A TIME TO PRACTICE BEING HARD: Notes From Vietnam

By Jim Thomas, USMC see pages 6 & 7

THE PAPER

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

By GREGG HILL

The multiversity—or, to use its own term, the multiversity—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.

An 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, “them for democracy,” as one of the euphemisms goes.

Michigan State’s 18-year-old “Career Carnival” (renaming it “Careers ’66” this year appears as an attempt to rebuild its reputation through adoration of another four students and one other person were arrested last year’s midway for distributing anti-war literature) is one of the most perfect examples of the university’s attempt to serve simultaneously 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 financial and employee benefits, if you accept the idea that students fitting into “niches” that are ready-made for them.

But it is only the employers who are the real beneficiaries of this event. 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 so simple, inexpensive and effective as the career carnival.

Why does the university put itself out every year just so a limited number of government agencies can have an easy time of it that way? 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 in the war in Vietnam. This is the issue discussed in the booklet distributed at “Careers ’66.” According to the State News, the “Careers ’66” participants are diligent, loyal, patient and brave, and to students that’s all very cozy. Except for the clowns.

The FBI reacted parenthetically. Their spokesman resembled a crossex between Alvin Karpis and the infamous Baby Face Nelson. (Both are in the FBI Hall of Fame—whatever happened to Al Karpis?) The FBI’s response, “The federal government is not interested in serving the broad public needs of the public service. It’s all very cozy, except for the clowns.”

The FBI’s comment: “It’s a free country.” I choked down my laugh.

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 wanting not, wanting not.

Whirpool’s response, “Would you like some astronaut food?”

“Will it make me fly?”

“I might.”

Then I went Krogering. My technique—I’ll pretend I’m interested in your personal 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 not so pointed, “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 Gold Line Radio Company: “What is your opinion of the SDS activities occurring here?” Their rep smiled sweetly, glanced his hands together, and bumbled ecstatically, “Oh, I’m much too busy here with what I’m
The Newspaper As Art Form

Being THE PAPER feels different this year. There's a spirit to it, a feeling of community and creativity and enlightened consensus about it that proves to those of us who think about these things the value of the "underground press" as an instrument of communication, as Mr. Trover explains.

"turn off your mind, relax and float downstream"—this is not dying. We started publishing nearly a year ago in something of a void. We didn't think we were creating something of the sort of a void. We didn't mean to create something of the sort of a void. It was 95 minutes of development and a felt mandate from readers, and about being a part of the (can we say it?) increasingly radical and enlightened community out of which we emerged. And, over time, we are emphasizing our feet and almost established and now that there is nothing to stop those who support and live our ideas from saying so, we feel increasingly related to our readers in the most vital and satisfying way.

"Love and all live is every one; it is knowing..."

While this is why THE PAPER feels different this year. Just on the surface, it is clear that things are going well. Our circulations have been the highest ever, we have expanded from eight to twelve pages, we have the biggest circulation of the most diversified issue in the state, we are suffering the least slack ever from the university and its friends. But it is much more than that. There is a feeling of participation about everyone related to THE PAPER that overcomes the silliness of episodes much as that in which: that we say it) increasingly radical and enlightened community out of which we emerged. And, over time, we are emphasizing our feet and almost established and now that there is nothing to stop those who support and live our ideas from saying so, we feel increasingly related to our readers in the most vital and satisfying way.

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"I was interviewed rather extensively last week on WITT-FM's "Nightline," a program involving telephone conversations from listeners to a guest speaker. The interviewer was one Mike Carr, who used to call himself Mike Carr and who we worked together on the State News, and who hasn't gotten any more perceptive since he cut his name in half. It was 95 minutes of development and a felt mandate from readers, and about being a part of the (can we say it?) increasingly radical and enlightened community out of which we emerged. And, over time, we are emphasizing our feet and almost established and now that there is nothing to stop those who support and live our ideas from saying so, we feel increasingly related to our readers in the most vital and satisfying way.

four in a row -- but...

The Water Closet

Putawali

By W. C. BLANTON

Last Saturday the Michigan State football team engaged in a contest with a team from Ann Arbor, State by touchdowns, just as the oddsmakers had predicted. Both the coaches and the newspapers solemnly marveled at the hardhitting by both teams. The players dutifully put down their heads, just as Douglas Lackey had recently attempted to break apart. Some students shouted "We're Number One," and I was very thankful that the team playing MSU did not hail from South Bend, Indiana.

Nearly half of the student body of Michigan State University has never actually witnessed their team (it is theoretically their team—despite seating arrangements and ticket distribution policy) in defeat. However, they have an excellent chance to broaden their experience on November 19, 1966. If the college football team in America should have been excused by the intensity of the game ever to be seen in the Free World. The offensive line turned That's the game. That's the game that the team playing MSU did not hail from South Bend, Indiana.

