

THE PAPER

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THE GREAT INSURANCE COMPANY FRAME-UP or,



O'BRIEN: NO HARM IN ASKING

Part 1

By BRADFORD A. LANG

The Case of the Cruising Congressman

Justice Extraordinaire George Hutter's tiny little storefront courtroom hadn't seen such excitement since it was invaded last year by Happy Howie Harrison and his troupe of pacifist priests. The new invader was just as exciting: Bernard F. O'Brien, Jr., SS agent triple-o-five, who drives his bright red Chevy from Lansing to Detroit and back again at speeds approaching ninety miles per hour and who somehow resembles a straight Brendan Behan. He brought with him John D. O'Connell, a nice old Irishman, and various and sundry other semi-respectable inhabitants of Detroit's Irish ghetto.

The courtroom jumped to the frenzied beat of the Pepsi Generation, as Bill Wilkie and His Sinless Six from MSU came to testify to the defendant's evil ways.

The rest of the cast made a repeat performance.

Judge Hutter, of course, was still holding court, staring whimsically at everyone over the tops of his glasses. His sense of humor was still intact, and he kept his cool masterfully while people perjured themselves right and left and witnesses talked of immoral acts, rapes, and unethical conduct.

Don Reisig was back, his glasses popping on and off and his temper behaving in a similar manner. One is forced to think that he's probably a very nice young man when he's not prosecuting beatniks and sex fiends.

And Dapper Dan Hankins, our own lovable campus detective, was at his buddy Reisig's right hand throughout the trial, smiling sweetly, taking notes, and possibly coaching witnesses. He's probably also a very nice young man.

The permanent residents of the courtroom (besides the press, of which august body yours truly considered himself a member, despite whatever doubts may have festered away in the minds of the rests of the corps) included three little old men who sat at the rear, obviously happy

"At the time, I thought it was just a big laugh."

Beth Shapiro
Tuesday, October 11, 1966

"It's not a face I will ever forget."

Judi Crawford
Tuesday, October 11, 1966

"I said, 'Senator, there's more to this than you're telling me,' and he just nodded his head in the affirmative."

Sgt. Dan Hankins
Wednesday, October 12, 1966

"If you see an injustice out there and you do not correct it, you should not be a Senator from the Fifth District."

Bernard F. O'Brien, Sr.
Monday, October 17, 1966

"You're not going to frame my husband like this."

Mrs. Bernard F. O'Brien, Jr.
Monday, October 17, 1966

"I think I better explain this."

Senator Bernard F. O'Brien, Jr.
Wednesday, October 19, 1966

"If we take the path where the roses bloom, ladies and gentlemen, that's our good fortune."

Defense Attorney John D. O'Connell
Friday, October 21, 1966

"I would like to be remembered for something else than being the prosecutor in the Bernard O'Brien trial."

Donald L. Reisig
Friday, October 21, 1966

Those who know do not speak.
Those who speak do not know.
Old Zen Saying

away feeling as though I had just been forced to attend a five-day ASMSU meeting. It was difficult to restrain myself from leaping to my feet and making sarcastic comments.

Instead, I wrote my comments down in my Social Science notebook, so that you, dear and curious reader, could enjoy them in the privacy of your own home. I will first offer you a brief summary of days one through four of the trial, then roll into a witness-by-witness rundown of the rest of the proceedings. The former, by the way, is culled from various local newspapers, so if you have been following the trail religiously and are familiar with all the facts, feel free to skip the whole thing.

The Rape Of Lukens

Everybody by now has memorized this part of the case. It's the sexy part. O'Brien was supposed to have propositioned a bunch of MSU chicks, posing as "Larry Angelo(w) of International Studios" and asking them to pose for "cheesecake" photos and act in "stag movies". (Question: Are the words "stag" and "cheesecake" out of place in the world of the sixties?). Marion Lukens lodged the formal complaint and five other girls showed up to say he'd done the same things to them, though they never did get around to having him arrested for it.

For the reader's convenience, here is a chart I was able to piece together listing the girls and the dates on which they were supposed to have been approached. The list isn't perfect, but neither is anything else:

Marion Lukens: May 27 at 11:30 am at the MSU Union. June 2 at 9:30 pm at Grand River and Harrison.

Linda Outcalt: May 3 at 1:00 pm on the MSU campus.

Christine LeGasse: May 6 at 5:00 pm on the MSU campus.

