney had a suggestion of five o'clock shadow, which made him more credible and probably saved him from looking like Puck of Pook's Hill.

The four of them stood for a few seconds by the table at the front of the room, chatting with people in the first row and finishing off a round of soft drinks -- Pepsis, through who knows what unconscious symbolism. Someone asked George for a cigarette, and Harrison gave him a Player. Their lips were moving, but the sounds didn't penetrate even to the fourth row.

"Whatssamatter? Has Danny got the mikes away from them?" The picture-taking began in earnest. A news camera on my right opened up with a sound like a robot locust: click-click-click-click-click! The light from exploding flashbulbs became a steady electric flicker.

The Beatles sat down, sipped their Pepsis, mugged and smiled. They looked relaxed. I'm in love with her and I feel fine.

Click - click - click-click-click-click! Flash! Flash! Flaaash!

"All right," commanded someone in the Beatles' party (not Brian Epstein, who wasn't there; whoever he was, he acted as the conference's MC.) "offer them the sweatshirts now." Four EPGC Good Guys, mesomorphic types in blazers, trotted to the front of the room with WPGC Good Guy sweatshirts, which they did their best to drape over the Beatles. This was suffered with fairly good grace, although I saw Ringo look down at his sweatshirt for a fraction of a second with a look of total revulsion.

"One more minute for pictures!" Flaaash! Flash! Flash! Click-click-click-click-click!

A hush fell. The M.C. looked out at us and said, "Questions?" There was a general recognition lag that lasted about a second, and then Nan Randall of the Washington Post shot her hand up. The Post had sponsored a contest "for people twenty or under" offering free tickets for the two best Beatles questions, and apparently Mrs. Randall wanted to make sure she got them both in.

The M.C. nodded to her and she read from a pad, addressing the

Beatles at large: "If reincarnation existed, what would you want to return to earth as?"

"What crap," murmured someone on my right.

"Doesn't matter," said Paul, half shrugging. You could see it didn't, not to him.

"A tree," suggested Ringo. We were off and running.

"Why?" asked George, looking at Nan Randall with genuine curiosity.

He never got an answer. The M.C. pointed to a girl with a large hat; she was in the first row, across the table from John, and she began confusedly: "John, am I on, I mean, can I ---"

Lennon smiled broadly and pointed a finger at her. "You're on the AIR, lady!" There was general laughter. She asked a long question about whether the Beatles now did things individually. "I mean, do you make solo films?" John, Paul, and George answered, their answers dovetailing neatly together. "Well, it's something we'll have to consider." "If we get an offer, and if it's a good offer." It sounded almost like double-talk. John smiled dazzlingly.

"John," called out a plaintive voice on the left, and from the apologetic, for-God's-sake-I-hope-you-understand-that-it-doesn't-matter-to-ME tone, everyone instantly knew what this one was going to be about. John turned his profile to me, and I saw him swallow slightly. "John, this business about your remarks. (About your being more popular than Jesus and all.) What is it exactly? Do you think it's a big fuss or nothing, or what?" He stopped, too embarrassed to go on. There seemed to be a general feeling among the Washington press that John had been given a hard enough time already; after all, Adlai Stevenson, Ted Sorenson, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., were all UNITARIANS, for crissake, and no one had ever threatened to burn their books.

"Oh, it's not over nothing," John said rapidly. "Not if people think it's not over nothing, and a lot of them do. Not so many as I had been led to believe, but a lot."

Someone interrupted to ask if the Beatles thought the religion issue had hurt attendance. "Nothing to do with it," they answered firmly, in chorus. "The crowds are big," John amplified, and the discussion degenerated into talk about crowds and gate receipts.

Did John have anything to say about the fact that the stadium was being picketed by the Ku Klux Klan? John laughed. "Nothing to say about that."



So far as I knew, this was not a fact, but I decided to let the Ku Klux Klan look out for itself.

Someone asked if John had ever thought of writing children's stories. The tension evaporated. "I've thought of it," admitted John. "The trouble is, sometimes they don't come out as children's stories." Nervous laughter.

Would John care to comment on the charge that his remarks about religion had been made for the sake of publicity? "That's pretty stupid," commented John.

"Hey, John, what ABOUT 'Yellow Submarine'?"

"Paul's it," said John and George together. "Paul's the one." John mugged and dug a finger into Paul's ear, as though looking for something. Paul looked down at his yellow jacket in embarrassment and said, "One night when I was going to sleep, I got to thinking that I'd like to write a children's song, like we used to have, you know. . ."

The Beatles laughed at this as though it were some fabulously funny in-joke; it may have been, for all I know.

"Is that you in the background, John?" someone asked, apparently meaning: "--on the speaking tube in 'Yellow Submarine'."

"Yes, that's me".

Someone asked George Harrison a long question that used the words "trends" and "sithar." His answer began, "Oh, I don't know. . ." but I missed the rest of it; I was busy memorizing the first question in the notebook on my lap. Harrison sat through most of the conference like a sullen werewolf, (it may have been his hollow cheeks, or his trick of showing his teeth when he talked) and while his answers were penetrating, he only made three or four of them. Of all the Beatles, he gave the impression of being the most alienated; there was something slightly resentful and proletarian in

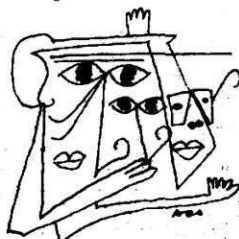
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front-row seat for the Decline of the West

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the definitive word on the riots, or

THE RIOTS WHOSE TIME HAD COME

By CHAR JOLLES

Sociologists and administrators for the last week have been making slightly less than candid remarks about the "riots" that occurred during finals week last spring. Their interpretation as reported in the State News consists of rather hackneyed generalizations about student discontent and insecurity and virtually ignores the broader implications of the riot phenomenon.

A little less sociology, a lot less administration, and a lot more insight is imperative before the outbreaks of then, now and tomorrow can ever be understood.

The current interpretations run the gamut of cliches. Let us examine briefly the three most popular, which argue that the riots were (1) "a fun thing to let out tensions" (Andrew Babyak, grad assistant in sociology), (2) the product of resentment and insecurity that "builds up over the year, sometimes not even in connection with the university" (John A. Fuzak, vice president for student affairs), and (3) the expression of discontent by students with "minor grievances" and those who "don't care" about studies (James Hundley, assistant professor of sociology). All three of these interpretations may have some validity; however, they are used to explain away the riots as the natural but irresponsible and appalling behavior of children which "should not be and will not be tolerated at Michigan State University." (Donald Adams, in a memo to residence hall staff, June 8, 1966.)

Mob activity that requires police control is, of course, much, much more than misbehavior; it is a symptom. In the case of the modern university, it is one of many symptoms of a number of possible diseases. One major clue to the particular disease at Michigan State is the fact that the riots occurred during finals week.

Oddly enough, this factor has been little explored by our sociologists and administrators.

They seem to underrate the significance of finals week tension; the crowds were basically gay, frolicking, and the "misbehavior" was a way, perhaps immature, of having "fun." The solution to the rioting is, of course, "to do everything possible... to communicate the importance of final examinations and that misbehavior of any sort, including water fights, will not be tolerated." (Adams, in the memo)

Unfortunately, the issue is deeper. "Fun" doesn't explain the rioting; when "fun" means total indifference to several injured students and to damaged property, then it is more than whimsy—it's despair. It's despair which grows out of a terrifying awareness of the absurd IMPORTANCE of finals, and which expresses itself in senseless, aimless, destructive activity.

"College crowds are usually gay, frolicking crowds. If left pretty much alone, they won't allow any too violent action."

