

MSU's Fall Enrollment=38,107 (approximately equal to the combined 1960 populations of

Albion, Bad Axe, Coldwater, Houghton, Lathrup Village, Paw Paw and Walled Lake, Michigan) Congratulations, John!

freak out with

THE PAPER

10c-

Vol. II No. 4

East Lansing, Michigan, October 20, 1966

15 cents outside east Lansing area

EXILES OF SIN, INCORPORATED

By LAURENCE TATE

"The Tenderloin area is filled with just about every type of misfit, parasite, and low character you can think of."

--A San Francisco policeman, on a TV documentary

"The important thing is to pull yourself up by your own hair, to turn yourself inside out and see the whole world with fresh eyes."

--Jean-Paul Marat, 1743-1793

San Francisco's Tenderloin is a triangular district in the heart of the city's downtown area. From time to time it is noticed by the press--last March the morning papers bannered: "Neon Sex Jungle," with sub-reads like "Tenderloin's Exiles of Sin"--but ordinarily it goes about its business attracting far less attention than the cable cars and topless clubs.

Its business is prostitution (male and female), drug peddling, robbery, assault, and (as one church-sponsored study so admirably put it) "other misbehavior." It looks the part: its bleak agglomeration of hamburger stands, cheap hotels, pornography shops, straight and gay bars, and what-have-you -- splashed over at night with a conflagration of neon--can depress you even before you notice the people.

It is estimated that up to a thousand young men and women between the ages of twelve and twenty-five live and/or work in the Tenderloin as prostitutes, pimps, jackrollers, and pill pushers. Early this summer, a group of these kids--"kid" is the generic name for a habitue of the Tenderloin, regardless of age--organized into a group called Vanguard and made news (even ABC television) by picketing a Tenderloin cafeteria that allegedly discriminated against them. Their most conspicuous local mention was in Herb Caen's daily column: "Compton's, the all-night cafeteria at Turk and Taylor, is now being picketed by some of the weirdoes who've been rousted by the tough Pinkertons on duty there. If you've never dug the Tenderloin types who generally hang out there after midnight, you've missed one of the Sights of the City. Positively eerie..."

I called their office and arranged to interview Vanguard's president and

observe a meeting, followed by their weekly dance, to be held on a Friday night in the basement of a Methodist Church in the heart of the Tenderloin.

The sign on the street door said only, "Dance in Dining Room." Downstairs I found a bare, cavernous room where some giggling teen-age boys were setting up a long table. When they finished, one of them came up to me and without introduction held up a checkbook with multicolored checks, pointed to a blank space, and said, "We're going to have 'Vanguard' printed there, and the checks are going to be lavender. We're going to do EVERYTHING in lavender."

He moved away, and another boy walked up and said he was Jean-Paul Marat (pronouncing the "t"), president of Vanguard. He was thin and pale, with black wavy hair piled on his head; his cheeks were reddish, his lips thick and babyish. As we sat down to talk, people were moving around noisily, getting the room ready for the meeting. Jean-Paul looked at one loud group and said, "Quiet!" When they laughed, he tossed his head and said, "I'll just stop thinking about you and you'll all stop existing."

He snapped his fingers. "There!" Fixing his gaze on a good-looking blond boy, he added, "I won't stop thinking about YOU." He turned back to me and said, "Would you believe organized confusion?"

After he lit a cigarette, I asked him to talk about Vanguard's purposes. It was formed, he said, to end police harassment and "the exploitation of the kids in the Tenderloin by the middle-class people who run the businesses here." He spoke the word "middle-class" with a particular angry distinctness.

He rummaged in a briefcase and brought out a mimeographed sheet that



barb brown

had been distributed during the picketing. It read in part: "We of the Tenderloin are continuously subjected to physical and verbal abuse by both the management and the Pinkerton Special Police Officers assigned here."

"I walked into Compton's one night," Jean-Paul said, "--my hair was a lot shorter than it is now... I was wearing a white shirt and a coat and tie -- and I didn't even get up to the counter when the cop walked up to me and said, 'Get out, faggot. We don't want your kind in here.' I had friends in there at the time, and I could have taken him to court for slander, but, well..." He shrugged and puffed on his cigarette.

He handed me another sheet, handed out (he said) along with the first. It was titled, "WE PROTEST" and was all in capitals. He apologized for it, saying it had been turned out in a single hectic night, but said he agreed with most of the points. It read:

"WE PROTEST the endless profit adults are making off youth in the central city.

"WE PROTEST the unstoppable and seeming unstoppable flow in pills

which afflicts the area only those who are WILLFULLY BLIND can overlook.

"WE PROTEST police harassment of youth in the area when the big time speculators seem to work openly and receive NO ATTENTION.

"WE PROTEST and deplore the fact that the 'city fathers' sit about idly while this ugly situation grows worse.


"WE PROTEST being called 'queer,' 'pillhead' and being placed in the position of being outlaws and parasites when we are offered no alternatives to this existence in our society.

"WE ASK how youth can be relegated to this extreme degradation in a country which claims to be 'moral.'

"WE DEMAND justice and immediate corrections of the fact that most of the money made in the area is made by the EXPLOITATION of youth by so-called NORMAL adults who make a fast buck off situations everyone calls DEGENERATE, PERVERTED, and SICK.

"VANGUARD PLEDGES that its youth will work to provide the help and concern adults seem unable to muster."

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	chicken factory -- p. 6	



The Water Closet

God, It Was Wet!!

By W. C. BLANTON

Drake who?
You couldn't even tell the players with a scorecard. What you really needed was x-ray vision capable of penetrating 8-3/4 inches of solid central Ohio mud; but number 39 in the white jerseys stood out like a searchlight in the gloomy skies at Columbus.

It wasn't all sunshine and light back in East Lansing either, until second-

string halfback Drake Garrett, noted vocalist, reached out for his second pass interception within three minutes and thereby kept Jimmy Summers from making the Sunday papers for his tremendous aerial theft a few plays earlier. The little comedian didn't exactly have Woody Hayes rolling in the mud laughing either, as the big man in the white short-sleeve shirt lost his third game in a row

for the first time in his career at Ohio State.

11-8 may not be considered a rout, but it was good enough for MSU's fifth win--and the Spartans didn't look all THAT bad. Duffy and the boys were operating under somewhat less than ideal conditions against a team that seemed to jell on October 15 and which could have beaten nearly anyone in the country.

It was raining on both sides of the scrimmage line, to be sure, but the quick pitches and power-sweeps of Michigan State were hampered more by the wet ball and loose footing than the straight-ahead plunges of the OSU Buckeyes. And somehow Dick Berlinski's blocking is about forty pounds less effective than that of Dwight Lee, who early in the flood was foully accused of an unsportsmanlike exhibition of his left jab and thereafter played no more.

State controlled the ball most of the day, nevertheless, and except for the very rare 42-yard center snap, possession is a prerequisite for scoring. Although most of MSU's drives ended with unsuccessful 60-yard field goal attempts by new-found passer Dick Kenney, they WERE consistently driving--perhaps realizing the dangers inherent in trying to punt.

After Ohio State demonstrated that an end with height and speed can score on a defensive halfback with little of either, Michigan State embarked on its most impressive long march of the season. The Spartans even used the most treacherous of offensive tactics--the forward pass--very well as they consistently made the big third down play on their way to the winning touchdown and that bold, bold two-point conversion.



The defensive secondary stopped the Buckeyes' last ditch efforts to pull off an upset in a manner that gave some hope to their holding Hanratty and Seymour to less than 350 yards. Perhaps they can even shut off Bob Griese again as in the second half of last year's crucial Purdue game.

Saturday is HOMECOMING, even for the Class of 1916, but Michigan State is not matched against the traditional soft touch. Purdue still has Griese, better receivers than last year, one of the leading scorers in the nation, national ranking, Rose Bowl incentive, and a long tradition of upsets. It's not going to be easy for a team which has unmatched individual stars, but which still has not put all the pieces together.

Why not victory?

-- THE PAPER

THE PAPER

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

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And, still, The Lounge as Themselves

Trustee Candidates 'Debate'

Room At The Top

By GREGG HILL

In an explosive two-hour battle, the partisans of the left and the right met before a meager Union crowd to compare notes on what a Board of Trustees candidate ought to be. The Tuesday night air was thick with political morality. The issues, being heavier, were forced under the table.

The board of metaphysicians: incumbent chairman Warren Huff and Nathan Conyers, Democrats; and incumbent Frank Merriman and Kenneth Thompson, Republicans.

Warren Huff, disguised as an Establishment Liberal, opened with the old introduction-to-a-debate line, "...and furthermore, I believe in public discussion and public debate. . ." Then, after candidly conceding what a joy it was to work with fellow Board member Merriman, Huff explicated "What a Significant Difference Exists Between a Democrat and a Republican." Once again we encounter the eternal question of identity: "Who am I, a partisan or a non-partisan?" What followed was more changing of bandwagons in the middle of the stream than I have ever witnessed.

Having waded through stock appeals to make state-supported free education available to everybody, regardless of blah, blah, blah ("We need somebody to fight for the kids and for progress. . ."), Huff concluded with great sincerity that these things are "too important to be swallowed up by partisan conflict." A safe model for the discussion.

Merriman began by explaining how to get on the ballot through party organization, then followed with, "This is where partisan politics ends." The pendulum swings again. On the difference between parties: "There is a difference. A SINCERE difference." The he insisted that board of trustees should not be dominated by one party. (I believe at MSU the Republicans have a 6:2 ratio against them.) To support this belief in bi-partisan

control, Merriman cited the importance of agriculture at MSU and, naturally, the necessity of having a farmer on the Board. (I wonder who he had in mind.)