Beth Shapiro: June 2 at 7:00 pm at Grand River near Abbott.

Mrs. Diane Slater: Last January
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to be sunning themselves in the light of justice, rather than the light of the sun on a park bench. They could very well have traded places with the three similar little old men on the jury, if only they had donned their Sunday finery. But fate had selected them to be spectators to the drama. All six men looked as confused as all little old men seem to look and, in point of fact, were probably the most confused people in the room. Imagine somebody actually trying to force nice young girls to do bad things. Mercy.

Mercy was hardly the word for it.

Career Carnival Revisited

O'Brien was tried under two counts: "accosting and soliciting" and "being a disorderly person in a public place." However, the jury was allowed to find

him guilty of only one of them. As a result, they spent the greater part of their several hours of deliberation trying to decide whether the man was going to spend the rest of his life as a dirty old man or a disorderly dirty old man.

Both counts carried a maximum penalty of \$100 fine and/or 90 days in jail. A further penalty involving the loss of one (1) seat in the Michigan legislature was assessed the defendant before his trial. It was worse than the old Witch Test. At least when our forefathers threw people in the lake and drowned them, they were kind enough to pronounce them innocent. O'Brien was not only screwed from the beginning; he got screwed twice at the end.

The trial lasted nine days. I didn't jump on the bandwagon until the fifth day, at which point it suddenly occurred to me that there was a story involved, an Erle Stanley Gardner of at least the second magnitude. So, throwing an entire week of classes to the winds, I marched myself down to the Lansing Township Justice Court and sat through five days of mildly fascinating and exceptionally frustrating judicial merrymakings. I came

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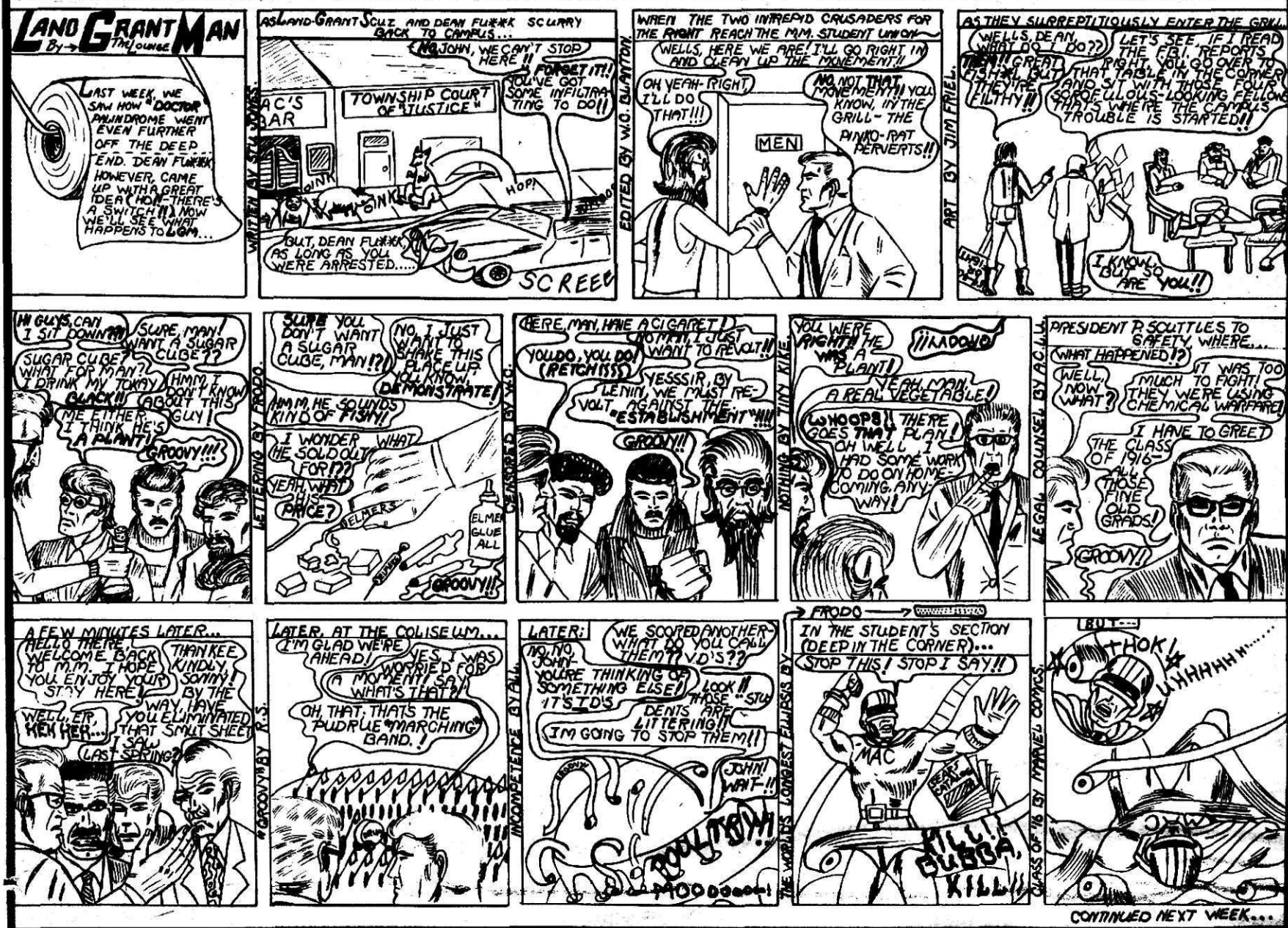
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The Water Closet