--James S. Hundley, assistant professor of sociology.

"I've never been scared before in a crowd of students. I've never been in one before when I thought a mob could kill, but that night at McDonel I felt that they almost could have."

--Donald A. Adams, director of residence hall programs



donald feinberg

To explain away the riots as "a fun thing to let out tensions" is to miss the point entirely. It seems far more appropriate to interpret the riots as a "desperate thing to let out tensions," and hence far more sensible "to do everything possible to communicate the relative UNimportance of final exams in the over-all educational process."

Our sociologists and administrators underrate the significance of finals week tension in another way: by lumping it in with other "minor grievances" about food, lack of recreational facilities at Brody, and so on. (State News, 10-4-66)

Surely it is obvious that any grievance which prompts even a small degree of mob hysteria cannot begin to be "minor." Complaints about food, loss of playrooms at Brody, housing regulations, off-campus living expenses, are all quite trivial, and indeed, "to university officials, these reasons leave much unexplained." (State News, 10-4-66) Undoubtedly many students could not give clear, logical reasons why they participated in the rioting.

The object of discontent and resentment -- that grievance which is major enough to sustain a riot -- is probably beyond our depth right now. We do know, however, that suddenly the trivial became important, and that suddenly mob activity became necessary for fun, release of tension, and/or self-expression.

We do know, furthermore, that

suddenly the students united in activity against the orders of local and state police and university administrators. The university suddenly became an adversary.

Perhaps we can say that people who are engaged in meaningful, personally fulfilling activity don't feel the need to express themselves in senseless, sometimes dangerous and violent, ways, or to defy an authority they theoretically respect. Perhaps we can venture further to say that there is little reason to believe that the educational process here is a meaningful, personally fulfilling experience for very many students. Instead the student sees himself as helpless to do anything except run the rat-race that has been planned for him. Individual development must take place within a rigid structure of credits, deadlines, tests, requirements, curfews and dress regulations.

In this context, the riots can be seen as one of many symptoms of the same disease: an inflexible, inhumane structure in which education, personal development and meaningful activity are supposed to flourish.

Other reactions to this same mis-educational process include (1) apathy towards courses and intellectual achievement, (2) general apathy towards everything except social life and economic advancement, (3) concentration of resources on political and social activism, and (4) miscellaneous commitments such as THE

PAPER.

The MSU riots, then, could be interpreted as one of many symptoms of a dissatisfying college experience. This perspective extends far beyond the boundaries of our campus; it was, indeed, the very subject of an important conference last year.

The conference, sponsored by the National Student Association (NSA) under grants from the National Institute of Mental Health and the Danforth Foundation, was held in Warrenton, Virginia, last November. This spring, NSA published a timely report of the conference called "Students, Stress and the College Experience," which attempted to define just that dissatisfaction which is slowly beginning to undermine the structure of American education.

(Next week: a report of the report.)



Draft Cards

Questions And More Questions

By ERIC OTTINGER

At registration all male students were presented with a Selective Service Information card. Apparently MSU believes that the student has some rights in regard to "information concerning my academic status." This is a new procedure: Either the student signs the card to be given another card notifying the draft board of the notification that they will be receiving later from the registrar's office, or there is no notification at all. By this either-or arrangement the university seems to coerce with the left hand what it had given generously with the right hand.

My first stop in looking into this matter was to see Colonel Dorsey Rodney (whom the Faculty Directory calls "Coordinator Draft Deferment Vice Pres Stu Aff" and "Dean Emeritus Coll of Bus & P S"), who had helped me in the past when it had been a vital question of making connections with my draft board. That is what he does. He protects those precious deferments. He explains, he makes telephone calls, he sympathizes. He has an office on the third floor of the Student Services Building. I asked him if there was an alternative means of official notification.

"No," he replied, "it must come from the registrar." Is there another way of getting the notification out of the registrar's office? "I doubt it." How do you expect the Selective Service System to react if a student doesn't sign, and the information is not sent out? "They've got to act on the basis of the information which they have at hand."

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WKAR FM 90.5 mc

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS

Week of Oct. 13-19

Thursday, Oct. 13

- 6:30 a.m. -- "The Morning Program," classical and modern music, along with news and weather. Hosted by Mike Wise. (Every Monday through Friday.)
- 8 a.m. -- News with Lowell Newton. (Every Monday through Friday.)
- 8:15 a.m. -- "Scrapbook," music and features with Steve Meuche. (Monday through Friday.)
- 1 p.m. -- Musical, "Lost in the Stars."
- 9 p.m. -- "Jazz Horizons," 'til midnight, with Bud Spangler.

Friday, Oct. 14

- 1 p.m. -- Musical, "Carnival."
- 8 p.m. -- Opera, Verdi's "Falstaff," with Tito Gobbi and Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, conducted by Herbert Von Karajan.

Saturday, Oct. 15

- 11:45 a.m. -- "Recent Acquisitions," with Gilbert Hansen and Ken Beachler discussing and listening to new recordings.
- 1:15 p.m. -- MSU-Ohio State football, from Columbus.

- 7 p.m. -- "Listner's Choice," classics by request 'til 1 a.m., phone 355-6540 during the program.

Sunday, Oct. 16

- 2 p.m. -- The Cleveland Orchestra in concert, Lucas Foss conducts Chaconne Ine by Buxtehude - Chavez; Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring"; Brahms' Symphony No. 1 in C.
- 8 p.m. -- "The Toscanini Era," with Gary Barton. Toscanini conducts music by Haydn, Mozart, Gluck and Brahms.

Monday, Oct. 17

- 1 p.m. -- Musical, "Half a Sixpence."

- 8 p.m. -- "Opera from Radio Italiana," Giordano's "Andrew Chenier."

Tuesday, Oct. 18

- 1 p.m. -- Musical, "Little Me."
- 8:30 p.m. -- The Chicago Symphony Orchestra in concert. An all-Vivaldi program conducted by Antonio Janigro.

Wednesday, Oct. 19

- 1 p.m. -- Musical, "Girl Crazy."
- 8 p.m. -- "FM Theater," Dorothy Stickney in "A Lovely Light," a dramatization of the poems and letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

A TIME TO PRACTICE BEING HARD:

Jim Thomas dropped out of MSU last year to join the Marine Corps and fight in Vietnam. I didn't know him then--don't know him now, in a lot of ways--but met him briefly when he returned here after basic training, before being shipped out. He gave us a few poems and a brief article explaining why he had enlisted (reprinted below), and left. He wrote from San Francisco, then from Vietnam, and we printed some of his things last spring.

We broke for the summer, and I wrote telling him to send me whatever he wrote and we'd print it in the fall. Throughout the summer his letters came regularly, and I followed him from combat to an isolated non-combat station to combat again, finally to Okinawa for rest and--the letter came Monday--back to combat again.

I was afraid for him all summer long, and I'm afraid now. Afraid (at the risk of sounding maudlin) proud, in a way that I'm not at all proud of "our boys." As he said: "I believe in the facts--men fight wars." Jim may be a soldier, a killer, a victim, but reading his work can, I think, make you understand that most simple and terrible of truths: "men fight wars."

Laurence Tate

If you have anything to say to him, his address is:

L/CPL James C. Thomas 2191461
3rd Bn., 3rd Marines
H & S Company (Comm)
FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96602



Said The Master

"Well now," said the master, "if you are to be free of women, you must quit them."