Of course, the picture was not all That bleak. The defensive line turned another outstanding performance, and the psychological effect of ANY pass completion made the secondary look worse than it actually was. That's The reason enough for Duffy's charges to go down there with a little bit of And looking ahead a bit, there are two young men at Notre Dame named Hanratty (age 18) and Seymour (age 10) who are making rather difficult for a drunken Irishman to remember. Hurrants-to-Snow-for-a-first-down. They will make it interesting for the Jolly Green Ones in a game that is one of the most outstanding displays of TP throwing ever to be seen in the Free World.

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THE BEATLES Suddenly, twelve feet away, in a salmon jacket and a soft velveteen 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 mop of gold, looks, in a brilliant yellow blazer and a shirt adorned 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 (a front-row 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 which had made him half-expectant non-existent. Lennon was surprisingly handsome, but with Cretan profile, and a mouth heroic. Someone asked George for a children’s song, like we used to. Lennon smiled broadly and pointed 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.”

The four of them stood for a few seconds, taking in the hundreds of people in the room, chatting with people in the first row and finishing off a round of drinks — Pepes, 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.

“Mr. M.C.? Has Danny got the mikes away from them?” The picture-taking began in earnest. A news cameraman got out of his seat in the third row, and began to talk to me for a few minutes. He seemed to be a very perceptive man, for he could point out the difference between one celebrity and another. He thought the Beatles would be a success, but that the press that John had been given a hard time was a good luck trick. Someone interrupted to ask if the Beatles thought the religion issue had hurt attendance. “Nothing to do with us,” they answered firmly, in unison. “The crowds are big.” John continued. “The problem is, sometimes they don’t come out as the children’s stories.”

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 in it,” said John and George together. “Paul’s the one.” John mugged and stuck a finger into Paul’s ear, and then looked at me as if he were selecting a thing to talk about crowds and gate receipts.

Does George have anything to say about the fact that the stadium was being pic-nicd by the Ku Klux Klan? John laughed. “Nothing to say about that.”

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

“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 Randolph 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 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.”

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


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“If you are 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 “trend” and “either.” His answer began: “Uh, 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 his voice, you know...
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 different interpretations of the recent 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 discontent with an ineffective administrative structure that may temporarily obscure 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 and perhaps immature, of having "fun." The solution to the rioting is, of course, much, much more complex, and in this context, it is a symptom. In the case of the modern university, it is one of many symptoms of a disease hall staff, June 8, 1966.)

We do know, furthermore, that the riots occurred during finals week. Perhaps we can say that the riots were (1) "a fun 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 underline 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 as small a degree of mob hysteria cannot begin to be "minor." Complaints about food, lines of playrooms at Brody, housing regulations, off-campus living expenses, are all quite trivial, and indeed, "to university officials, these reasons leave me much unexplained." (State News, 10-4-66)

Undoubtedly, the issue is deeper. "Fun" doesn't explain the rioting; when "fun" means total indifference to various possible diseases.

Major evidence that requires police control is, of course, much, much more complex; perhaps immature, of having "fun." The solution to the rioting is, of course, much, much more complex; perhaps immature, of having "fun." The solution to the rioting is, of course, much, much more complex; perhaps immature, of having "fun."

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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 underestimate the significance of finals week tension; the consensus is basically gay, frolicking, and the "misbehavior" was a way, perhaps immature, of having "fun." The solution to the rioting is, of course, much, much more complex; perhaps immature, of having "fun."

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 "deeper 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."

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The object of discontent and re-...
Dear Merit Semi-Finalist,

SHIT in green and white

8-hour registration, ATL, CEM—latter-day Mordor
bull sessions and Ultimate Overhanging
God-is-dead? no, Nietzsche is after all, someone had to create the universe
(2nd thought) "OK, God-is-dead big deal

wonder what I look like in a beard?
frats in their regulation dress uniform—brown moccasins, grey slacks, navy blazers, pastel shirts, paisley ties—
are

"But it must be proved LOGICALLY because, after all, Logic...
logic what?
greatest blow to the budding mathematician
usual product of brightness in elementary school
LOGIC WHAT?
logic why? even logically, logic why?

PHL323 (Y) after Garlick's usual foray into Herculaneum,
Nietzsche
blasting to remove a tooth
lawn-mower surgeon
beautiful strident
head over head—
the ideas survive and are enhanced—
EVERYTHING SUCKS!!
scene, moanie, mince, mose
pick a value; they all blow

sleep-in on Hannah's lawn
brave arrest for THE PAPER
meaningful? you got something better?