There is a major league football team which plays its home games in Michigan, but it played this weekend in East Lansing, not San Francisco. On October 22, Michigan State put it all together, for thirty minutes at least, and not even Bob Griese, a Golden Girl, 200 flag carriers, twenty gaily dancing tuba players, and THE WORLD'S BIGGEST DRUM could save Purdue from the onslaught. On October 23, the Detroit Lions had a game with the SF Forty-Niners.

Two weeks ago, one of the Lions lay injured, and football fans across the country sighed in relief when they realized that it was Number 16. At last Harry Gilmer was forced to use a new technique—the quarterback. Enter Karl Sweetan, who had a 99-yard touchdown pass and four other completions on his record.

Sweetan came through Sunday, and so did Tom Nowatzke. However, they weren't playing two-on-two with John

Brodie and John David Crow. They had to cope with twenty or so other 49-ers and the rest of the Detroit team and coaching staff.

Sunday, the Detroit Lions of 1966, members of the National Football League, firmly entrenched themselves in the front rank of incompetents right up there with the Boston Bruins, New York Knicks, and Chicago Cubs. Nobody could blow a four-point lead with only 51 seconds remaining in a football game—nobody but Tulane, Wake Forest and the Lions.

Despite grumbling and back-biting so prevalent that even cliques can't form, it looked for a brief time as if Detroit was actually going to win a game. It was naturally enough a come-from-behind effort, as the Lions are so rarely leading; but Sweetan had engineered a strong drive, even with time a factor, and Detroit had a 24-20 lead.

The shock was too much for the defensive backfield. Not even the

Fearsome Foursome can be everywhere at once, as John Brodie and Manty Stickle proceeded to demonstrate. In four plays, the Lions progressed from poor pass coverage to no pass coverage, as everyone successfully remained at least 15 yards away from Stickle while he scored the winning touchdown.

It isn't really fair to criticize Milt Plum or the defense for the Lions' trouble, for the situation in Detroit is so hopelessly snarled that it is ridiculous. The coach and his players, including the team captain, complain about each other, while the owner complains about everything. The player draft seems to be un-

acceptable to the front office as a source of talent, at least if it's going to cost very much. And who else in the NFL or any other professional, semi-pros or amateur league would attempt to dive play in a third-and-21 situation?

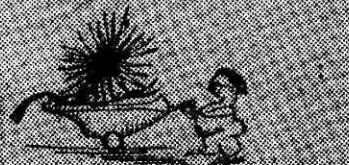
Football fans look to Coach (a title, not a function) Harry Gilmer's Detroit Lions only for comic relief, for they really are that bad. The team would have a difficult time in the Southeast Conference—and they have to go onto the field with the Green Bay Packers Sunday. It will be another long, long afternoon for Karras and Company.

Where There's A Will...

By W. C. BLANTON

Smaller Turning radius

-- 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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ATL Firings :

By CHAR JOLLES

The fact that Gary Groat, editorial adviser to Zeitgeist, and a fellow dissenter were not reappointed to their posts in the Department of American Thought and Language, seems to uphold the maxim that he who lives by the sword will, in all probability, die by it.