We perceive ourselves laid bare to another,
Whether in moments of delicacy
Or after, left to silent questionings
And the length of the strand -- to toe patterns
In the sand that proffer no answer,
To replace a pebble or two, and to face
Moon's unwalkable path over the waters --
We bare ourselves to another.
Know well that I shall discover thee again,
For the mind lives by what has seared it:
No fallen star but whose ashes scatter
To the clouds, but whose dying kindles
Some poetic eye, or warms the fur
Of a beast that never sees it.

"Failing that," said the master, "you must,
Where appropriate, accept and enjoy, in joy."

June 20

I send a few examples of propaganda sheets.

The strip is self-explanatory. Aimed at both villagers and VC, it is air-dropped or scattered by troops on patrol. The little grass shack on the end panel, of course, covers a grave.

July 27



The Soldier - 1966

The tactical problem of combatting the guerrilla on his own ground has often been discussed. GI's, though, face another set of troubles more subtle, no less important, and too often neglected. They must fight without the past's comforts and justifications -- patriotism, hatred, and illusions that their war is all-important. In Vietnam, there are no columns of hated Germans, only, perhaps, a six-year-old handing his primed grenade to a jolly green giant. That boy must be shot, "the job must be done," and yet the act's injustice cannot quite be glazed over.

"For God and country?" The soldier, like his forebears, carries an idea into a Godforsaken country, where he fights to maintain it. Yet, except for some officers and visiting congressmen, few in Vietnam do any flag-waving. Somewhere along the line, somebody misplaced the flag. Even more important, though he may joke--"another guy was killed, yesterday, demonstrating against us fighting over here"--the soldier knows he is sometimes forgotten and often disliked by the folks back home.

Civilians have not yet geared for war, and non-martial matters preoccupy them. During World War II, there was an almost mystic involvement in the war efforts: Dwight Macdonald criticized capitalists by attacking Patton's example; and Lucky Strike Greens put on kaiki uniforms for the duration. Now, though, there are choices: to march in Mississippi, patrol the paddies or shuffle along for nothing in particular. The bright, volunteer spirit drives few into the recruiting offices. That enthusiasm has been claimed by M-2-M, the Peace Corps, "The Paper," which offer adventure and usefulness not so close to the bone as combat.

The soldiers I know, at least those who are morally involved, faced with what they must do and knowing that the nation isn't fully behind their efforts, adopt an attitude of grim resolve. There is no other choice.

March 10

Phone Conversations On Watch

The conversations below are almost verbatim, from a defensive position on "the front lines" to my platoon CP.

"C.P.?"
"C.P."
"First squad all secure. Negative bullseyes."
"Thank you."
"Hey, Mac?"
"Yeah, J.C.?"
"Right. Tim on phone watch after you?"
"Sure. May I take message?"
"No, I believe I'll call later. Will Mr. Shine be there an hour from now?"
"Most assuredly, sir."
"Night, Mac."
"Sure."
"C.P.?"
"C.P."
"This is first squad. You all secure over there?"
"Yes."
"OK. Just checking."

"C.P.?"
"C.P."
"Tango India Mike this is Juliette Charlie Tango. Be advised you have cocoa in your handset."
"All right, J.C. I'll be down for a cup in . . . uh, ten minutes."
"It's ready now, Tim. Come on down."
"OK."
"Oh, C.P.?"
"C.P."
"C.P., this is first squad all secure, negative bullseyes. Just keeping you from worrying, Tim."
"All right. I'll be right down."
"Out."

July 3

Notes From Vietnam

By JIM THOMAS, USMC

Night Watch: Monkey Mountain

On this height no eagle strains
In a standard metaphor
Against the fall of night:
These are the hills of Cain.
His exiled crime courses
Our hill, though only kites
Trace streamwater down from the ruined
Springs. Game paths are highways,
The junctions, boulders cleated
By roots, are guard posts new
To tactics. At evening, when haze
Rises and dim rain meets
Scrub to replenish the springs,
Darkness forces me to knife;
My companions the red
Earth and low chattering.
In the midst of such life
Why must I be so dead?

June 26



State Of Things

In the shade a personage lies
Noting the sweep of the battle:
It is the will and the way of the gods.

Out in the sun a mistake occurs;
Though but lately burdened with the latest equipment,
His boots seem large as all his body.

In the shade the warrior lies tagged,
Away from the will of his masters.
It is the will and the way of his masters.

May 16



Instructions

...and a speech made to us. Not verbatim, but not distorted for any effect.

The captain stepped to the center of the rough circle we made.

"All right, I'm proud of you men, because you've made Lima Three/Three what it is. Most of you are due for rotation back to the States. I want you men to know I appreciate what you've done.

"For those of you who'll be with me when we go back to the field, I have some more to say. In the five months I had this company in the field we killed four VC for every casualty we took. That's good, but it's not perfection, and perfection is the goal I have for this company. I believe this is a goal we can achieve. You will achieve perfection, because I'll run your asses into the ground until you do.

"You'll be so hard and so aggressive when you get back to the field that you won't want to shoot those dirty Charlie bastards. You'll be so eager you'll want to get his throat in your hands and rip it out. You won't shoot -- you'll close with that miserable bastard and rip his belly with your bayonet. And you'll smile when it goes in, and you'll laugh at his expression when he looks down and tries to stuff his guts back in.

"You will kill ten VC for every scratch you get. You'd better.

"Be Marines. Be aggressive. Be hard. That's all."

And he walked away.

July 3

The Fourth Of July

A war affects things. You know the manner of changes it has brought, or wrought, upon you. My company's been rotated off the "front lines" temporarily, and even though our present guard post last was hit in 1954, the acquired reactions linger. Even as I write this, a stubby toad hops onto a rock, and I nearly shoot it.

This afternoon, off watch, I followed a stream bed a hundred yards or so down the mountain with camera and book of poetry, bent on an hour's relaxation in the shade, reading and capturing on film a certain small lizard I know. Before I left, I cleaned my pistol, loaded it, and stuffed it and an extra magazine into a hip pocket.

A week ago, coming back up the mountain with a case of, let us say, Coke, I jerked out of listlessness on seeing a perfect cross of sticks lying on the roadside. VC use such as markers for their booby-traps. The cross was, of course, natural. Just this afternoon, walking among the streamside boulders, I saw, on the flat surface of one ahead, three square stones whose whiteness contrasted with the boulder's gray. This time I circled 'way around, approached from the backside, searching the area, but found no booby-trap where the marker, three simple stones, said to me there should have been.

Today is Independence Day, and

they're shooting off firecrackers and fireworks down below. Far off, about ten miles south of Danang, other fireworks lights the night sky: flares, rockets, once, briefly, a napalm blossom. They are signs and celebrations, lest we forget, lest we forget.

July 4

He Who Survives

It is an affair between you and me,
This momentary madness that allows
Us, who toe no party lines when we're calm,
To engage in comparing reflexes,
Winner to walk still, and see. If behind
These eyes may grow remorse, it should be ours
To hold, together with no bit of balm
Save knowing we shared what mattered to us.
What do we care for his so lofty tears,
He who survives, since he never was here
To gain a part of our sorrows, our cares,
Knowledge of loss at what never will be?
We died, you and I, when we might have shared
Rice and a bowl of nuc-doc, which is tea.

August 12



Here we are, together again, aboard an assault ship bound to do battle against the powers of evil. We'll hit the beach tomorrow, I can't tell you where, and my job's to follow a company commander about, keeping him in touch with the battalion commander and occasionally calling in helicopters to evacuate the sick, wounded and dead. Read all about it in the papers. . .

Time to practice being hard.

October 5

Niche Pitch

continued from page 1

doing for the company (he says "company" with a special warmth and familiarity) to be concerned with things like that." His mood suddenly changes. "Why do you ask?"

"Just curious I guess. . . but is Collins profiting from the war? Directly?"