Then, revealing his short-term ag, rural background, of which he claims to be very proud, he concluded: "One of the issues we face as members of the Board is the fact that we must turn over the administration to the administrators. Our function is not in the day-to-day function of the university." The give-away: "I feel, in the personage of President Hannah we have the outstanding administrator in the country." As I understood it he conceived the Board as a device to Hannahize everything.

Conyers, the golden boy in the eyes of the audience, jumped on him right away: "I have not had the opportunity to be a farmer. I come from an urban center." He then resorted to his own brand of abstractionism which, unlike Merriman's, showed signs of making sense. After a token statement on the old non-partisan-partisan identity struggle, Conyers defined the function of the trustee as more than an obligation to hire and fire, but rather to see that policy is meaningfully interpreted and implemented. His target: "We must involve ourselves in the areas that the urban impact has hit." To do this the Board of Trustees should contain a cross-section of the population, a diffusion of personalities. Although he avoided mentioning the specifically "real and vital needs" his programs would satisfy, Conyers displayed an infectious enthusiasm and a down-to-earth understanding of what he was saying—a contrast to Merriman and Thompson.

Thompson was lost in thought throughout his speech. "Unfortunately there are not enough of us to take up the challenge of seeking public office." Why did he become involved? He was approached by a group of alumni who asked, "Would I be-

come as aspirant of the nomination?" He went from the touching to the outright sentimental. In 1928 he was in that very same Union Building attending a freshman mixer. Later that year he met his future wife. After dribbling on to questions of individualism and dedication to the people, he laid a huge egg (Republican Nest-Eggus). He said a trustee must "place partisan politics above responsibility. . ." Dead silence. Huff corrected him. Thompson blushed, coughed and went on to something like, "There is a great stake involved here. . ." Drone. Drone. Drone.

Finally he sat down and questions were received from the floor. A feverish gentleman in the back of the room asked about Hannah's appointment of committee members. Could such an appointed member make unbiased decisions knowing that Hannah gave him his position?

Huff explained away the query with a nifty device called "the concept of accountability," a process whereby the Board relegates power and position to committees or administrators (i.e., Hannah) which are in turn accountable to the Board of Trustees. Eluding the partisan paradox once again, Huff chastised his opponents for giving "a vote of confidence to the President and going home." Quick qualification: "In my view he (Hannah) is the greatest living college president in the United States today." The concept of accountability must be that invisible hand guiding the university down the path to internal adjustment and adaptation.

Pretending to answer that same question, Merriman flew into a tirade on "meddling in internal affairs." After pointing to examples totally irrelevant to the question, he reduced to one statement his panacea for all problems: "I think we have to turn this over to the professionals."

After more rambling incoherence from Merriman, the man at the back of the room shouted, "You have not answered my question." Following a short squabble with Russell Nye, the moderator, he stomped out screaming, "I've heard much better political speeches in Boston." I thought I understood what he meant. The questions continued; so did the

evasions. Then someone asked the candidates if they would be "in favor of influencing East Lansing for an open housing ordinance." Thompson kept repeating, "I think you have a loaded question there." Merriman thought it unwise to put pressure on local officials. Huff supported it but was willing to defend anyone's right to oppose it. Conyers called it a national issue. Supporters, including MSU administrators, should sing "loud and clear" in favor of it, he said. The significance of that spectrum of opinion is obvious.

Not allowing the partisan problem to be rightfully and respectfully buried in peace, someone asked Merriman if this bi-partisan balance should apply to the Republican-favored Regents at the University of Michigan. Merriman skipped to saying it would be unfortunate to have a 7:1 split here because much money comes to the university in the form of grants from Republicans. Thompson contributed, "...politics and education do not mix at all." He claimed that nothing was wrong with the system; it's the people.

The final question was asked by a student. "To what extent do you think student opinion should be included in the formulation of university policy?" Huff, Merriman and Thompson mentioned the possibility of including the student in policy formation. None could say how.

"I don't have an answer for you, son."

"No one has the answer."

"The area is most difficult to cope with."

The meeting was closed because time had run out. Conyers, unfortunately, was not given the chance to speak—at a time when the debate could have just begun.

The Yin and the Yang in Daily Life Award: President Johnson last week: 1) attended Catholic services in Washington; and 2) received the Margaret Sanger Award from Planned Parenthood-World Population, the nation's leading birth control organization.

Printers We Have Known

THE PAPER lost another printer last week, because we printed the word "g**t" in our issue. That makes four, as follows:

PRINTER	DATES PRINTED	WHY WE WERE ASKED TO LEAVE
1. Inco-Graphics Mason, Mich.	Dec. 3, '65 - May 12, '66	"smutty," also "communistic" and sick
2. Calumet Press Highland, Ind.	May 19, '66	"other commitments"
3. Inter-City Press Novi, Mich.	May 26, '66	too busy*
4. Inter-Lakes News Keego Harbor, Mich.	Sept. 29 - Oct. 13, '66	content "not right" also "crude"
5. heh-heh		*legitimate reason, we think

next week:

the war economy, and how it grew

an analysis of what has happened to food prices and home building and other things since the escalation -- including the discussion of the university's ties to the power structure and the war machine that we promised for this week (based on research by msu-sds)

also:

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movies

'The Shop On Main Street'

By LARRY TATE

Dwight McDonald defines greatness in literature as "the union of major emotion with good writing." I was never happy with the definition, since, I said to myself, what the hell was "major emotion"? Who could decide?

Well, I still have reservations, but after seeing "The Shop on Main Street" I can at least understand that the question is pretty clear-cut sometimes: if the emotion in this film isn't major, the word cannot conceivably mean anything.

If you haven't seen it, please don't read farther before you DO see it. You shouldn't know beforehand, what's going to happen.

In Czechoslovakia in 1942, a carpenter is appointed "Aryan controller" of the shop of an old Jewess. In theory he is supposed to take over the shop and disregard the woman's rights and feelings; actually he becomes her assistant, her friend, her substitute son.

Then the Nazis order all Jews deported. The man must try to save the woman, thereby risking (almost

certainly forfeiting) his own life, or turn her over to be shipped out and killed.

The situation forces him to make the ultimate moral choice: whether or not to lay down his life for a friend. He fails the test and, having failed, kills himself.

The film's final sequence is a dream (which he has had before, and which he apparently remembers as he dies -- anyway, it's his point of view) of himself and the old woman joyfully dancing down an impossibly bright, clean street in an impossibly bright, clean world.

This sequence has been criticized and I feel obliged to defend it. What the film shows us is a good, honest, but far from heroic man (a man not, perhaps, unlike you and me) and the affection and respect he and the old woman come to feel for each other. When the crisis comes, the pressure builds and builds and finally he cracks and says, "It's her or me." What he does is agonizing because we know he is being driven to sacrifice someone he loves. She is an innocent victim, and we suffer for her, but he is a victim too; the last thing he wants to do is kill her, but that is what he does, and we are forced to understand why.

If the film ended with the carpenter's suicide, we would be left not with compassion but with disgust; love and morality have been proved hollow; in the crisis, it has been every-man-for-himself. The film would say to us, fear is stronger than love, and he would seem to kill himself simply because all values have been proved worthless.

But the dream brings back to us the film's central point: that, despite what he's done, his intentions were good: he killed the old woman, but he also loved her, and it is the betrayal of this love that has made life impossible. As they dance down the street in their best Sunday clothes, we get, perhaps, a glimpse of the gulf between human aspiration and human limitation, the ideal and the real.

The film had two directors, Jan Kadar and Elmer Klos (I think), and I cannot say enough for them. They have unquestionably effected a union of major emotion and good cinema. Whether that's an adequate definition of greatness, you can decide for yourself.

Lou Hallup Poll

-- No. 1

By DALE WALKER

MISCELLANEOUS OPINIONS
COLLECTED AROUND CAMPUS

September, 1966:

No opinion.	31.7%
Undecided.	27.8%
Who cares?	24.5%
So what?	6.4%
Don't understand.	5.5%
Don't want to become involved.	4.0%
Other.	1%
	100%

Analysis:

A similar survey taken during September of last year reveals that some changes have taken place. The most notable change is the drop in "Don't understand" of nearly 10 points and accompanying rise in "who cares" of 8 points. Apparently the educational process is having its effect.

OTHER THINGS AT



THE QUESTING BEAST

Tue.-Sat.: 11 to 5:30

211 ABBOTT ROAD (next to State Theatre)

msu film society presents



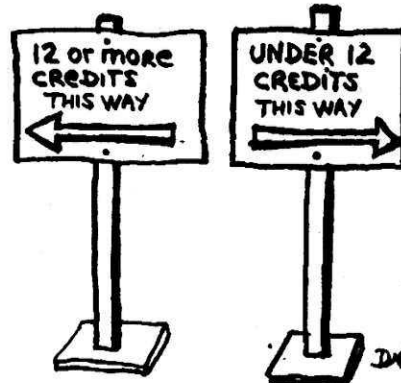
cop-a-thon [em-gee]

8 p.m. Fri. Oct. 21

Anthony Hall

members only

memberships available at door (\$4/10 showings)



Draft Cards

Selective Service Information Again

Someone kind enough to have read my previous efforts asked, "What is your point? It does seem that you are getting to one, but I do not see it."

Here, then, is the point. Quoting Colonel Lundquist, Division Chief of the Operations Division of Michigan's Selective Service, Selective Service "has no legal authority over the university."

Conceivably, then, it could be arranged to have only one piece of information turned over to Selective Service. Selective Service does not require any set amount of information on a student.

Under the status quo, there are three different types of information:

- Enrollment status;
- End of Year Report information, which is essentially class standing in terms of quarters of the class;
- Anything else.

"a" and "b" are signed away with the Selective Service Information card at registration. "c" requires further written permission.

When you sign away enrollment status because the draft board must know that you are here, you sign away your class standing as well--although that is not given with great precision.