This cliché may be our only guide in understanding the advisory committee's decision to terminate the positions of Groat and Ken Lawless as ATL instructors.*

Terminations are not uncommon, of course, but Groat claims the jury was stacked. That claim is easy to swallow. After all, when the mastermind behind a controversial literary magazine and one of his colleagues, both with reputations as dissenters, lose their jobs, it is easy—perhaps too easy—to see the whole affair as an unjustifiable purge.

Data is hard to come by in a case like this. First of all, Groat admits he is saving a few enlightening tidbits for his own editorial in the next Zeitgeist. Secondly, what may be relevant information—namely, the relationship of the two men to members of the department and their professional qualifications—is a personal matter. Finally, all the faculty members I interviewed spoke entirely in abstractions, which seemed too remote from the issue to be relevant.

After interviews with several faculty members, however, it became evident that their abstractions formed a pattern; it became easier and easier to read between the lines.

Before we begin to extrapolate, it is necessary to establish some ground rules.

(1) We must realize that the two men could well have been considered individually by the committee. Their cases seem to be related, however, because neither of them can think of any good reason for the loss of their posts—except that they have both been outspoken critics of the department.

(2) We cannot assume that Zeitgeist qua Zeitgeist had anything to do with the decision. It seems reasonable to attribute to the six committee members an understanding of the value of artistic expression, whether or not it's well done.

(3) We have every reason to assume that the members of the committee are men of integrity, and that there is some worth somehow in their decision. Frederic Reeve, an ATL professor on the committee, has a long history as a forthright critic of everything from God's universe to the ATL department, and as an outspoken defender of human freedom. Yet he can accept the majority determination of the committee in good conscience.

(4) We must sympathetically realize

*Robert Fogarty's position as ATL instructor was also terminated. While he has been associated with the dissents of Groat and Lawless, his case appears to be unrelated to theirs.

Disarming Candor Department—Look Out For Old Number One Division (from the New York Times): Frank M. Jordan, 78-year-old Republican Secretary of State for California, was asked recently why he refused to appear on the same platform with his Democratic challenger, Norbert Schlei. Mr. Jordan replied: "My opponent is young and good looking and I'm not."

The Spirit Of The Times?

that decisions re promotions, appointments and reappointments, because they involve value judgments, cannot possibly be free from considerations of personality.

(5) We have no grounds to accuse the committee members of submitting to pressure from the administration.

With these ground rules in mind, we can begin to extrapolate blood from the turnip and, the Department of ATL notwithstanding, interpret the committee's action.

The interview with Ben Strandness, chairman of the department, was the most revealing. While a fish tank gurgled pleasantly in the corner, and a State News competitor hovered outside and grudgingly waited his turn, Strandness listed for me some of the considerations which make up the promotion policy.

--Professional publication ("You see the tangle immediately. What do you mean by 'professional' publication?");

--Research underway, fellowships, offices in professional organizations;

--Good teaching. ("One thing that has tied the profession in knots is the question of what constitutes a good teacher. It's a complicated business. In this area of professional competence and responsibility you get back again to imponderables, immeasurables. What it gets down to is the question of the committee's integrity.");

--Normal progress towards the doctoral degree;

--Promise in scholarly activity;

--And contributions to the work of the department.

Strandness lingered here; he couldn't seem to elaborate enough on the question of contribution to the department. The following is what he said, almost verbatim, on that subject:



"Contribution to the department isn't just to the individual classroom, but to the general working of the department...It means positive, constructive contribution, because a department like this has obviously a big problem in what might be called community effort.

"If you have a community effort one of the important things is obviously the staff members' relationship to that community of effort.

"It gets complicated—it's the whole problem of the individual and society, and the paradox of liberty under law...

"One of our problems is with social disintegration.

"At the multiversity...there is a tendency for the institution to fly apart. What do you do to keep things from flying apart?"

This perspective came through again and again in other interviews, but less abstractly (as with two professors):

"If you throw a rock through the President's (LBJ? Hannah?) window, don't be surprised if he objects."