"Well, technological writers are so much in demand today that a young man like you could. . . Are you leaving?"

Echoing its reaction to anti-napalm demonstrations by SDS in Midland last summer, Dow Chemical simply replied, "It's a hard thing to get excited about." Then again, the last thing to excite Midland was the Coolidge victory of 1924.

The final absurdity came from the National Security Agency, a branch of the State Department which allegedly specializes in intelligence work. Their reply: "I can't really state an opinion as I haven't seen either the leaflet or the distributors yet." I believe one was standing directly across from him at the time.

What companies did respond to further questioning seemed indifferent to the accusations leveled by SDS.

According to SDS research, Boeing Company received defense contracts for items to be used in Vietnam totalling \$297.4 million. Annual defense contracts for all items total well over one billion dollars. Is Boeing profiting from the Vietnam war? The answer: "Actually we have a \$3 million backlog, but even that's commercial. Our military backlog is small. . . We're 70 to 80 per cent commercial. I guess that explains it, kids. What the hell."

Dow admits having \$28.8 million in defense contracts for napalm, herbicide and landing mats. Then it denies the significance of the profit involved. "The profit, if any, is extremely small." After all, what does a \$28.8 million contract mean in a billion dollar company? Small change, I'm sure, but not easily given up.

External to the SDS question is another form of distortion. Or perhaps it's my naivete. Edwin Fitzpatrick, assistant director of the Placement Bureau, commented in the State News (I'm sure it was a joke), "Liberal arts majors are in demand in the computer industry. They are receptive to training, curious, questioning and good at logical thinking, all necessary for working with computer programming and systems." I told the lady at IBM I was a brilliant liberal arts major, receptive to training, curious, etc. Her answer: "Are you sure you wouldn't like to play three-dimensional tic-tac-toe with our new electronic brain? Two people have beaten it already tonight."

"No, thank you. I'm on a bad losing streak right now."

Indisputably, the spotlight of the "Careers '66" circus was focused on the Whirlpool astronaut exhibit. Two parts of this were symbolic of the entire Careers effort: "Pre-launch/Launch Period Urine Collection System" and "Fecal Waste Management System." (The caption of the latter read: "Each astronaut is provided with one collecting bag per day plus additional bags depending on length of flight." We may not longer pray merely for safe lift-offs, maneuvers and re-entries. We must pray for regularity.)

The first remark I heard when I entered the exhibits was, "Is this rat race really worth it?" Big Business must think so or it wouldn't waste

Big Top personnel on it. Some students must agree or they wouldn't play the part of the monkey. Perhaps if I were interested in systems control or component development I might understand.

War Is Good Business

By BRAD LANG

The following passages are from the Students for a Democratic Society leaflet distributed Monday and Tuesday at "Careers '66"



Welcome to Careers '66. Spread out before you are the various wares of some of the most powerful companies in America. All of them are here bidding for your services. You, in turn, are seeking a lifetime career. Overshadowing all this, however,

is the fact that almost every male student will end up working for these companies in a short-term career in the military-industrial complex. While you are a member of the U.S. Armed Forces, you will be an employee of the companies receiving defense contracts just as surely as if your name appeared on their payroll lists.

If you are of sound mind and body, you WILL be drafted. And while you are fighting and dying in Vietnam, somebody back home will be making lots of money.

WHY ARE WE SLAUGHTERING THE VIETNAMESE PEOPLE?

Ask the representatives of the Boeing Company. In the last fiscal year, they received defense contracts for items to be used in Vietnam totalling \$297.4 million. These items included helicopters, spare parts, and B-52 aircraft parts. Their annual defense contracts for all items total well over a billion dollars. That's a lot of money for a handful of human lives.

WHY ARE AMERICAN STUDENTS BEING DRAFTED TO FIGHT IN VIETNAM?

Spend a few minutes talking to the representatives of Dow Chemical Company. Perhaps they can tell you about \$28.8 million in defense contracts for napalm, herbicide, and landing mats. For Dow, the burning alive of the Vietnamese people represents substantial income which they would not receive if there were no war in Vietnam. But why should they take the blame for these deaths? It's all part of the free enterprise system.

OR IS IT?

The companies listed above (in the first chart--ed.) are all represented at Careers '66. Their total share in the defense budget (based on partial figures) totals over one billion dollars. A billion dollars is enough to make some men do anything, but even that represents less than 2 per cent of the entire defense budget, approximately \$54 billion. Is a single human life worth a billion dollars or 54 billion dollars? How much is your life worth in cold cash? Ask the people from Dow and GM and IBM.

If you ask them, they will probably tell you that they would gladly stop manufacturing these war materials if the war were to be won. Until then, they will say, we must continue to fight the holy war against Communism. We must fight to preserve freedom in Vietnam, and if American Corporations make money from the battle, then that's the way it has to be.

BUT ARE THEY TELLING YOU THE TRUTH?

(The leaflet goes on here to quote at length from Donald Duncan, the former Green Beret who discussed in an article in Ramparts Magazine the many reasons he quit the armed forces and is now working in opposition to the war. Among Duncan's reasons are the failure of the war to appeal to the desires of the Vietnamese people and the nature of the war as a product of an over-militaristic government.)

Fifty-four billion dollars. Sixty-five billion dollars by the end of this year. That's a lot of money.

If we're not fighting to preserve freedom, if the people don't want us, if we have no moral right to be fighting in Vietnam, then WHY ARE WE THERE? Ask the people from Dow and GM and IBM. See if they know the answer.

We know the answer. Donald Duncan knows the answer. And YOU know the answer:

WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS.

TEN PARTICIPATING CORPORATIONS, WHICH ARE ALSO AMONG THE NATION'S TOP DEFENSE CONTRACTORS

	War Materials Contracts Fiscal 1966	Investments by MSU, Fiscal 1965	Gifts and Grants to MSU, Fiscal 1965
Boeing Company (helicopters, aircraft parts)	\$297,390,624.00	--	--
General Motors Corp. (aircraft engines, tanks)	289,098,281.00	\$466,967.48	\$ 22,356.00
Alfred P. Sloan Found. Oldsmobile Division	--	--	7,450.00
Collins Radio Company (radar, aircraft and ground radios)	142,270,361.00	--	31,399.00
Chrysler Corporation (tanks, cargo trucks, parts)	98,367,440.00	--	--
Ford Motor Company (military trucks, cars)	93,939,917.00	210,500.00	8,680.00
Ford Foundation	--	--	1,154,776.41
Socony Mobil Oil Corp. (diesel and jet fuel, gasoline)	53,822,031.00	114,290.00	4,652.00
Standard Oil Companies (diesel and jet fuel, gasoline)	29,651,318.00	--	--
Standard Oil of N.J.	--	355,646.25	--
Standard Oil of Ind.	--	127,736.00	--
Standard Oil of Ohio	--	940.50	--
Dow Chemical Company (napalm, herbicide, landing mats)	28,842,559.00	546,221.60	26,712.82
Intl. Business Machines (data processing, electronics)	26,559,520.00	3,206.00	53,020.00
Whirlpool Company	6,034,684.00	9,999.00	7,826.49
TOTAL	\$1,065,976,735.00	\$1,707,830.33	\$1,316,874.98