Why not give the student more options?

ERIC OTTINGER

Next Week: Back to the Registrar's

WKAR FM 90.5 mc

Program Highlights
October 20 through 26

Thursday, Oct. 20

6:30 a.m.--"The Morning Program," classical and modern music, interspersed with weather and news reports, hosted by Mike Wise. (Every Monday through Friday)

8 a.m.--News, with Lowell Newton (Monday through Friday)

8:15 a.m.--"Scrapbook," music and features, hosted by Steve Meuche. (Monday through Friday)

1 p.m.--Musical, "Mame."

5 p.m.--"News 60," a full hour news report by the WKAR news department. (Monday through Friday)

9 p.m.--"Jazz Horizons," till midnight, with Bud Spangler.

Friday, Oct. 21

1 p.m.--Musical, "Wait a Minim"

8 p.m.--Opera, "The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny," by Kurt Weill, with libretto by Bertolt Brecht.

Saturday, Oct. 22

1:15 p.m.--Football, MSU and Purdue

7 p.m.--"Listener's Choice," classics by request till 1:00 p.m. Phone 355-6540 during program.

Sunday, Oct. 23

2 p.m.--The Cleveland Orchestra in Concert, George Szell conducting, with pianist John Browning. Program includes Weber's Oberon Overture; Barber's Piano Concerto and Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony.

4 p.m.--(Approximately) "Live from the Lansing Fine Arts Festival," an hour-long program featuring the WKAR staff.

8 p.m.--"The Toscanini Era," music conducted by Toscanini--Program includes Haydn's Symphony No. 88; Franck's "Psyche and Eros"; Debussy's "La

Mer"; Beethoven's Third Symphony; and Rossini's Sonata for Strings, No. 3.

Monday, Oct. 24

1 p.m.--Musical, "Man of La Mancha."

7:45 p.m.--"Opera from Radio Italiana," Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame."

Tuesday, Oct. 25

1 p.m.--Operetta, "Rose Marie."

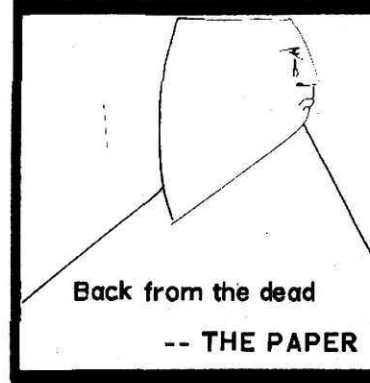
8:30 p.m.--The Chicago Symphony Orchestra in Concert, guest conductor Seiji Ozawa, Music by Ruzoni, Takemitsu and Mahler.

Wednesday, Oct. 26

1 p.m.--Musical, "Two on the Isle."

8 p.m.--"FM Theater," Eugene O'Neill's "Hughie."

11 p.m.--"Offbeat," an anthology of Negro music and verse, hosted by Steve Meuche.



Student Escapes MSU!

Last Seen Near Lansing Public Library

Learn Why. See:

THE LAST LAUGH (Emil Jannings)
2:30 p.m., Sun., Oct. 23

THE BICYCLE THIEF (deSica)
2:30 p.m., Sun., Nov. 13

Coming: "The Roots," "Time in the Sun," and "Gone Are the Days"

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Brave New World Department

MSU: Community Of Scholars Or Education Factory?

Herman E. Koenig of the Electrical Engineering Department, and others, are now working on a computer simulation model of Michigan State University. Their aim is to advise the administration on how to remove bottlenecks and increase efficiency in turning out their product.

Last Thursday afternoon, Koenig advanced the notion that running Michigan State may in fact be basically similar to running a poultry farm. He made this observation while presenting a colloquium on systems analysis and computer simulation.

Computer experts, he explained, have developed a technique for "constructing" a "model" of a "system"—typically a business firm or an entire industry—which artificially "simulates" the activities of that system. Using the model, they are able to predict that, given a specified "input" to the system (raw materials) and given certain policy decisions by administrators of the system, a certain amount of "output" (products) will be produced.

Computer experts thus are able to study the effects of such things as the rate of flow of goods within the system, and various processing stages through which the goods must pass on their way to becoming "product." This technique has been used to discover bottlenecks and to increase efficiency in business firms.

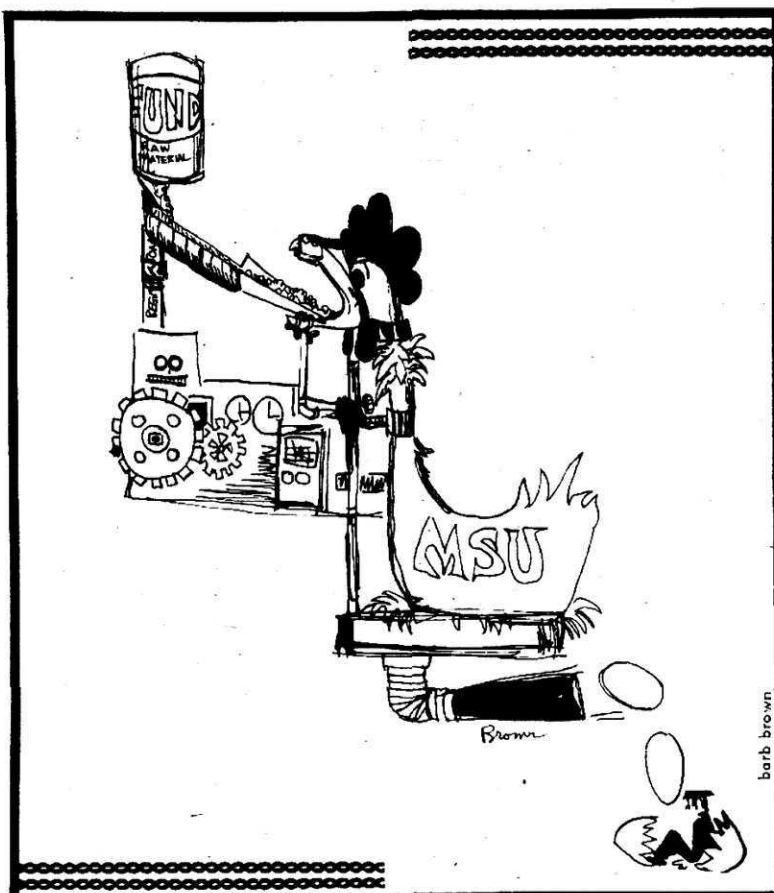
Koenig and his colleagues recently completed a simulation model of the broiler industry. In this model, the "inputs" consist chiefly of eggs, feed, and labor, and the "outputs," of course, are broilers, pullets, and more eggs.

He and his colleagues are now working on a model of MSU. In this model, the main "inputs" are money, faculty time, and entering freshmen. The "output" consists of graduating seniors. Students arrive and are processed through the system. As entering freshmen, they constitute "raw materials," and as graduating seniors they become "product."

Koenig was asked whether there weren't considerable differences between modeling an industry which produces chickens and eggs, and modeling an industry which produces students. He replied that there were not as many differences as one might think, in fact both systems are modeled in the same way.

He was asked whether his computer model made any provision for the quality of the product (students) produced. He replied that it does not; that the end result of the model is purely a measure of quantity, in units of product produced.

Finally, Koenig was asked whether he could make reliable predictions



about the behavior of the system itself (MSU) based on the behavior of his model. He said that within two to three years he and his colleagues will be able to make reliable predictions with a quite high degree of confidence. These predictions would affect management policy decisions so as to increase output. Thus: "If policy X is changed to Y, output will be increased by amount Z."

So within two to three years, we learned, President Hannah and his policy makers will be able to plan their management of the university by using the results from the computer simulation model of Michigan State University which is now being constructed. They will be able to remove bottlenecks in the flow of raw materials and goods being processed, increase efficiency, and maximize the units of product produced. Splendid.

As a student at Michigan State, one sometimes get the impression that the administration considers us as the raw materials in a huge "factory for education," with the faculty as workers. One hears a cynical upperclassman and malcontents comparing our administration with an

industrial firm and contrasting it with a community of scholars.

For those of us who cherish the idea that Michigan State IS a community of scholars or some semblance of one, it is distinctly disillusioning to find out that our Administration apparently does think of MSU as a factory for education, not unlike an extremely large chicken farm.

ANONYMOUS

Who Is Steve Weissman

He was a Free Speech Movement graduate student leader at Berkeley in 1964. He now works with SDS' Radical Education Project in Ann Arbor.

ALSO: He will speak at MSU Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8:30 p.m., in the Union Tower Room, on "White Students and Black Power."

Not only that, but: Steve Weissman recommends that everyone go see the San Francisco Mime Troupe, a radical theater organization of his acquaintance, in Ann Arbor, Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30 p.m., in Ann Arbor High School Aud., for \$2, performing "A Minstrel Show: Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel."

The Ilium (a tale for marrow-seeking hippies)

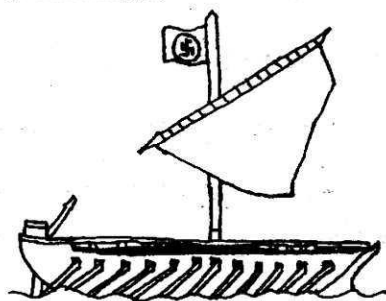
By NANCY GOTTSCHALL

Book 1. The Wrath of Kiwanis

Dauntless Arthurus of the loud-war-cry, also known as Colonelus, son of Holmeus, spoke with eloquence before the lecture-loving council of Kiwanis in the land of Lansingae. The council of 50 listened with eagerness as the resourceful leader of warrior-conscription spoke of the weary task that lay ahead.