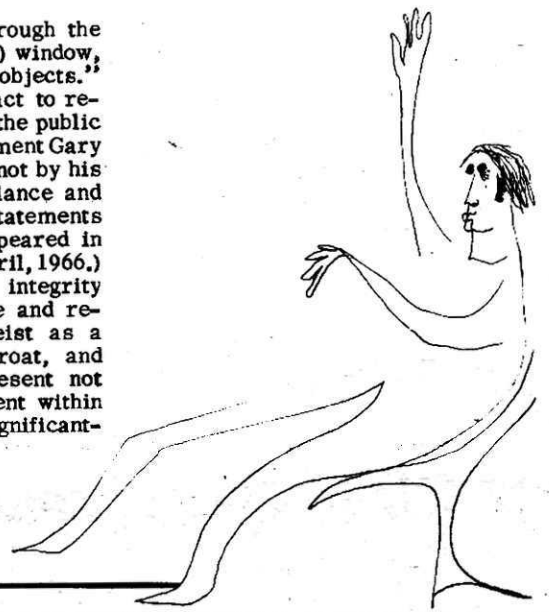
"I know how I would react to rehiring someone who made the public statements about the department Gary has made. I'd be outraged, not by his criticism, but by his petulance and contempt." (The "public statements about the department" appeared in an editorial in Zeitgeist, April, 1966.)

My theory, which grants integrity to the advisory committee and rejects Zeitgeist qua Zeitgeist as a factor, is as follows: Groat, and perhaps Lawless, represent not merely the voices of dissent within the department, but more significant-

ly the forces of destruction. There is every indication that their criticisms did not simply rock the boat, but threatened, in the eyes of the committee, the very foundation of the community of scholars within the department. Somehow, it seems, Groat challenged too much too violently, and the community cast him out.

The issue doesn't stop here. The committee's action seems justified from its own perspective; but it is just as sound to challenge that perspective. What is for the good of the community anyway? Perhaps the department will run more smoothly without Groat and Lawless, but does that consideration alone justify exile?

The burden rests with the committee to prove that the two thorns in its side were fatal—otherwise, from out here, it looks indeed as though somebody got screwed.



One anonymous caller said he had sent the following postcard to President Hannah in response to Zeitgeist's call last week:

"Allen Ginsberg is at the crux of the entire multiversity problem.

"If he and his L.S.D. disciples can somehow insidiously be converted to palindromism, their paranoid defenses will collapse. The means is, of course, latent Mass Media, a proverbial enemy of acid-heads.

"When Ginsberg arrives in East Lansing, offer to put him on campus television to lecture before classes of hundreds. Give him more micro-

phones than he can wear, let his poetry be recorded on yards of computer magnetic tape, and let his turns of language be carefully analyzed by electrical engineers. Smother him in the thick blanket of the State News. Let him gaze with orgasmic pleasure at Beaumont Tower, MAC making way for progress, MSC and MSU. Declare him OFFICIALLY pornographic, and then begin to make love to him. He won't need LSD."

(Zeitgeist still requests that postcards about Ginsberg be mailed to President Hannah by Saturday, in order that they arrive in concert next Monday. 319 Administration Building.)

thoughts have wings**THE PAPER**

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movies, mostly

By LARRY TATE

Fireside Chat

My column this week is not going to have any transition sentences. If you wish to discover its secret inner coherence, you might try a restrained psychological approach.

Michigan State, right now, has the best chance it's ever going to have to get a good quarterly literary magazine. Peggy Case, editor of the Red Cedar Review, is trying her best to bring out a good and RELEVANT magazine in January. If you or anyone you know writes good, relevant essays, stories, poetry, or miscellaneous, remember: RCR needs it worse than you/your friend do/does. What you submit won't be just decently interred, as in past years. Promise. Deadline is November 14 or thereabouts.

End of sincere plug.

(Is that a transition sentence? Sorry.)

I won't actually apologize for my review of "The Shop on Main Street" last week; I just sort of wish I'd given it four stars and left it at that.

I've got more letters than ever before (one) intelligently disagreeing with my review of "Dear John." I probably overstated the negative case, I admit, because everybody had been overstating the positive. I'll accept, say, Dwight Macdonald's middle-ground review in this month's Esquire.

In the first issue I implied that the State Theatre was no better than its Walt Disney festivals. The management has been conducting a fabulous campaign to prove me wrong; we've been having a masterpiece a week since the term started. Everybody be grateful, and go often.

TO DIE IN MADRID

This week is Frederic Rossif's "To Die in Madrid." This is a beautiful film, one of the best documentaries ever made. When I first saw it, I knew nothing about the Spanish Civil War -- except for whatever I got out of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," which can't have been much, since all I remember is everybody standing around saying, "I obscenty in the milk of your mother." Anyway, I went mostly from duty; but after seeing the film that long-ago war became as much a part of my experience as Vietnam.