SOME OTHER PARTICIPANTS IN 'CAREERS '66' -- AND THEIR TIES TO MSU

	Investments by MSU, Fiscal 1965	Gifts and Grants to MSU, Fiscal 1965
U.S. Government	\$ 17,540,169.21	--
U.S. Army	--	\$145,980.01
U.S. Public Health Serv.	--	135,567.09
U.S. Army, Ryukyus	--	131,017.53
U.S. Navy	--	106,959.06
U.S. Air Force	--	93,017.78
National Bank of Detroit	8,778,897.00	--
American Telephone and Telegraph	1,295,190.00	--
Michigan Bell Telephone Co.	48,375.00	--
New York Telephone Co.	9,400.00	--
Bell Telephone of Penna.	5,385.00	--
Detroit Edison	466,612.00	3,536.00
Consumers Power Company	352,689.60	6,800.00
Michigan National Bank	300,000.00	--
Household Finance Corporation	101,000.00	--
Household Finance Foundation	--	3,300.00
Prentice-Hall Inc.	75,725.00	--
Pan-American World Airways Inc.	5,525.00	--
General Foods Fund Inc.	12,000.00	--
Dow Corning Corp.	2,500.00	--
Kroger Company	1,000.00	--
Stouffer Foods Corp.	500.00	--
TOTAL	\$29,479,080.56	\$626,177.47

A Happy New Year

By JIM BUSCHMAN

The school year ahead looks to be every bit as exciting as the last one. Following is a forecast of just-wildly-possible events to come in 1966-67:

OCTOBER -- Zeitgeist Fall Issue hits the newsstands -- contains new fold-out pictorial, "Poltergeist of the Month."

NOVEMBER -- MSU completes undefeated season, is named Number One by every news agency except Underground Press Syndicate, which

gives title to Berkeley. Bubba Smith plays his last college football game, becomes first draft choice of Detroit Lions; when questioned if Lions bought him his "Bubbamobile," is quoted as saying, "Nah, I got it with the dividends from my GM stock."

DECEMBER -- ASMSU Popular Entertainment Committee announces sponsorship of Cassius Clay's next title defense Winter Term in Jenison Fieldhouse.

JANUARY -- Hubbard Hall gets four-star rating in 1967 Mobile Travel Guide.

FEBRUARY -- Ramparts Magazine publishes expose of MSU projects in East Lansing -- President Hannah issues statement saying he doesn't know a thing about it.

MARCH -- Beaumont Tower declared obsolete -- plans made to replace it with high-rise, ivy-covered parking ramp, destined to become new Symbol of the University.

APRIL -- Biggie Munn announces that Spartan Stadium will be enlarged, covered with a fiberglass dome -- claims reason for the move is so convocation can be held there in any weather.

MAY -- MSU Planning Committee completes plans for Hannah Hall -- 48 stories high, with penthouse hotel, to become the university's first living-learning-loving complex, to be located on South Campus, just north of Indiana State Line.

JUNE -- Bubba Smith graduates, becomes first draft choice of United States Army -- is quoted as saying, "I ain't got no quarrel with them Viet Congs either."

Which-Niche

continued from page 1

most profit off our war in Vietnam to recruit new talent. You can be sure the corporations themselves will not furnish you with these statistics, but rather with information on employee benefits and advancement opportunities.

But the first chart suggests something else. Many of the same corporations which are profiting both from the war and from the career carnival are also integrally tied to Michigan State University's own financial operation, either in the form of investments of university funds in those corporations or in the form of gifts from those corporations to the university for various purposes--directed research, scholarships, specific curricular programs which suit the corporations' needs, philanthropic work supported by the corporations which the university executes. Interesting connection.

The second chart contains similar information concerning other corporate and governmental participants in "Careers '66" which don't happen to be major defense contractors profiting from the war. These are simply strong forces in our society which appreciate the university's role as a preparer of students for participation in their businesses--and whose role as financiers and subsidizers of land-grant education the university appreciates and is willing to underwrite by means of the annual career carnival.

All in the interests of the students? Perhaps. Look at the charts, read Gregg Hill's article, and decide for yourself.

Next week, THE PAPER will look into the broader question of how the university is economically tied to the "power structure" of this country, and specifically to those forces which support the war in Vietnam for what may not be completely idealistic reasons. In two weeks, we will be looking at the war economy as a whole and how it is affecting things.

For all three of these articles, we are grateful to MSU Students for a Democratic Society for the research which has made our questioning possible.

M.K.

SMART ASS OF THE WEEK (Reuters news item headlined "Boy Shakes 1,000 Hands"): "Peter Vickers, a schoolboy, shook hands 1,000 times in an hour and a half Saturday to try to prove that Royalty had an easy life and then said, 'My right hand is certainly a bit tired.' Peter had disputed his teacher's statement that Queen Elizabeth had an onerous time on meet-the-people tours, when she might shake 1,000 hands a day."

WHAT'S IN A NAME DEPARTMENT (Item from the State News): "A headline in Wednesday's State News incorrectly identified a recent campus speaker, Gerhart H. Seger, as an ex-Nazi. He was, instead, a former Nazi political prisoner."

Questions

continued from page 4

According to Colonel Rodney, Selective Service simply wants to know whether or not the student can make it in four years. When the draft board says 15 credits are necessary and the university says 12, the draft board can be talked around. The university has yet to lose a student that way, according to Colonel

Rodney.

Colonel Rodney was right. At the registrar's office I was told, "No, either you sign the card and that gives us the authority to send it or there is no notification."

I tiptoed with trepidation up past the office of the president to the office of the registrar. To my surprise I quickly found myself chasing the facts and the possibilities around in circles with a Mr. George Davies, associate registrar.

Q.: What is the purpose of the Selective Service Information card?

A.: It is intended to allow the university to release notification of enrollment status.

Q.: Can a student arrange to have only a single piece of information sent?

A.: Yes, if he gives his permission in writing.

Q.: Why not do it on the assumption that the student would wish to have his draft board informed of his student status?

A.: We believe that the student should have the choice. There are some who are not even registered with Selective Service.

Q.: If you only want one thing, why does the wording on the card imply so much more than enrollment status?

A.: There is also an End of Year Report.

Q.: What is the End of Year Report?

The Registrar himself suggested that I should take this up with Colonel Holmes himself, head of the Selective Service System in Michigan.

Next Week (Or Later):

Colonel Holmes Speaks Out

Three choruses of despair (and one shout)

One is forced to pay a fee for ASMSU before one can enter into the Multiversity, whether one likes the current Student Board or not, whether one likes the idea of ASMSU at all, or not. This is robbery.

One is forced to pay a fee for the State News whether one likes the Current Editorial Opinion (??!) or not, whether one likes the idea of an MSU-guided publication or not. This, too, is robbery.

One will be forced to pay a fee for the upcoming All-U radio station, whether one knows what type programming, staff, editorial opinion, etc., will be used, or not, whether one thinks an All-U radio station is necessary, or not. This will be robbery.

Suggestion to students who don't like this sort of practice ("Thou shalt not Steal!"): When you register for the winter term, don't pay these fees.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA.