Grimly he told the story of the neighboring young Spartans who wasted their precious strong bodies by studying when they weren't really scholars. Those dastardly young men should have been weeded out by warrior-conscription because they were abusing the sacred privilege to be educated, he told the council it was his wish that 90 out of every 100 should have been using their fine young bodies to go forth into battle. The dauntless son of Holmeus went on to tell, what, of course everyone knew at that time--warriors were the salvation of the land!

When the speech was finished, there arose from the back of the room two foreigners, not belonging to the illustrious council of Kiwanis. The council muttered, being distrustful of out-siders. But surely they were Greeks; although they were not dressed in charcoal-gray and blue like the older and wiser Council of 50, they were clearly young Greeks from the land of the Spartans, for one was wearing a herring bone sport coat and pressed khakis.



It soon came to be known that one was the swift-tongued Ricardus, son of Pointon from the land of the east, and the other was the brave, enduring Markus, son of Kupperman. They had come indeed from the neighboring land of Sparta to bask in the eloquence of Arthurus of the loud-war-cry, for they were particularly interested in the warrior-conscription of that time, as were all the young Spartan men.

The swift-tongued son of Pointon rose to state the questions which he held in his heart. The great son of Holmeus gave him a black look. Indeed, the bold Ricardus was sorely offended when he had to ask thrice before he was recognized. But alas, before the words had barely leapt from his swift tongue, one of the strong leaders of the Council of Kiwanis stepped forth and forbade the unfledged warrior to speak more.

The brave son of Pointon would not be defeated so easily. Gathering all the force of his great lungs, he shouted boldly to be heard over the sharp rebuke of the Kiwanis leader. But alas, his words fell short and bit the dust. Gathering his dignity about him, the swift-tongued son of Pointon walked out of the meeting place.

The brave, enduring Markus, however, remained and "endured" indeed shouts of "Commie," a word that was oft spake in those days to describe foreigners and those who did not agree with the law of the land.

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Watch For Us

the absolutely last word on alienation in the multiversity

HIGHER TEDIOUS IN AMERICA

By CHAR JOLLES

There is, it seems, a psychic condition that is unmistakably "student."

This state of being is characterized not solely by apathy, or alienation, or discontent, but by something far more comprehensive, far more pervasive, and that is ennui.

Ennui: weariness and dissatisfaction resulting from inactivity or lack of interest; boredom. (Webster)

"For all their marked capabilities, the students of the 1960's show a strong tendency, properly distressing to their elders, to drop out of college, reporting at their exit interviews an intense feeling of boredom and dissatisfaction with their college experience."

That statement is from a report of the National Conference on Students, Stress and the College Experience, sponsored a year ago by the National Student Association (NSA). The conference, held in Warrenton, Va., brought together students and faculty from 33 colleges and universities, and some 35 members of the mental health profession, to determine, yes at last, the forces behind Berkeley, 1964-65, behind the subsequent rumblings from the University of Oregon to Brooklyn College--and what to do about them.

"As principal carriers of a national tradition born in revolutions, our colleges and universities can well afford to listen with critical attention to revolutionary voices, especially when they emanate from young men and women as bright, as informed, and as serious as those who speak for today's generation of college students."

What do these economically and intellectually well-off students think of their four-year preparation for an after-life of income, deference and security? According to the report, higher education, for a significant number of young people, is boring, irrelevant, and inhumane.

"The lack of a really good education" is the central source of student stress...not sex, drugs, or even Vietnam or the bomb."

Let us look briefly at specific conditions which, according to the report, are stressful to the college student.

--PRESSURE FOR PERFORMANCE begins in high school with emphasis on admission to "the college of one's choice," and continues in college, where students are "pressed more and more for early declarations of a major," and where they must face immediately the tense competition for grades, extra-curricular honors and graduate school.

--"DEPERSONALIZATION AMONG STUDENTS" is intensified by the competitive situation, where students tend to see each other as rivals. (The Honors College at MSU, for instance, unwittingly perpetuates vicious rivalry--and not scholarly community--among its members.)

--DEPERSONALIZED RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN STUDENTS AND ADMINISTRATORS: "When a student

arrives at the school of his choice, he typically finds himself registered, oriented, taught, graded, and counseled by different people who, for understandable reasons, concentrate more on their special processes than on him as a person."

--DEPERSONALIZED RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN STUDENTS AND FACULTY, who are pressured to devote themselves to research and scholarship, to make their skills available to government and industry, "and to concentrate more narrowly on the training of experts within the expanding compass of the professions." Under these pressures, faculty have little time to care about the individual development of particular students.

--THE ADVERSARIAL NATURE of the multiversity: Institutional rules, covering everything from student dress through deadlines for papers to curfew, seem, somehow, "disrespectful"--and, somehow, justified only by their efficiency, and not by their contribution to the personal development of youth.

--THE IRRELEVANCE OF COURSE WORK seemed to be the dominant theme of the conference; students felt that education to be "good," must be relevant to "the world of modern politics and social ferment...to the human condition in mass society...to the doubts, fears and hopes of thoughtful youth." The academic world, according to many of the student representatives, is sterile, uncommitted to major social and political issues, far more preoccupied with income and tenure than with ideals. A "relevant" education would be, instead, one that is largely concerned with the contemporary experience, inspired by "passionate commitment to the individual as the sine qua non of value," and shaped and directed by the diverse and changing needs of individuals.

These are some of the sources of student stress, as determined by the conference participants. These irrelevant, inhumane, ennui-producing conditions exist at too many American universities, and Michigan State is no exception.

Any solution short of revolution is nothing but patchwork, of course. However, there are good and bad palliatives--while more and better academic advisors, closed circuit television, and mammoth living-learning units are hardly antidotal, some highly feasible and desirable recommendations were made at the conference:

--Programs of independent study which (1) allow the student to de-

Truth In Packaging Award, II: (A radio commercial): "Do you want to make an investment that's a sure thing, in the largest corporation in the world. The investment is savings bond, the corporation is America."

sign, with professional help, his own course, and to receive credit "for seriously exploring any appropriate area of knowledge of interest to him"; and (2) allow a group of students to do the same, and have that course "considered for inclusion in the curriculum on the same basis as any other new course proposal."

--Pass-fail judgments to replace grades, either in the freshman year or in some significant fraction of the total college experience, so that (1) the student may concentrate on learning rather than grades, "using stringent evaluations as a way of checking on their progress"; and (2) the student would feel encouraged to take courses in fields where he is weak.

--Credits to be given for experiences in the outside world, where one would be "acquiring data about society that are worthy of the guided reflection that higher education should provide"--e.g., credit for teaching in a Freedom School, or for working

as an orderly in a mental hospital, or for serving a political campaign, or, for that matter, for publishing an independent newspaper.

--Students to do more teaching, and more preparation for college teachers so that the student-faculty relationship would be more sensitive and personal.

--Students to play a more useful role in decision-making, especially in the areas of instruction, student conduct, housing, lectures and social affairs.

--Weekly discussions between faculty and students on institutional affairs, with the aim of dealing with specific problems as well as with broader issues about the educational climate, and...

--Periodic retreats for faculty and students occurring away from the campus, having only a general agenda, so that the participants may freely and authentically communicate their feelings, thoughts and suggestions about the college experience.

special

A SUBSCRIPTION
to

ZEITGEIST

IS A VOTE AGAINST mad MOTHERS

RULES AND INSTRUCTIONS FOR VOTING

1. Who may vote? Any MSU student, faculty member, or administrator with a mental age of 18 years (or older); members of "Greater" Lansing community; mothers.
2. How do I vote? Simply fill in the subscription form, and check the appropriate boxes. You do not have to subscribe to be eligible to vote.
3. How often can I vote? As often as you wish, but each vote must be on a separate ballot and mailed separately.
4. What is the deadline for voters who wish their ballots to be counted? All ballots must be postmarked no later than midnight, October 30, 1966, and must be received no later than noon, October 31, 1966.
5. When and where will the results of this vote be announced? Between 10 p.m. and 12 p.m. on the night of October 31 at the ZEITGEIST Culture-Fest V, Rathskeller, Coral Gables, East Lansing. Those under twenty-one (chronological age) can learn the results in the autumn issue of ZEITGEIST, on sale soon.
6. Why wasn't I able to get into the State Theater to hear Lawrence Ferlinghetti? Because there were CERTAIN people at MSU who didn't know who he was.
7. Additional information? If you cannot obtain an official ballot, like the one you're reading now, you may duplicate this ballot in any way you wish, including free-hand facsimiles.

ALL RIGHT, THEN, BE PART OF THE CROWD
(who didn't hear Lawrence Ferlinghetti)

ZEITGEIST

Box 150

East Lansing, Michigan

- ☐ Yes, I wish to cast my vote against mad mothers. I prefer Allen Ginsberg. Enclosed find \$1.00 for a year's subscription to ZEITGEIST.
- ☐ No, mad mothers are cool. Allen Ginsberg is a 1950's radical, dangerous to the best traditions of MSU.
- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00 for a year's subscription to ZEITGEIST anyway.

Name _____

Address _____

(Note: Subscribers should indicate summer address if different from above.)



SPECIAL ADDED BONUS: Voters who can identify Allen Ginsberg correctly and explain why they are for or against mad mothers, in 31 words or less, become eligible for a first prize genuine autographed copy of Ferlinghetti's UNFAIR ARGUMENTS WITH EXISTENCE, or five second prizes of one year subscriptions to THE PAPER, courtesy of Zeitgeist. Winners will be selected at random by an impartial board (ZEITGEIST editorial staff) at Culture-Fest Five. Members of the ZEITGEIST staff (and their families) are not eligible to participate. Offer void where prohibited by law.