Dear student,
shit in black-and-white
get to get the hell out of this place! next it will be
Dear person
and
shit engraved in stone and tattooed on your chest

the big hangup—what does a bright person
do with his life without being philosophical whore?
maybe I'll commit suicide—but I like pussy too much

russell lawrence
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—but knew 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 all. 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—for the letter came Monday—best to combat again.

I was afraid for him all summer long, and I'm afraid now. Afraid and yet the risk of sounding maudlin, I know him than—don't know him now, in a total war—but met him briefly when he returned here after

The tactical problem of combating 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 hate-filled 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 glanced over.

"For God and country?" The soldier, like his forebears, carries an idea into a 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 MacArthur criticized capitalists by attacking Fannout's example; and Lucky Strike Greys put on kumliform 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-Z, the Peace Corps, "The Paper," which offers adventure and usefulness not so close to the bone as combat.

The soldiers I know, at least those who are usually involved, face 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.

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

"C.P.?"<br>
"C.P.?"

"First squad all secure, Negative bulletayes."
"Thank you."
"Hey, Mac?"
"Yeah, J.C."

"Right. Tim on phone watch after you?"
"Sure. May I take message?"
"No, I believe I'Il 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 cocoas in your handset."
"All right. I'll be down for a cup in . . uh, ten minutes."
"It's ready now, Tim. Come on down."
"OK."
"OK. P."
"C.P."

"C.P., this is first squad all secure, negative bulletayes. Just keeping you from worrying, Tim."
"All right. I'll be right down."
"Out."

June 20

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July 27
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 trees Trace streamwater down from the ruined Springs. Game paths are highways, The junctions, boulders cleared By roots, are guard posts new To tactics. At evening, when haze Blinks and dim rain meets Scrub to replenish the sprints, 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, Aged from the will of his masters. It is the will and the way of his masters. May 16

Wonders of War: Vietnamese Children

Moments ago I stepped on one stone, Bound for another, and stopped to see A mistreated dinosaur — Spring from the stream to stand perfectly dry. Though, in fact, there wasn’t so much to dry (His insect prey must have been scarce that year), or To see, this lizard’s personality Centered in his childlike eyes, the trials in cones Atop his head. He would assault dragon- Flies and not let go, till they winged him to death. There isn’t a need to drag on and on — For some desires brevity’s best — I have still an urge to exculpate All save skinny dinosaurs and their prey. September 24

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 hit in 1954, the acquired reactions linger. Even as I write this, a smoky road 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 snaffled 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 the roadside. VC use such markers for their booby-traps. Even as I write this, a smoky road hops onto a rock, and I nearly shoot it.

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

He Who Survives

It is an affair between you and me, This momentary madness that allows Us, who too 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 love at what never will be? We died, you and I, when we might have shared Rice and a bowl of muc-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")—(tandem with familiarity) to be concerned with things like that." His mood suddenly changes. "I've heard that before."

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

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

Echoing its reaction to anti-napalm demonstrations by SDS in last year's fight, the company replied, "It's a hard thing to get excited about." Then again, the last thing the company mentioned was the Cold-ridge victory of 1924.

The final absurdity came from the National Security Agency, a branch of the State Department which allegedly spies on 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 even the most obviously valid questions. For example, the Dow Chemical Company was asked about products for items to be used in Vietnam totaling $297.4 million. Annual defense contracts for all items sold to Vietnam total well over one billion dollars, is Boeing profiting from the Vietnam war? The answer: "Actually we have a $3 million backlog, but that's just a commercial order. Our military backlog is small... We're 70 to 80 percent commercial." I glanced at the invoice that explained it. "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 profits involved. "The profit, if any, is extremely small." After all, what does $28.8 million in defense contracts mean in a billion dollar company? Small change, I'm sure, but not easily given up.

External to the SDS question is another that has been percolating for years. 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 military-industrial complex. Our military backlog is small... We're 70 to 80 percent commercial." I glanced at the invoice that explained it. "What the hell?"

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A Happy New Year

By JIM BUSCHMAN

The school year ahead looks to be even more eventful than the last one. Following is a forecast of just-wildly-possible events to come in 1966–67:

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NOVEMBER — MSU completes under- ground press syndicate, One by every news agency except Under- ground Press Syndicate, which doesn't happen which has made our questioning possible at the war economy as a whole "power structure" of this country, and how it is affecting things.

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 Spartans' dome will be enlarged, covered with fiberglass dome — claims reason for the move is so convocation can be held there in any weather.