SETH McEVoy

Crossword

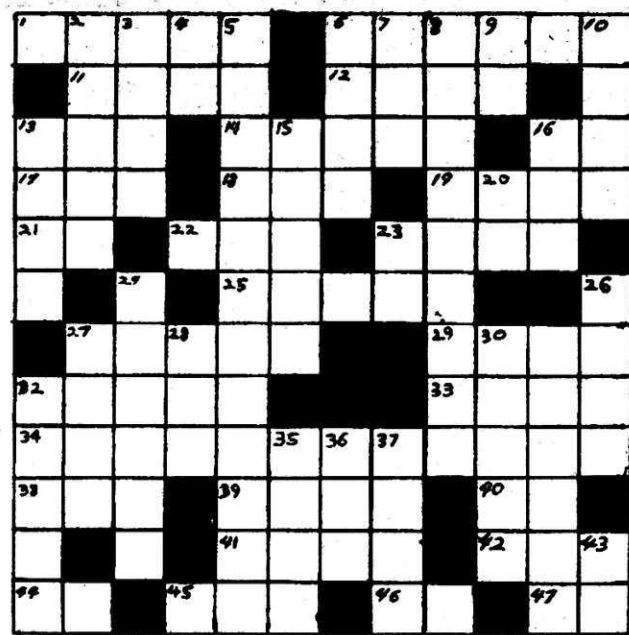
by THE LOUNGE

ACROSS

1. Greeting (Sw.)
6. Health food
11. Polish
12. _____ Bator
13. Grand Duchesses, abbr.
14. Bestial
16. Gold (heraldry)
17. Extinct bird
18. Treebeard (Tolkien)
19. Chemical Company
21. Chicago transportation system
2. Annoying insect
23. Layer
25. Former major league pitcher
27. Albert's prop (Walt Kelly)
29. Medieval duchy
32. Dr. Strange villain
33. Expensive - looking foreign car
34. Campus building
38. A letter (two wds.)
39. Lansing Bar: _____ Room
40. State legislature, abbr.
41. Industrial heart of E.E.C.
42. WW II military unit in Africa
44. French conjunction
45. A _____ (remember?)
46. Legendary kingdom
47. Pronoun (Fr.)

DOWN

2. Arabic name
3. Type of ox
4. Goodrich
5. Memorial Day speedsters
6. Tent
7. Old Aramaic
8. MSU second - string middle guard 1965



ANSWER NEXT WEEK

9. Prefix
10. "Actor" -- last name
13. Celt
15. Penetrate
16. Poetic contraction
20. Latin abbreviation
23. _____ 4
24. Orlando W.
26. Deity
27. Burial place of William the Conqueror
28. Bay (I think -- ed.)
30. Religious capital
31. Quarter
32. Afr. name
35. Type of wrench (Bohemian)
36. ABH
37. Type of gear
43. First name, Sax Rohmer char.



Last Week's

Beatles

continued from page 3

his manner. I could see him in an Alan Sillitoe movie.

Harrison had stopped talking. I swung up a hand. The M.C. indicated to another questioner down front that I was next, pointed to me, and said: "Sir."

"Mr. Lennon. TIME magazine recently put a rather, uh, sinister interpretation on the lyrics of your song 'Norwegian Wood'." (A kind of snicker ran around the room, Paul laughed, John smiled, and I persevered.) "...and I was wondering if you could tell us what you, uh, had in mind when you wrote the song."

The snicker died away. Lennon seemed amused. Our eyes met. His smile broadened and broadened, became almost conspiratorial.

"It means exactly what it says," he told her gently, "nothing."

Everyone laughed, I muttered inaudible thanks, and the questioning picked up again.

Would the Beatles like to entertain American troops in Vietnam? Laughter. "We wouldn't like to go anywhere near Vietnam!" More laughter.

Where did the Beatles plan to spend their non-working days in America, since they are going to have a couple? "We are?" asked Paul. He looked at the M.C. and blinked.

Were the Beatles responsible for London's being called a Swinging City? Smiles. "Nothing to do with us."

What did John plan to do to make up to his wife Cyn for the fact that the date of his performance in Shea Stadium was also the date of their wedding anniversary. "Is it?" asked John. "Thanks."

What ABOUT that original album cover for "Yesterday and Today"? "Well," said Paul, "the photographer said to us, 'Put this meat on you,' so we did, you know. It wasn't our idea, and when people complained, we withdrew it. That's all."

"You didn't like the idea, then?" George Harrison leaned forward. "We didn't like it well enough to support it."

Did it make John happy that the official Vatican newspaper had forgiven him his sins? "If it makes other people happy," said John cheerfully, "it makes me happy."

CLASSIFIEDS

are anemic

Offers

LOBO IS HERE! Rent a real were-wolf for your Halloween bash. Guaranteed to repulse and be generally vile. Call his manager at 353-2080, ask for Lon. Parties with silver bullets need not apply!

LEGALIZE ABORTION. Libertarians and humanitarians sufficiently concerned to campaign for legalization of abortion and to organize and underwrite a local group are invited to contact Legalize Abortion, POB 24163, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024.

Where are the rest of the classifieds? Don't ask us. We're at 351-7373 all the time waiting for calls, and we pick up our mail at Box 367, East Lansing, every day. There just aren't any there. Make us happy and fill next week's classified column.

50 words/ \$1 (cheap)



I raised my hand again and was recognized. The only question I had left (My second question -- "Hey, Paul, what ABOUT 'Yellow Submarine'?" -- had already been taken, and it had never occurred to me that I would be able to ask more than three.) was a bit of deliberate setting-up, a straight line, almost.

"Why do you call --" I said, and was drowned out in a swell of noise. "WHY DO YOU CALL YOUR NEW ALBUM 'REVOL'?"

"Because it revolves," Paul McCartney said innocently. "Goes around, y'know." He half-rose from his seat and did about two seconds of Peppermint Twist to show me what a revolving album looks like. This was a crowd pleaser; there was scattered applause. I reflected that I had seen it coming, anyway. Ask a silly question.

Had the Beatles ever thought of doing a Broadway musical?

"Oh, we've THOUGHT about it," said John, spreading his hands. Everyone's THOUGHT about it. Paul explained that they doubted if their music was Broadway material, since it wasn't "fifty years out of date, like yours." He clapped a hand over his mouth in mock horror. "Oops, there I go again. What I mean is this: Well, take 'Hello, Dolly!' for instance -- WONDERful song, NOTHING wrong with it -- but it could have been a hit fifty years ago, if you see what I mean. Apparently everyone did.

Had Ringo lost weight? John made a joke I didn't catch about how many stone Ringo weighed. "What's that?" asked Ringo, lifting his chin off his fist. "Were you asleep?" "No, I'm just resting." Please don't wake me no don't shake me/ Leave me where I am I'm only sleeping. "I just thought you looked thinner, that's all." "Well, I'm not. I don't think."

Hey, Paul, what ABOUT Father Mackenzie darning his socks in the night when there's nobody there? "It just means what it says," said Paul, gesturing helplessly. "You know, a story. It's just a story, you know, a story."

"Well what about 'writing the words of the sermon that no one will hear'? What's that mean? Does it mean God

is dead, or what?"

Paul explained about stories again, and then added: "And it means he's not a very successful vicar."

Hey, John, what ABOUT Prime Minister Wilson's austerity program? Laughter. "We wish him good luck," said John gamely; I wish I had thought to ask him, "Hey, John, will there always be an England?"

Hey, John, what ABOUT that cowboy movie you were going to do? This referred, presumably, to the movie Richard Lester had once planned to make from Richard Condon's "A Talent for Loving." "That's out. That's been out for a long time."

Nan Randell was recognized again. She read: "Of all the people you've met, royalty, movie stars, celebrities, who do you like best -- as a group?" It sounded like the other prize-winning question, although I suspected that the last three words were an editorial addition prompted by the Beatles' reaction, which was instantaneous. Ringo shrugged irritably. Who do you like best, your mother or your father? George's lip curled. John spread his hands and sighed. Only Paul, eyes half closed, head tilted back, seemed to be making a genuine effort to remember. A faint smile passed across his face -- Scheharazade: trying to pick her favorite Arabian Nights tale. Suddenly his face cleared and grew almost solemn. He looked gravely out at his audience. "Reporters," he said piously; then his lips twitched and he broke down, hunching up his shoulders to ward off invisible blows. There were scattered cheers.