SPECIAL HAPPENING: If you wish to let John Hannah know who Allen Ginsberg is, send President Hannah (319 Ad Building) a postcard on the afternoon of Saturday, October 29, and tell him. A mass delivery of 38,000 postcards (or more) to President Hannah on the morning of October 31, will mark the first happening of the new "Year of the Culture Vulture" at MSU. Question: Will the Great Pumpkin arise again this year? Watch for Him, October 31.

evergreen review -- november

the sotweed factor -- by john barth

manchild in the promised land -- by claude brown

all ferlinghetti books

find them at..

paramount news

545 east grand river

Once upon a time
there was young college teacher
who was dissatisfied
with his lot
in life

That's not unusual

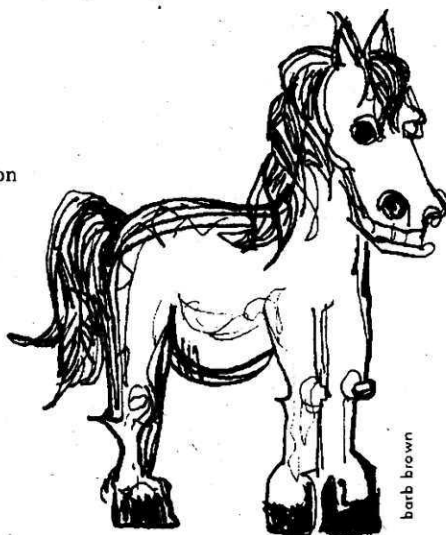
It would be more unusual to write about a young college teacher satisfied with his lot in life

But this dissatisfied young man
was also dissatisfied
with the quality
of his
dissatisfaction

He decided to satisfy his dissatisfaction

He was dissatisfied with many things
Hypocrisy
Vacuity
Puerility
Inanity
Banality
Cupidity

on the parts of his
Chancellor
Dean
Chairman
Colleagues
Students
Self



THE ORANGE HORSE

BY BEN JAMES

He began to feel persecuted by his conscience
He began to feel the paranoia of a man whose conscience is engaged in a conscious plot against him in the name of everything he believed in but wasn't standing for

He wasn't standing at all
he was sitting quietly with his hands folded
and he began to feel implicated
an accomplice

Just another work horse

So he decided to be an orange work horse

He purchased a magic can of orange spray paint
from the god Barney
it cost him one prayer to the joy in life
and would never run out as long as he used it happily

He sprayed the campus symbol orange
a statue of a spartan
"The orange groves of academe" he thought happily
a group of fraternity football players attacked him
but he eluded them in a mist of orange

He sprayed and sprayed the campus river
"The Orange Cedar" he thought happily

He sprayed everything in his office orange
walls desk window bookshatrack flooreverything

He walked up the hall to see the Chairman
but a girl stopped him
"O you're my advisor," she said
"and I need help"
"Yes," he agreed, "that follows logically enough"
so they sat in the department library
and as she asked him a question
he painted her knees
and a good bit of
thigh
orange
she demanded to know what in the hell he thought he was doing
and he said
"I thought I was painting your knees orange,
and I was right,
I was so doing"
and she went away angrily



After painting all the books in the staff room orange
he went in to see the Chairman
who was out
so he painted the windows
and books
orange
and went to see the Dean

The Dean's secretary was very comely
he said to her
"I want to see the Dean and I want to kiss you"
and she replied
very officiously
"You may do neither"
While he was kissing her
he sent a little orange up her skirt
and then he went in to see the Dean
who was talking to a man
and who said
"O, I say, but you see I'm engaged and you'll have to . . ."
"Won't take a minute, Dean" he said
and it didn't

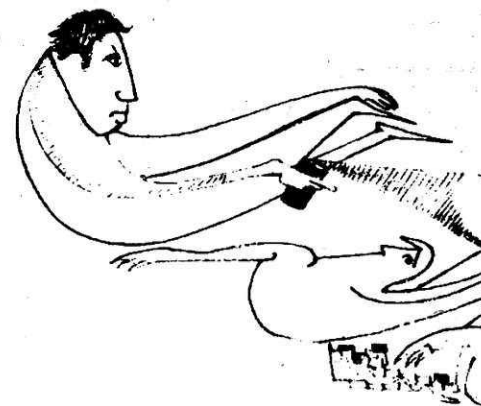
it took 43 seconds to give the Dean a blast
in each ear
and they made as if, to grab him
but he was sprightly
and escaped their clutches
and they did not pursue him
but instead telephoned
the police perhaps
but the man had no way of knowing
maybe they were sending out for
Q-tips

And so he went off to see the Chancellor
or President he was called
but the university
didn't really
matter
and he was told that the President was in
perhaps
Nigeria
or
was
it
Algeria
no
not
Siberia
more
like
Liberia
and the man was very disappointed
so
he
painted
the
mouth
of the President's wife
orange
which made him happy enough to keep painting
but wasn't quite the same

Two policemen met him as he left the President's house
and he painted their badges
orange
and they drew their guns but he painted them
orange
and then he scampered off

He painted the library windows orange
he painted the bookstore orange
he painted the Poultry Science Department orange
he painted the Credit Union orange
he painted Beaumont Tower orange
he painted orange the police cars which pursued him
he painted orange his would-be captors who didn't seem to realize that horses and groves of academe ought be orange

He did not paint any co-eds orange
because he had seen
Orangefinger
but he did
touch up
an occasional



THE PAPER Interviews Doug Lackey On The Doctrine Of



'Freckle Power'

THE PAPER: Tell us if you can, Mr. Lackey, in your own words, just what you mean by the slogan "Freckle Power."

LACKEY: There has been a lot of controversy lately about this, and due to certain misunderstandings that have arisen from the use of the term my committee voted last night no longer to define it. Definitions only confuse the issue anyway.

THE PAPER: Perhaps, then, Mr. Lackey you should tell us what "the issue" is.

LACKEY: As I see it, the issue is whether the freckled people in this country will continue to ignore a characteristic basic to their identity as freckled people, whether the policy of freckle-blindness can be continued when it blatantly fails to cope with the realities of the situation faced by freckled people today.

THE PAPER: Don't you think it is a mistake to consider freckles a significant way of classifying people?

LACKEY: You liberals can't see the forest for the trees. Do you see these freckles?

THE PAPER: Certainly.

LACKEY: Do you think that you, or I, or anyone else who grew up in this country could just ignore them, treat them as if they didn't exist? How could anything so obvious fail to be important? You are hiding behind a smokescreen of idealism when you refuse to recognize this.

THE PAPER: It still seems possible to recognize freckles and yet not recognize a freckled people.

LACKEY: You only say that because you're not freckled yourselves. If you were born with freckles, and grew up with them, you would feel differently. The real reason you re-

fuse to admit we exist is because you are afraid of us.

THE PAPER: Granted, then, that there exists a freckled people. How do you plan to arouse their sense of identity and bring them together?

LACKEY: For too long now the freckled people have been told to ignore their freckles. And when you're told from birth to ignore some part of yourself, you can't help but be ashamed of it. We intend to capitalize on this feeling of shame, give it a positive value, build it into a sense of brotherhood. We will tell people to be proud of their freckles, and history will do the rest.

THE PAPER: Won't this involve an appeal to stereotypes?

LACKEY: That is exactly what it will involve. No longer will we seek to suppress our image--we will reinforce it. Take the view that freckled people are more honest than others. I've even heard it said that once a woman is exposed to the honesty of a freckled person, she never wants any other type again. Such rumors will no longer be denied; they will be exploited to the fullest extent.

THE PAPER: Won't any gain in unity be counterbalanced by a loss in outside cooperation?

LACKEY: We don't need any outside cooperation. We will open our own markets, run our own cooperatives, write our own freckled history books. Beside, no one cooperates with freckled people anyway.

THE PAPER: Once the freckled people are united, then what do you intend to do? You are quoted here as saying, "Blood will flow in the streets, and not just freckled blood."

LACKEY: That was a misquotation and a typical one. All I meant was that the freckled people by joining together will be able to have the same rights every other people has, the rights they themselves won by joining together in the past.

THE PAPER: We are unaware of any rights nowadays denied to f....

LACKEY: That just shows how out of touch you liberals are. How many freckled bank presidents do you know of?

THE PAPER: None, offhand.

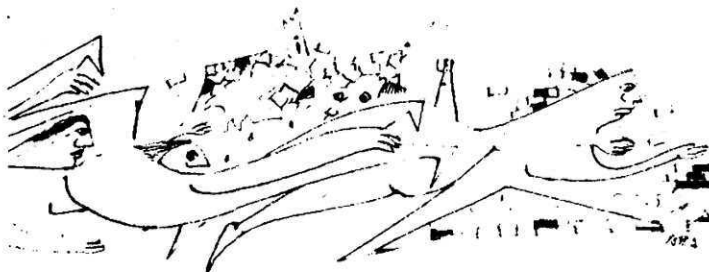
LACKEY: How many freckled corporation executives? how many freckled diplomats? how many freckled generals? The fact is that the whole socio-economic power structure in this country is specifically designed to exclude freckled people. In making ourselves conscious of this, half the battle is won. We have found you out. The time has come to call a freckle a freckle.

THE PAPER: Mr. Lackey, what about those people who normally are friendly towards freckled men. Won't your position alienate them?

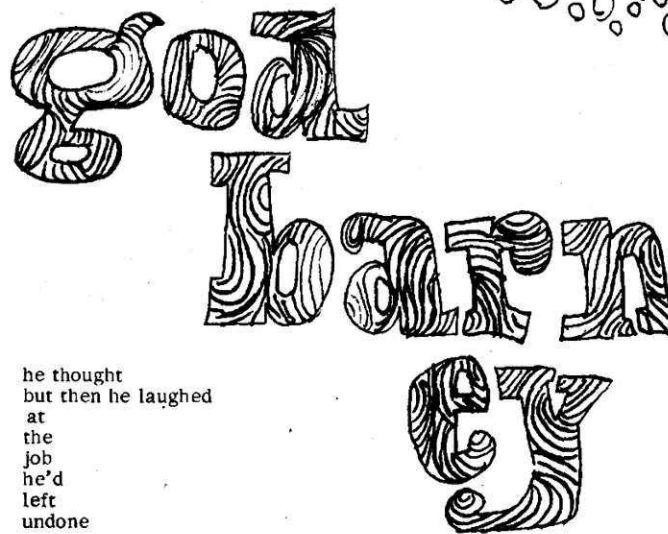
LACKEY: Either a person has freckles, or he does not. Not being freckled themselves, they can't possibly understand us.