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

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his manner, I could see him in an Albion clothes ad. Meanwhile Harrison had stopped talking, he swung up a hand, The M.C. indicated to another questioner down front that I was next, pointed to me, and said: "‘“Mr. Lennon, TIME magazine recently put a rather, uh, minister interpretation on the lyrics of your song ‘Norwegian Wood’ “(A kind of school supply 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 stickler died away, Lennon seemed amused. Our eyes met, His smile broadened and broadened, became almost monstrously. "It means exactly what it says," he told her sharply. "It’s my way of saying "Everyone laughed, I muttered indubitable 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 out of the Beatles plan to spend their non-working days in America, since they are getting 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 it makes me happy." (A kind of wedding anniversary. "Is it?” asked Paul.

“We didn’t like it well enough to sup­port it.”

“Because it revolves,” Paul McCartney said innocently, "Does a round, 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 cheerfully, "It makes me happy.

I raised my hand again and was relieved of any concern about stories again, and then added: "And it means he said, "It’s not a very successful version.

"Hey, John, what ABOUT Prime Minister Wilson’s austerity program? Laughter. "We wish he did himself,” 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 Gordon’s "A Talent for Loving."

“What’s that mean? Does it mean God 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. hastened, 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. "It don’t know," said Ringo. He thought, "Bert?"

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 scattered 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: WAVEI, LOVE YA ALWAYS, HAPPY ANNIVERSARY TO (as a heart) JOHN & GIN. The trustiest 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 flagging 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, and the Stadium was suddenly transported to the Battle of the Sermon that no one will hear?; Just resting.” Please don’t wake me up."

"Hey, Paul, what ABOUT a6k for Lon. Parties with silveri, nights tale. Suddenly his face clear­ing to pick her favorite Arabian Nights tale. Suddenly his face clear­ed and grew almost solemn. He looked gravely out at his audience.

“Sir.”

"I was next, pointed to me, and said: "I don’t think..."

John, spreading his hands. "I think we doubted if their fields? Don’t ask us. We’re at 351-7373 all the time waiting for calls, and we pick up our mail at Box 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 24163, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024.

50 words/$1 (cheap)
of the Somme, Flash! Flash! Flash! went third base line. Flash! Flash! Flash! FLASH! came the answering fire from first base line. But thelimousines 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.

"Lightly" shouted the audience. The cry had something like desperation in it. "Lightly"

At 9:30 the WEMAX team climbed on stage, tested the sound system ("one, two, threecen-luney 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 singing along (""We love you, Beatles/Oh, yes we do") were boomed, and had to finish alone, off-key, lapped in waves of hate.

At 9:37, the Beaites 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 been John's remarks on religion. It 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 liberal introduction."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 these nonexistent Klansmen or that nonexistent musical), but I wonder if something similar might not occasionally happen in the important and respectable stories on page one.

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 liberal introduction."John seemed unconcerned that the concert was being picketed by the Ku Klux Klan."

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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, decoding computerese abbreviations, hunting for unusually easy courses... ha! ha! ha! Simple?

Well, we can't make it too simple. Any crossword puzzle will lead you to long lists of sequence numbers corresponding to different courses offered by the same course number. Notice that you have not been provided with any section numbers in the clues.

Acros
a) SLIP FREE MOLD b) BRASS CORNET c) LAB PFD EXP GEN d) PERSONAL HYGIENE e) AM TOT LANG f) SP PROB FISH BIO

Down
a) ADV ORAL FRENCH (wow) b) LAB PFD EXP GEN c) PADDLE BALL d) SCUBA DIVING e) ADV WOODWORK

(Solution next week)
There are certain words which, although they are integral parts of every college student's vocabulary, are new additions to the English language. These words are apparently used by all students, even contamination among the adult middle class, they have been brought up with an entire scheme 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 banks of the Red Cedar. DORM: a gigantic building full of unpadded cells in which students live in terror from the Red Cedar River. DORMGRILL: an arena in which STUDENTS have been seen being dragged by uniformed men. DENTS: Where NONBEARDED NONSCUZZIES and SCUZZIES go to see SCUZZIES and BEARDED NONSCUZZIES and confuse the two and call them COMMUNISTS. ADDICT: A frustrated person. WATER CARNIVAL: an improper diversion. POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT SERIES: another improper diversion, but more expensive. FERLINGHETTI: Another improper diversion, but more 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.

**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.

**STUDENT LIFE:** A state of being prohibited to the STUDENT. DORM: A gigantic building full of unpadded cells in which STUDENTS live in terror from the Red Cedar. DORMGRILL: An arena in which Christians are thrown to the lions, and BEARDED NONSCUZZIES and SCUZZIES go to see SCUZZIES and BEARDED NONSCUZZIES and confuse the two and call them COMMUNISTS.

**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 the STUDENT must close his mind. MIXER: A social function during which students from high schools surrounding a college meet one another and lie about their identities. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE: See a document. ROYAL: 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. 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. UNFETTERED LEARNING: as much as the STUDENT is allowed to learn. 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. CAMPUS: A row of glass windows.

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