The pace had slowed, the raised hands had thinned out, and I realized that I could probably get in another question, or even two, if I could only think of them. But I had an attack of the paralysis one sometimes feels in dreams; the more urgently I tried to think, the faster my thoughts came back to the starting point. Hey, John, what ABOUT Bob Dylan? Another straight line, a waste of ammunition. Hey, John, what ABOUT organized religion? Bad form. Hey, John, what ABOUT Vedanta? What, indeed? Someone had asked another ques-

tion using the word "sithar." "--always looking for little ethnic things to bring into our music," John was saying. "We just stumbled across Indian music, we didn't go looking for it."

Someone asked about the possibility of the Beatles' breaking up. Paul fielded this one: "Well, we have to recognize the possibility. I mean, we can't go on like this forever. But I think it won't be so much a case of breaking up; more of a... natural progression."

"You mean there may be a natural progression?"

"Yes, a natural progression." "This has to be the last question!" A forest of hands went up. The M.C. hesitated, and pointed.

"Ringo, since you've named your first child Zak, what name have you picked to follow up with -- for your second child?"

"What crap," said someone on my right.

"I don't know," said Ringo. He thought, "Ben?"

John flashed a smile, raised a finger, and silence fell. "IT MAY BE A GIRL!" said John triumphantly, and it was all over. There was ragged applause. Paul gulped down the last of his Pepsi and followed the others out.

A tedious wait in the Press Box, watching the breeze catch the signs in the crowd at the near end of the Stadium: WAVE! LOVE YA ALWAYS, HAPPY ANNIVERSARY TO (in a heart) JOHN & CYN. The truest piece of esoterica was in the deserted upper tier over center field, out of range of the best long ball hitters in the American League: a flapping cloth sign decorated with two stylized eyes, like the ones on Odysseus' ship, and the legend: "YOU WON'T SEE ME."

Finally the Remains walked out to the bandstand on second base, tuned up, and began to play their hearts out ("If you dunno how to do it/ I'll show you how to walk the dog.") I found my attention wandering. No charisma.

At 8:33 two black limousines backed out to the bandstand, and the Stadium was suddenly transported to the Battle

of the Somme. Flash! Flash! Flash! went third base line. Flash! Flash! Flash! FLASH! FLASH! came the answering fire from first base line.

But the limousines stayed put, while Bobby Hebb sang, and the Ronettes, and the Cyrkle. The quality of sound was roughly comparable to that of a crystal set. It was beginning to get dark.

"Lights!" shouted the audience. The cry had something like desperation in it: "Lights!"

At 9:30 the WEAM team climbed on stage, tested the sound system ("one, two, thirteen-ninety on your dial"), and then explained how the concert would just have to stop, REALLY, if even a few people left their seats. There was hissing. They next tried to get the audience to sing along ("We love you, Beatles/ Oh, yes we do"), were booed, and had to finish alone, off-key, lapped in waves of hate.

At 9:37, the Beatles appeared from the neighborhood of home plate (the limousines had been a blind, of course) and the pent-up libidinal energy of thirty-thousand teenage girls went off like a demolition bomb. Harnessed for peaceful purposes, it could have lit D. C. Stadium for a year, or flown the Beatles back to England.

After some unheard introductory comments, the Beatles launched into Chuck Berry's "Rock 'n' Roll Music" and the Battle of the Somme had its finest hour. Three-hundred-foot shadows jumped frantically back and forth from baseline to baseline, confusing the eye, until the bandstand seemed to be hanging in space, supported only by whirling black wings. Gradually the whole infield was suffused with pure bright light, brighter than day. The sound (not the plangent rock beat, which could hardly be heard, but the awful Williwaw of the audience) was incredible even in the Press Box; in the stands it must have been unimaginable. Artificial trip.

"She's a Woman." Three large spots zeroed in on the bandstand, creating twelve jerky shadow-Beatles on the left-field wall. "If I Needed Someone." ("Carve your number on my wall/ And maybe you will get a call from me.") "Day Tripper." "Baby's in Black." ("She thinks of him/ And so she dresses in black/ And though he'll never come back/ She's dressed in black.")

"I Feel Fine." Halfway through, George separated from the group for a few seconds and did a spastic little dance step. Ten thousand girls screamed as though physically shocked.

"Yesterday." A three-minute supernova of Sylvania blue-dot bulbs. "I Wanna Be Your Man." A teenage boy in a Mod shirt infiltrated through the first line of police in the vicinity of the home dug-out, then broke into a power run that carried him through an unsuspecting second line of police to the bandstand itself. He valuted on stage in one motion and managed to swipe George Harrison's sleeve and clamp a hand on John's shoulder before angry cops carried him away, his eyes bulging comically out of his head.

"Paperback Writer." And finally, "Long, Tall Sally."

"Nowhere Man," with what sounded like improvised lyrics in a couple of choruses. A last-ditch effort to break through police lines was foiled as cops lifted a couple of girls completely in the air before carrying them off. Goodbyes from John, unheard in the general sobbing. The Beatles waved, repaired to their limousine, and disappeared out the right field exit, following the sun. The last person I saw as I left was the London Daily Telegraph man. His banner was still furled and he still looked unhappy.

MORE-OR-LESS SERIOUS POST



SCRIPT FOR ANYONE WHO MAY HAVE READ THIS FAR: "Riding home, I heard another example of what might be called the Heisenberg principle of journalism (that nothing ever gets reported quite the way it happens), something I have been noticing a lot lately. A WBZ (Boston) announcer, describing the D. C. press conference for his listeners, said that the conference's "central topic" had been John's remarks on religion. It seemed to me, there in the same room,

that the topic had only been grazed a couple of times. "After attacking Broadway musicals as 'fifty years out of date,' Paul McCartney dropped the bombshell of the conference by announcing that he and John plan to write their own musical." As I understood him, McCartney had said only that they had CONSIDERED writing a musical, but that they had serious doubts if their music would lend itself to a Broadway production. "John seemed unconcerned that the concert was being picketed by the Ku Klux Klan." As well he might, I thought, since according to WRC-TV the picketing had been called off days before. This kind of thing is not very important, to put it mildly, on a late night news broadcast about the Beatles (no one's opinion on anything that matters are likely to be changed as a result of believing in those non-existent Klansmen or that non-existent musical), but I wonder if something similar might not occasionally happen in the important and respectable stories on page one.

Numerical Crossword

By DALE WALKER

Here, puzzle fans, is a new crossword-type diversion created especially for Multiversity students. It is a wonderful opportunity for you to employ many of the skills with which your Multiversity training has provided you: looking up numbers in little books, writing numbers in little boxes, decoding computerese abbreviations, hunting for unusually easy courses...

Believe it or not, the university has equipped each student with the crossword puzzle "dictionary" which he will need to do this exercise. It has a greenish cover and is curiously titled: "Fall 1966 -- Time Schedule for Courses." In this puzzle all of the clues are the names of actual courses offered at MSU. The answers are all course sequence numbers. All course names appear exactly as they are given in the course book.

Your task is simple. Simply decode the computerese, if necessary, try to determine which department offers the course in question and browse through your course book until you find the required sequence

number. Simple?

Well, we can't make it too simple. There are some course names which will lead you to long lists of sequence numbers corresponding to different sections of the same course. Notice that you have not been provided with any section numbers in the clues.