THE PAPER: Thank you for taking so much of your time, Mr. Lackey, to explain your views to us.

LACKEY: Not being freckled yourselves, you cannot possibly understand us.



arnold strasser



coat
trench or chesterfield
maybe a thousand of each

He painted the football stadium orange
and the coach's hat

He painted the registrar's office orange
and the administration building
until he had the whole damn campus aglow with
orange

The buildings the books the cars the grass the pavement the parking lots
parts of the people

everything orange
the cheerleaders
the pledgemasters
the taskmasters
the grad students
SBS
YAF
the jocks
the poets
orange
orange
orange

He beheld his handy work and was satisfied
the university had been revealed in its true color
orange

I'll paint Syracuse next

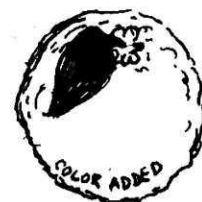
he thought
but then he laughed
at
the
job
he'd
left
undone

So he began gleefully to spray himself orange
orange for his feet
orange for his tongue
orange for his hair
he'd be the orangest sonuvabitch on God's orange earth

But it wouldn't stick
"Barney Damn It!" he cried
"If I can't paint myself the orangest thing of all I'll become unhappy
and run out of paint!"

Barney only laughed
"It's orange of you to take it that way" Barney said
"and you're orange clear through inside
but I don't want you recognized
yet"

Barney and the young man are now happily
en route
to
Washington
d
c

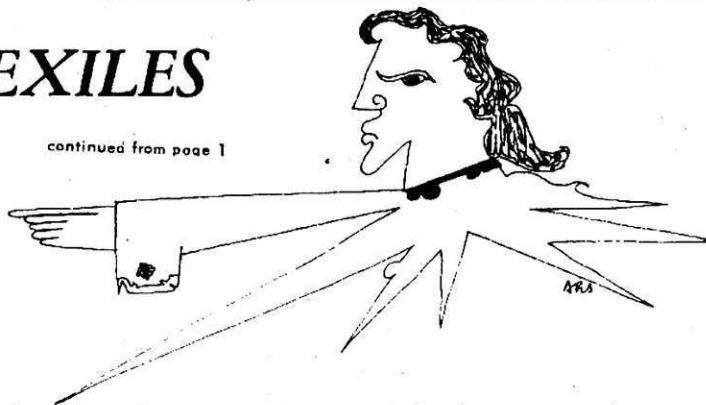


"I've been on and off the streets for six years now," Jean-Paul said. "When I first got in town I was stopped by the police seventeen times in three days. The last time I got a dislocated jaw. That sort of thing happens all the time." He paused. Had Vanguard made any progress in this? "It's slow," he answered. They regularly made official complaints to a group called the Police Community Relations Board, and the police at least were cooperating some. They had got a police lieutenant to act as intermediary between Vanguard and Compton's.

He paused and looked around at the kids setting up chairs and rattling around in the kitchen (visible over a counter in the wall next to the door). "I want to help these kids," he said. "I know them. They're young--there

EXILES

continued from page 1



are kids twelve and thirteen hustling on the street." He closed his eyes for a moment. "They KNOW they're gay."

"... Anyway, it's tough for them to get a job. Most of them are drop-outs. A lot of them are runaways. A lot have police records. Me for example, I could get a job tomorrow if I hadn't ... got into some trouble in Los Angeles ... Some of them are hair fairies, very effeminate. Some have other-than-honorable discharges from the service. A lot of them have drug habits. The drug traffic in the Tenderloin is \$7½ million a month."

A boy handed Jean-Paul some papers and insisted he sign them. He looked exasperated, excused himself, and signed. As the boy walked away he glared after him and said, "Silly bitch!"

Turning back to me he said, "I know about drugs because I've taken everything there is to take. Just a couple of months ago I had a psychological drug habit that was up to thirty-five or forty dollars a day." He said he was writing a pamphlet on drugs from his experience, giving the normal doses of the available drugs, since most kids didn't have any idea how much they should take, or what it would do to them. The week before, a boy had taken a large overdose of a drug called "crystal" (amphetamine). "It hit him pretty hard," Jean-Paul said. "He called me, and by the time I got there he was sitting stiff in a chair. He couldn't even move."

"Do you get a lot of calls like that?"

"Oh, sure." Kids were always getting arrested or sick or beaten up. He sighed. "Well, I can't just let them lie in the streets."

He sat silent for a moment, then his mind seemed to snap back to



business. He showed me a third mimeographed handout, which he said was the first they had ever printed.

"The time is here (it read) to bring together the youth of the TENDERLOIN to form a more unified community among ourselves."

"We find that no one has room for us in their society, therefore we must work together to form our own society to meet our OWN needs."

"Our needs and goals are:

1. Coffee House and meeting center.
2. Emergency Housing.
3. Medical aid, area VD clinic, etc.

4. Employment counseling.

5. Police cooperation.

6. Financial aid (if possible)

"We are willing to work with interested groups, but, who can be more trusted and relied upon than ourselves."

"To find satisfaction we found one another."

It ended with an invitation to come to meetings and to their dances "to raise money to cause the above needs to come true."

"We have definite goals in mind," Jean-Paul said, "and we're going to get them." He hesitated for a moment, then said, "You can quote me."

"How much do YOU expect to get done?"

He looked over the list of goals, then with a pen checked off all but the VD clinic. "In my presidency we'll get those. I'd like to get the VD clinic, but I don't think I can in the time I have."

"The main thing is to educate these kids"--straighten them out, help them get out, maybe. The pamphlet on drugs would be the first in a series; the vice-president was already working on one on laws. "But what we need most is somewhere the kids can just come and talk to somebody. Not some agency. The kids want to talk to their peers, not to some middle-class adult. I've had a year of psychology in college, but I don't tell most people that. I don't tell the kids that."

"Anyway, that's what the coffee house is for." They'd already checked out some possible locations for it, and he guessed it would cost about ten thousand dollars to set up. How close were they? "Well, we've got about ... two hundred right now." They were asking for contributions wherever there seemed the slightest possibility. He thought perhaps they could get a bank loan. "We'll use the coffee house as a headquarters, but the first thing is to get the kids off the street and give them a place to get a good inexpensive meal. We're looking for a place in the Tenderloin, but if we can't find one I'd want to find someplace away from here. I'd just like to give the kids a rest from the rat race in the Tenderloin."

Neat rows of chairs had been set up, and a crowd had gradually drifted into the room. It was time to begin the meeting. My last question was, what was Vanguard's membership? "Oh, fifty, seventy-five, a hundred ... Not even a tenth of the kids on the street."

Vanguard's four officers and one adviser sat behind the long table in front. Jean-Paul, speaking into a tall superfluous microphone, called the meeting to order and announced that he would skip the reading of the minutes to save time. The adviser pointed out that there wasn't a quorum, so they couldn't be skipped. Jean-Paul scowled at him, then began reading in a rapid monotone.

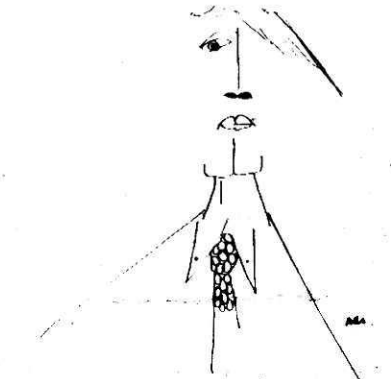
There were perhaps forty or fifty people in the room; about ten were standing in the shadow by the far wall, though there were more than enough chairs. The standees were all young, boys and girls alike in levis and thin, cheap-looking jackets. Most of the boys wore tight T-shirts; most of the girls had on too much makeup. Near me sat a plump boy, all in tight-fitting black with a green scarf at his neck; I say "boy," but he had

long upswept hair and a feminine face, so I was quite honestly never sure. Toward the back a very young sandy-haired girl in a rawhide jacket sat and chewed her nails; her mascara was so thick it reminded me of shoe polish.

Various adults were mixed with the kids: several ministers; a priest; a well-dressed Negro man, his wife, and three small children; a dowdy semi-Bohemian middle-aged couple; a few solitary men.

Jean-Paul was whisking through the minutes. "Jean - Paul Marat," he read, "thanked everyone at the meeting for their cooperation in the picketing of Compton's ... A report was given on the kids thrown out of the dance the week before for smoking pot in the latrine--uh, the lavatory." Everybody sniggered. "Would you believe T-room?" he said. As he read on, the room began getting noisy. "No private conversations, please!" he snapped.

Next he read announcements. Vanguard had received "a large donation from the mother of one of our members"; official Vanguard membership cards would be distributed at the next meeting; incorporation proceedings were continuing, and in a week or two Vanguard would be a recognized non-profit corporation. The treasurer



gave his report; the last dance had netted \$49.88. Jean-Paul read an invitation to Vanguard members from the police department, urging them to come and enjoy a guided tour of the Hall of Justice. "This is to show you how your police department works," he read--snickers all around the room--then added, "which you probably all know already." More laughter. "Would you believe this is how they work LEGALLY?"