The film is oversimplified, sure, if not downright false. It tells of the struggle of (as the narration puts it) "an army against a people." Nowhere is there any indication of the mean backstairs party politics described by, say, George Orwell.

Everything is simple, heartbreaking, larger than life: the Spanish people fight for their freedom and dignity against the forces of orthodoxy, reaction, death.

Again and again I found myself moved almost to tears for no reason I could really pin down. I think it has to do with a scene Orwell describes in "Homage to Catalonia":

"It was like an allegorical picture of war; the trainload of fresh men gliding proudly up the line, the maimed men sliding slowly down, and all the while the guns on the open trucks making one's heart leap as guns always do, and reviving that pernicious feeling, so difficult to get rid of, that war IS glorious after all."

By now we all know of the accident, the carnage, the stupidity, the insanity of war; we all know that what glory there is comes blood-spattered and compromised. Yet, to quote another Orwell line, "No bomb that ever burst can shatter the crystal spirit." "To Die in Madrid" gives us the crystal spirit of the Spanish War, and war IS made glorious.

After all.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT MATTHEW

For all kinds of reasons, it's hard to be fair to "The Gospel According to Saint Matthew." To start with the obvious, I have no idea whether or not a Christian would respond differently, in any important way, from the way I did.

I found most of the film (by no means all -- I'll come to that) quite tedious, and it's clear to me why: the story of Christ is, until his final betrayal, essentially undramatic. Except for the miracles, the entire center of the gospel (and, consequently, the film) is taken up with the gradual exposition of a body of doctrine or, if you prefer, a collection of religious aphorisms.

Christ walks and walks, tailed by the apostles, and lectures constantly, about the lilies of the field and becoming as a little child and forgiving seventy times seven times and, well, the whole works. Even if you didn't see "The Greatest Story Ever Told" a few weeks ago (as I did), you've heard it all before.

In "Greatest Story," George Stevens tried to get around the problem by hammering home the miracles and Christ's spreading renown, and managed to get a certain excitement out of the situation; even so, he failed. Pier Paolo Pasolini, who directed this Italian film, doesn't even

try to get around it. He gives us austere, virtually constant talk, broken by an occasional subdued miracle, some interludes with John the Baptist, and not much else.

Now, to a Christian, this might be far more absorbing than I found it to be. I just can't say.

Anyway, it's hard to be fair to the film just because it's so uneven. It begins beautifully, subsides into high-class but nearly unbroken lethargy, and finally, amazingly, explodes as the Crucifixion approaches into something like greatness. What do you DO with a picture like that?

Pasolini's approach is close to plain old neo-realism. Filmed (often with a hand-held camera) almost entirely out of doors in (I guess) rural Italy, the picture is full of things we could associate with DeSica: faces, for example, continual studies of wizened, weatherbeaten, beautifully ugly and ugily beautiful peasant faces.

What Pasolini does is to ask himself, given the known historical facts, what the actual events must have looked and sounded like. It should be obvious just how revolutionary this approach is.

The film opens with a scene showing Mary pregnant and Joseph hurt, angry, and bewildered, not understanding. He walks away from her morosely, to brood. Suddenly a girl in white appears to him and tells him that Mary's child is the Son of God. (I wish I were enough of an artist to explain to you why that girl really LOOKED like an angel, the first convincing angel I've ever seen.) He goes back to Mary and they exchange joyful, understanding smiles.

Again and again we get beautiful little details, so that we think: yes, that's right, that's how it must have been. Salome and her mother scheme to get the king to kill John the Baptist the way mothers and daughters we know scheme to get a new formal out of Dad. The camera carefully goes over the faces of a group of soldiers on a hillside--

all young, attractive, blank, and hard, yet desperately innocent somehow-- just before they swoop down to slaughter the children of Bethlehem. That is what soldiers look like -- watch news films of Vietnam sometime, if you want to see.

And the Crucifixion scene builds detail on detail -- one of the thieves' screams and contorted face as the nails are pounded into his hands; Mary's near-hysteria, crying and stumbling toward her son as people helplessly try to calm her -- until the aggregate of detail leaps the spark gap and becomes fierce, raging poetry. The whole sequence is one of the best things you'll ever see on film.