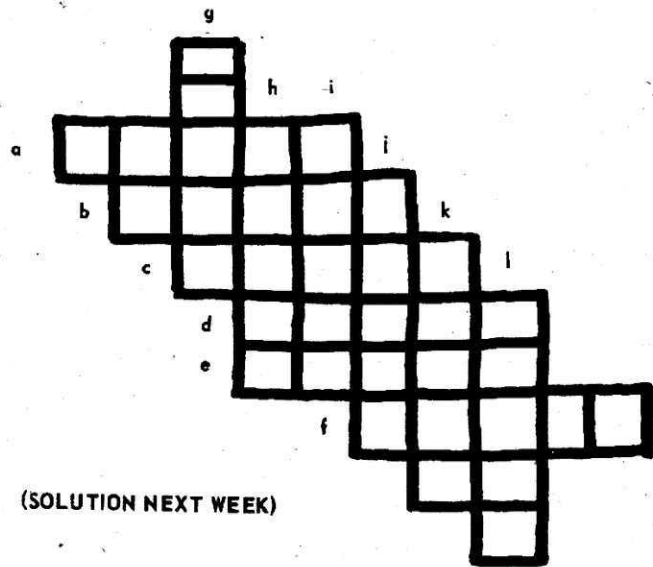
HAVE FUN, Baby!

Across

- SLIP FREE MOLE FLO
- BRASS CORNET
- LAB FLD EXP GEN
- PERSONAL HYGIENE
- AM TGT LANG
- SP PROB FISH BIO

Down

- ADV ORAL FRENCH (wow)
- CLEFT PALATE (oops)
- PADDLE BALL
- NO SCH CRSE
- SCUBA DIVING
- ADV WOODWORK,



(SOLUTION NEXT WEEK)

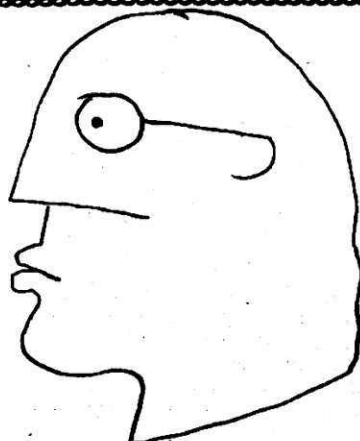


jersey ross

... THE FOREST FOR THE TREES DEPARTMENT: "Zone bombing halts to allow violations check." --State News headline

SIGNS OF THE TIMES DEPARTMENT: Sign seen in Bennington Commons, Bennington College, Bennington, VERMONT: "POT in every CHICK."

EUPHEMISM AWARD: Sign over the gate of a veterans' cemetery on I-96: "Michigan Veteran's Facility."



Next Week:

Exiles of Sin, Incorporated

a strange, startling look at some inhabitants of San Francisco's underground, told with candor and a kind of compassion

-- by Laurence Tate



With One Eye Open

By BRADFORD A. LANG

There are certain words which, although they are integral parts of every college student's vocabulary, are relatively new additions to the English language. These words are apt to cause puzzlement and even consternation among the adult middle class, they having been brought up with an entirely different set of college slang words. There are also words which, although they have long been included in the standard English dictionary, have been given wholly new definitions by the college generations of the sixties. These two groups of words are included in the following concise Dictionary of University Slang. Any semblance of alphabetical order is purely functional accident.

STUDENT: a mythical being said to inhabit the swamps surrounding the Red Cedar River.
STUDENT LIFE: a state of being prohibited to the STUDENT.
DORM: a gigantic building full of unpadded cells in which STUDENTS undergo the Rites of Passage.
DORMGRILL: an arena in which Christians are thrown to the lions, but subtly, subtly.
REGISTRATION: a fearsome ordeal through which the STUDENT must pass in order to continue his EDUCATION.
EDUCATION: a fearsome ordeal through which the STUDENT must pass in order to continue his SUMMER VACATION.
SUMMER VACATION: a three-month period during which most STUDENTS flee in terror from the banks of the Red Cedar.

COOL: a noun, not an adjective, which one maintains in inverse proportion to AGGRAVATION.
AGGRAVATION: ATL 111, HUM 231, and the Class Card Arena.
UN-AMERICAN: anything remotely connected with relevance.
CLOSING HOUR: that point after which sexual intercourse may prove fatal.
UNFETTERED LEARNING: as much a part of MSU as the Gobi Desert.
MIXER: a social function during which students from high schools surrounding a college meet one another and lie about their identities.
RAMPARTS MAGAZINE: MSU's underground conscience.
COURSE: an ill-defined concept with a well-defined numerical value which, if collected in sufficient quantities, will enable the STUDENT to pass GO and collect two hundred dollars.
RIOT: according to MSU sociologists, a spontaneous uprising of STUDENTS caused entirely by the action of one person shouting up at a row of glass windows.
HONORS COLLEGE: A REAL college, as differentiated from the regular college, which is not a REAL college.
ROSE BOWL: an event before and after which there are great parties.
MIDTERM: an event said to be a part of the COURSE, which everyone complains about but few have actually experienced.
WELCOME WEEK: an event which neither lasts a week nor is welcome.
ONE A.M.: that point at which Cinderella would turn into a pumpkin if Cinderella were an MSU coed.
EIGHT A.M.: a mythical time designation.
CIGARETTE: a substance which, if consumed in sufficient quantities

by freshman coeds, will bring on a state of acute hysteria.
OFF-CAMPUS: a place where one goes to get an education.
ON-CAMPUS: a place where one goes to get a degree.
BERKELEY: a mythical place to which bad administrators and good students are sent.
ARMED FORCES: where bad little boys go.
WARNING PROBATION: a state of suspended animation, during which business continues as usual and life goes on in its maniac pace.
SUSPENSION: the Final Solution.
1-A: a state of being, in the absence of which young men over the age of eighteen are allowed to go on living.
SPRING BREAK: a period of devout spiritual meditation, most of which takes place on the banks of the Great Atlantic Ocean.
UNION: a building solely for the use of STUDENTS from which several STUDENTS have been seen being dragged by uniformed men.
RUSH: a social event during which well-dressed, handsome young people shake one another's hands and divulge irrelevant information.
CSR: a now defunct communist front group thwarted in its attempt to corrupt the minds of MSU students because of a lack of material with which to work.
ADMINISTRATION: an organization which does not bother to try to corrupt the minds of MSU students, but instead concentrates on their sex organs.
SCUZZY: a person who wears a BEARD.
BEARD: something worn by a scuuzzy.
BEARDED NONSCUZZY: a frustrated person.
SPIRO'S: where NONBEARDED NON-

SCUZZIES go to see SCUZZIES and BEARDED NONSCUZZIES and confuse the two and call them COMMUNISTS.
COMMUNIST: a frustrated person.
WATER CARNIVAL: an improper diversion.
POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT SERIES: another improper diversion, but more expensive.
FERLINGHETTI: another improper diversion, but more POPULAR.
PAPERBACK: a mythical book said to be inexpensive.
SPARTY: a large traffic obstruction surrounded by dogs and fraternity men.
LAND GRANT MAN: a super-hero whose secret identity has a secret identity.
LAND GRANT ACT: according to the STATE NEWS, "America's most significant educational law."
STATE NEWS: a thick blanket used to wrap garbage, a practice often known as fighting fire with fire.
JUSTIN MORRILL COLLEGE: see HONORS COLLEGE.
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE: see a doctor.
WEST CIRCLE DRIVE GROUP: a collection of hip nunneries.
HIGH CAMP: Steve Badrich; not knowing who Steve Badrich is.
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT: where you learn not to end sentences with is.
LSD: a non-addictive drug which, if consumed in sufficient quantities on the MSU campus, will cause the STUDENT to see police and the police to see ADDICTS.
ADDICT: a person who is addicted to LSD.
LSD: a non-addictive drug.
ADDICT: a person who is addicted to LSD.
TRUTH: a fragile thing.
FINISHED: this silly list.

A Dictionary of University Slang