The meeting got onto Old Business. The vice president, a blond clean-cut type in a sweater and tie, got up and explained that Compton's had agreed to end discrimination, more or less. The kids would not be specifically harassed, but, if they lingered an hour over a cup of coffee or invited non-paying friends to the tables, they would be--well, pushing their luck.

A boy stood up and said, "What about those old men? There were some old men in there last night, and they let them sit there for THREE hours." The vice-president muttered something and went on. The policemen who had been roughing the kids up had been removed, and the new ones had orders not to use force. "There's a new one we've already got some complaints about, and we're checking on that now. But you have to remember, a lot of the time the cop is just trying to do his job. You've got to watch your tongue with these people. If you were trying to do your job and a kid talked back to you and called you names, what would YOU do?"

People jumped up. "The law says he has no right--" began a boy near me. "No matter what you say to them," a girl cut in, "as long as you don't resist they can't--"

"I know what the law says, but, like ... just last night there was that fire at the Plush Doggie, and when the police were coming a kid stood right

CLASSIFIEDS

are cryptic

Goods and Services

ANNOUNCING OPEN RUSH, for the ADS-Math-Dorm crowd. If you qualify for this select organization call 353-1271 or 353-1363. Act quickly to obtain information concerning ADS-MDC sweatshirts, personalized with a list of your unique qualifications (honorary, college board scores, GPA, etc.) For ride call 355-1868. Also need competent spiritualist.

ROCK by any other name is not as great. . . "Arthur," the bold new sound that comes on strong. "Arthur" is one step beyond. Call 353-3485 for the sound that measures up. . . "Arthur."

WANTED: Lonely girl without facade. Should be sensitive, understanding, honest and willing to share companionship with sensitive, spontaneous male. No commitment necessary. If interested, call 351-9161. No joke.

Has anybody seen our cat? If you've been feeding her, bless your heart, or rooming her by day, tell her we'd like her back, and the window won't be closed this time. She's black and rust with cream accessories on her face and chest. She's very independent for a one-year-old, but we can't manage without her. Please call 351-7092.

MSM

Michigan Methodist Student Movement state conference: "New Images for 20th Century Revolutionaries." Northern Michigan University, October 28, 29, 30. Platform speaker from faculty of the Ecumenical Institute. Contact local Wesley Foundation for details, or write Ed McCracken, 811 Fair St., Marquette, Mich.

ATTN: ALL MICH. MSM UNITS: If you have stuff for pre-typed agenda for conference, submit to Gil by October 22. Also, Bill, one of the state officers, was in an accident on his cycle last Thursday. He would probably appreciate a card.

TO: ALL MICH. MSM UNITS: Ad Hoc Committee will have drafts on "What is a Wesley Foundation For?" from both A-2 and MSU sections before conference. You will receive by the 24th.

CLASSIFIEDS

still just \$1/50 words

(still cheap)

351-7373

or

Box 367, East Lansing



there in the street and yelled, "Here comes the . . . blank law!" A cop had dragged the kid into an alley and hit him a couple of times before he could get there to stop him. "Did you get his badge number?" someone asked. The vice president said the point was that you could understand how the cop felt. The bickering dragged on; finally Jean-Paul cut in: "This is NOT a bitchfight, excuse my French, but that's what this is turning into." Closing the subject, he said, "Tell these kids to write down the cop's badge number and start making complaints. I KNOW most of these kids in the Tenderloin can WRITE."

There followed a long discussion nobody seemed to understand involving the dowdy couple and a proposed trip to Mexico. After Jean-Paul called for a vote on holding a "pancake festorama" for a departing minister; it was unanimously approved. He introduced the visiting clergymen in the crowd; they smiled nervously and half-stood when their names were called; everybody turned to stare at them.

Next on the agenda was a proposal by the Tenderloin Citizens Committee, an old-line social-improvement organization, to merge with Vanguard. Someone spoke in favor of the merger, on the ground that it would end duplication of effort. Jean-Paul solemnly got up and said, "Maybe this won't be a very popular viewpoint, but I say we've had a hell of a fight building Vanguard up to what it is, and we've done it on our own. At times it could have collapsed, but it didn't. And I don't think we should accept another organization under any circumstances. If the members of TLCC want to join as individuals, all right. But that's all." There was scattered applause. The vice president got up and echoed Jean-Paul's position, ending by saying, "I have a definite--excuse my expression--hard-on for the TLCC and I won't back down." More applause.

The Negro man got up and dissented. "How many of you know what the TLCC is?" A few hands were raised, including all the officers'. Jean-Paul said, "All the TLCC ever does is sit up in its office and put out paper after paper--"

"It hasn't put out ANY papers," the Negro man said. "What papers has it put out?" Jean-Paul said nothing. The Negro extended his argument until Jean-Paul got up and with an air of finality said, "Mr. Clay, it has already been mentioned that--"

"I have the floor right now," the Negro growled.



"Sorry about that," Jean-Paul almost squealed, and sat back down. In a few minutes someone said (again), "This is turning into a bitch and dog fight," and the matter was tabled.

A young man who said his name was Tex and he guessed everybody knew him made a little speech about institutions called "teentowns" which he said were being started all across the country by and for urban teenagers. He ended by urging Vanguard to persevere in its efforts, referring to some support that had been promised then withdrawn: "Sure your backers'll pull out on you, know why? They don't think you've got a chance." He was applauded.

The meeting was hurriedly adjourned, as it was time for the dance to begin.

The chairs were quickly folded up and stacked against the wall. There was a new sign on the door: "No Booze." Jean-Paul announced that everybody who planned to stay for the dance should be sure to get his hand stamped. Kids crowded around a table where a boy stamped them; "Not for Sale." One boy giggled and protested when he was stamped, "Free."

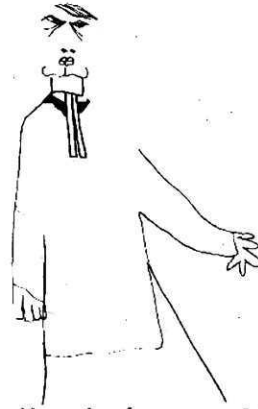
A turntable and a big speaker were set up on a table along the wall. The adviser, a professional disc jockey, stood behind it sorting records and sending people for more of them. He said they usually rented records from a nearby homosexual organization, but the organization charged them five dollars a night and they'd decided to try and find their own.

Jean-Paul took the microphone beside the turntable to announce that two television newsmen were in the room gathering material for a story. "I want everybody to give them all the help they can," he said. The newsmen were talking with the vice president and one of the ministers.

The ceiling lights were turned off and a large blue spotlight turned on; it was as though the room had suddenly submerged. The disc jockey put on a record and around the floor scattered couples started dancing, moving through the blue shadowy light like tropical fish. A man in high heels, a red dress, and an orange wig was dancing with Vanguard's treasurer. Two middle-aged women were doing a graceful waltz; one had very short hair and wore pants and

a man's shirt; the other, in a cocktail dress, looked impeccably suburban, and, it occurred to me, rather like the mother of a friend of mine. Two Oriental boys of perhaps thirteen or fourteen were doing a slow rock, staring glassily at each other.

Several couples clustered in the center of the floor. A tall boy was dancing with a man with bouffant hair, lots of eye makeup, and large false breasts. Two young heterosexual couples (including the sandy-haired girl) were joking with each other, comparing dance steps; isolated from the rest, they looked as if they belonged at a high-school hop in some barny old gymnasium.



Near the door, one of the TV men was absorbed in conversation with the priest, the other with Jean-Paul; they were all ignoring the dancers. Between records the disc jockey said, "This is the most heterosexual party I've ever seen. There's somebody here--I won't mention names--wearing a button that says, 'It's so great' -- would you believe -- 'to be straight?'" All the kids laughed.

I cornered the vice president for a few minutes. When I remarked that a lot of the dancers looked very young, he suddenly became defensive. "Some of them may be runaways, but it they are it's not our business. If they want to come, we don't ask questions." I managed to pacify him. "Most of these kids just wander in off the streets," he went on. "They stay awhile, then they have to go out and work again. If they don't have the money, we let them in anyway. We

try to feed them, give them a hot dog or something before they go." I noticed that, though people were coming and going regularly, the number of people in the room seemed to stay roughly the same.

A few of the couples had changed partners. A girl and a transvestite were dancing, and one of the boys who had been dancing with a girl was now dancing with another boy. Maybe there had been other changes; the blue light left a shadowy periphery in which only lighted cigarettes were clearly visible. When I finally left, a minister walked out ahead of me.

I walked around the Tenderloin, now jammed with noisy weekend crowds; after the dance, the lights seemed gaudier than ever. There were some kids in Compton's, others walking along Market and Turk, others watchfully loitering. I saw a number of familiar faces.

The next Monday I had some details to clear up, so I searched out Vanguard's office. It turned out to be a tiny room almost filled by a huge cluttered desk, located in an office building next to the church. As I stopped in the doorway, Jean-Paul was saying to the vice president, "They beat up another kid in Compton's Friday. Didn't even get to the counter." Another boy was on the phone, and a couple of others were crowded around the edges of the room. Somebody said there had been a report Saturday of the cops patrolling with a police dog. Jean-Paul said they'd already called to check on it.

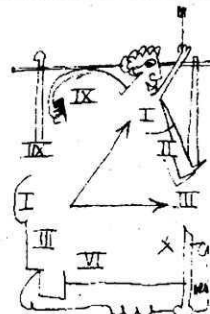
I managed to get him to an empty room down the hall. I asked my questions, and he answered politely, smoking and yawning. "Excuse me," he said finally, "I'm very tired. I average about two hours sleep a weekend, and I was up all night typing our application to the Ford Foundation." The Ford Foundation? "Well," he said, "I don't think we'll get it, but I'm hoping."

Leaving the building I couldn't get the Ford Foundation out of my mind. I somehow pictured the neat bespectacled figure of McGeorge Bundy walking into his spacious office in a skyscraper somewhere and finding the application on his desk. I could almost see his face as he read it over, his eyes widening as they moved down the page.

As A River Of Light

Cast a cold edge on life, O my soul, cast
Rivening steel between two moons rising,
Tempered so a silver light does ripple,
Glide and pool along the blade like rivers'
Winding, and bind haft to skeleton hand,
And wait, for I shall not travel your way,
But in an alien land where nor your
Sword, nor mine, may serve purpose but to mark
The miles I know under sunlight, among
Lilies of field and forests of sere leaves.
With these things passed, then will I come again
To thy causeway; then may you pierce my guard.

JIM THOMAS



A Beginning For All Beginnings

I met a man
consumed by his own breath
and the depth of his own being
and thought was not a small world to him.

"The world is but a part of me,"
he seemed to say.
"There are no facts which faith cannot destroy."

"Love is the shortest of all distances."
"Fight fire with fire
and life with life."
"This is the only way."

And all of this--
without words. . .
A hopeless task
for my understanding.

There is one miracle
larger than ourselves
Which no man can approach:

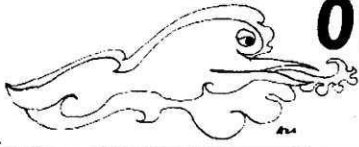
Children are born human,

dale-walker

SOLUTION

J	A	M	B	O		Y	O	G	U	R	T
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With One Eye Open

A Devil's Island
Of The Mind

By BRADFORD A. LANG

Well, I really hate to say it, but I don't have a column for this week. That is, I don't have anything like the usual well-integrated thousand words or so on some tremendously important topic. Oh, I haven't given up. No, indeed. In the coming weeks I plan to write about ASMSU and its economic--shall we say?--problems, the O'Brien-Lukens-Reisig-Wilkie-Hutter-et al affair, and possibly John Hannah and all the implications of that subject. And I can't promise anything, but I just MIGHT entertain you some time this year with a little real-life story about the practical application of obscenity. Watch for it, fans.

Meanwhile, I give you a rather motley collection of songs, fables, plays, comments, and other assorted garbage. You don't HAVE to read it, and if you do, you don't have to say anything about it. Just ignore it. Everybody has his off days.

The In Loco Parentis Waltz (guitar chords included)

(to be strummed in waltz time and sung to any tune which sounds right, considering the only chords used are E and A)

E A A
One, two, three, one, two, three; see how it goes.
E A E
Like climbing ivy, just see how it grows.
A E
Get our an office and make with the schmaltz,
E A E
Doin the IN LOCO PARENTIS WALTZ.

My father said, son, you're a college boy now.
You're on your own, son, and you'll have to learn how
To take care of yourself in the academy.
But, dad, they're more daddy than you'll ever be.

The girls must be in their beds at twelve o'clock.
They won't get in trouble as long as they're locked
Inside their dorms where the boys won't come near.
That's known as the in loco parentis fear.

The boys aren't allowed to wear blue jeans to dine.
They must dress like gentlemen all of the time.
If blue jeans are all of the clothes that they've got,
They'll have to wear khaki and maybe get shot.

One little thing you'll remember to do:
Don't let the kids get the better of you.
If there is trouble, just call out the cops.
In life education the police are tops.

Yes, axe handles are quite a wonderful tool
For keeping the children from rioting in school.
I heard a cop say as he beat me and smiled,
"Spare the axe handle and spoil the child!"

At our school the faculty never gets wise.
They don't like Tim Leary and don't dig pot highs.
They never turn students into acid heads.
They're too busy making it with the coeds.

Our leader's so sacred, our leader's so great,
That you see him just once until you graduate.
In loco parentis is better than pot.
John Hannah is higher than I ever got.

(Repeat first verse.)

Tall Tales From The Multiversity

Chapter 1: The Fable of the Disgusting Ones
(with apologies to Ken Lawless)

Once upon a time in the land of Mac there lived a group of very disgusting people. These disgusting people dressed in dirty, ragged clothes and had faces full of hair. Their ideas were awful and shocking and foul. "Ugh!" said all the people who lived in the land of Mac from whence came the Disgusting Ones (for so they were called). "They dress in dirty, ragged clothes and have faces full of hair, and their ideas are awful and shocking and foul!" And when the DO's tried to tell others of their ideas they were spat upon and cursed at, and their books were ripped apart. Nobody would listen to the DO's at all, and this made them very sad and unhappy and discouraged. And so it was that the DO's decided they would change their ways. They dressed in pretty clothes and took the hair from their faces. Then they went to the other people and tried to talk to them again. And lo and behold! the other people looked upon the DO's with favor. They listened to their ideas and smiled at them and no longer called them the Disgusting Ones, even though their ideas were still awful and shocking and foul. And so it came to pass that a new name was given to the DO's; and they were called the Mature Ones. And so peace fell over the land of Mac, and everyone lived maturely ever after.

MORAL: DO a good turn daily.

Michigan Couple Complains
Police Ignored Teen Orgy

DETROIT (UPI)—A suburban couple complained today police virtually ignored their calls for help when teen-agers threw a "beer blast and sex orgy" in their yard and harassed the family with obscene language. "Kids were running around the yard and pounding on our doors and windows," Mrs. Robert Leeds said. "They used obscene language and were drinking. I was so frightened I just shook."

She said she and her husband, who finally chased away the revelers with a revolver, were "frightened for our children." The Leeds have three children, ages 16, 13 and 9.

Leeds, 39, said he called the Oakland County sheriff's department when the party, staged without permission on the family's wooded lot in suburban Bingham Farms, became loud. He said deputies told them no officers could get there for about 45 minutes.

The party was advertised with a crude mimeographed invitation distributed to high schools in the area Friday. It promised "sex sex sex... Beer blast and orgy... Boozie 'n broads."

An hour after the call no police had arrived, Leeds said, so he went outside with a revolver. "Most of the kids took off in their cars when they saw me," Leeds said. "All except two who were so busy trying to get in the front door they didn't notice."

Leeds led the two youths into his kitchen at gunpoint and again called police. Deputies arrived and questioned the boys, he said. State Police arrived shortly thereafter. No one was arrested.

Spokesmen for the Oakland County sheriff's department and State Police said the delay in answering the Leeds' call resulted from a mix-up over which department should take leave of it.

Alma Faculty
Art Exhibited

Alma College's Old Art is currently featuring the work of members Kent Alma Dykstra, recently appointed to Michigan's State Arts. His exhibited at Harmonie Art Ave.

Gems and Minerals Show
"Rocks A-Go-Go"

Friday, October 14, 5-10 p.m.
Saturday, October 15, 10 a.m.-10 p.m.
Sunday, October 16, 10 a.m.-6 p.m.

Admission 25c Children 12 and Under Free

- *Demonstrations
- *Silent Auction
- *Door Prizes
- *Lapidary Work
- *Dealers
- *Swap Area
- *Gems, Minerals, Fossils and Crystals

NEW NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY

2500 S. Washington Avenue — Free Parking

Sponsored by Cent. Mich. Lapidary and Mineral Society

In Case Of Fire Or Emergency

Did anybody here catch the story last week about the Detroit family who couldn't seem to get hold of the police when a bunch of lousy teenage delinquents threw a beer blast and orgy on their front lawn? When they called the cops they were told to wait 45 minutes for help. An hour passed, and Mr. Robert Leeds went out and chased the little hoodlums away with a revolver, capturing two of them in the process and holding them at gunpoint until help arrived.

It was a typical story of police inefficiency. It seems the cops spent an hour arguing over who had jurisdiction. The interesting part of the story, however, is that Mr. Leeds waited until the party "became loud" before phoning the fuzz. It also seems that the whole thing had been advertised all day by the kids. Why the family didn't head it off earlier is a mystery to me, but it's not hard to visualize the scene in the Leeds household.

Mr. Leeds: Look at this, Mary. I found it on our front lawn.

Mrs. Leeds: What is it, Bob?

Mr. Leeds: It gives our address and then just says "Sex Sex Sex... Beer blast and orgy... Boozie 'n broads."

Mrs. On OUR front lawn?

Mr. I guess so.

THREE HOURS LATER

Mr. Well, they're still there.

Mrs. Oh, God.

Mr. They've been there for an hour.

Mrs. Oh, God.

Mr. They're not becoming loud yet.

Mrs. What are they doing?

Mr. They're drinking and using obscene language.

Mrs. On OUR front lawn?

Mr. I guess so.

Mrs. Oh, God.

Mr. Stop saying that.

Mrs. Bob, I'm frightened for the children.

Mr. Where are they?

Mrs. They're out on the front lawn.

Mr. Oh, God.

Mrs. What can we do?

Mr. I don't know.

Mrs. I could call mother.

Mr. Where's my revolver?

Mrs. Mother would know what to do.

Mr. I know it's around here somewhere.

Mrs. Mother would have thrown a fit if I'd done anything like this.

Mr. Ah, here it is. Hi there, baby.

Mrs. Bob, they're pounding on the windows.

Mr. (pounding on the window) Don't do that!

Mrs. Oh, there's some more obscene language!

Mr. Oh, filthy, smutty, obscene language!

Mrs. What are you going to do with your gun?

Mr. I don't know. I mean, I've never killed anybody. Not since the war, anyway.

Mrs. Oh, now they're trying to break in the door!

Mr. What can we do?

Mrs. What can we do?

Mr. I've got an idea.

Mrs. What, Bob, what?

Mr. It just might work...

Mrs. Oh, tell me! Please!

Mr. I've never done anything like this before...

Mrs. Bob!

Mr. I'll... I'll call the police!

Mrs. (laughing as he picks up the receiver) Oh, come on...

SOLUTION