And I come back to where I started: I found most of the film quite tedious. Maybe being a Christian can save it; maybe an extraordinary actor as Christ could have saved it. It's one of the horrible ironies of the movie business that Pasolini could never have afforded Max Von Sydow, who at the same time was struggling against hopeless odds to bring Christ to life for George Stevens. Von Sydow and Pasolini together could have made a Passion Play for the ages.

"Khartoum" has arrived in Lansing. You have to put up with an awful lot to get the approximately ten minutes of Laurence Olivier you'd probably enjoy. If you have time, money, and patience, you might try it. "Khartoum," by the way, tries to glorify war, but its heroic character is played by Charlton Heston, who is about as movingly heroic as one of those bronze statues of mounted generals found in public parks. You can almost see the pigeons circling his head.

Next week I'll take on "Dr. Zhivago." If you haven't seen it, it's worth your time. But that's about all.

End of relevant miscellaneous.

Next "DOCTOR ZHIVAGO"



"ONE OF YEAR'S 10 BEST"
—Crawford, N.Y. Times
—Cris, N.Y. Herald Tribune

to die in madrid

Khartoum

Executive producer
scale stephane
music by maurice jarre
distributed by
luna films

plus Academy Award Winner "CASALS CONDUCTS"

FORGETTABLE! a most exciting
A movie I'll always remember!
—DAN GILL, NEW YORKER

POWERFUL! Stunning! A film
that should be shown everywhere!
—JOE MORGENSTERN, NEWSWEEK

to die in madrid

st john gielgud
william hutt
george barnes

WALTER READE-STERLING
presents

**the Gospel
according
to St. Matthew**



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S.F. Mime Troupe

The Theater Of The Absorbed

By MICHAEL KINDMAN

The auditorium of Ann Arbor High School is big, airy, luxurious and sterile, like the rest of the school building. Filled with college students, undergraduates, faculty people and ACLU types dressed in every kind of nonconformist and hippie clothing, it looked like a convocation of the meek, meeting to decide what to do with the earth they had just inherited.

Last Saturday night, under the auspices of Ann Arbor Students for a Democratic Society, they had inherited the auditorium for an evening of racial guilt and catharsis.

It was the San Francisco Mime Troupe's "A Minstrel Show, or 'Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel'" -- a rendering of the ironies and injustices of America's treatment of the Negro, done all in blackface, with accompaniment that seems inspired by the Fugs. The super-cool audience knew what to expect--a clash with all the black-white stereotypes of our twisted history. But the Mime Troupe did not make it as easy as, say, "In White America." It did not simply take the audience into its confidence and knowingly preach about racial ignorance marring the American dream.

Instead, the "radical theater" of the Mime Troupe puts the audience where it quite possibly belongs: right in the action, on the side of the ignorance and the blackface. I don't know if I can describe the way in which the effect is achieved, but it is undeniable, and it leaves even an audience of new leftists clearly wondering where they have gone wrong. It is proof that theater can be both more and less than entertainment, that it can make the spectator confront all his values in terms of a radical, honest perspective. Around the PAPER office, we like to call it mind-blowing.

In its program notes, the Mime Troupe describes the stereotype Negro, the ignorant, spineless 19th century minstrel, as "beautiful--and funny," a character to be preserved rather than forgotten or analyzed away. This concept is difficult to work into the modern image of the dignified, equalized Negro, but the concept must be accepted unless this major chunk of Negro history is to remain lost in the vacuum the schools have perpetuated for decades. It's just a little shaking to find this century-old picture of ignorance spouting off in the most modern language about the loss of his history, the alienation of his people in the big city, the waste and foolishness of war, and doing all of this with a sense of humor and profanity that makes him not the familiar over-psychoanalyzed liberal Negro, but a sane and radical commentator on what's still wrong with all of us. Six Lenny Bruces covered with charcoal and dressed in iridescent light blue cutaways.

That's Scene One, and just try not to be disturbed by it.

Scene Two, which arrives unexpectedly at a low point in the minstreling, is a Richard Lester-style film of Mime Troupe people encountering watermelons in weird situations all over San Francisco. Like rolling up hills and out of trolley

doors, thrown around in ball games and in bed with a topless girl. Very fast-paced and imaginative; watermelons everywhere. The stereotype lives, in fact harmless unless you refuse to let it be.

The film over, the interlocutor (the overstuffed straight man for the minstrels) announces a fifteen-minute intermission complete with "social dancing" on the stage between the minstrels and selected young ladies from the audience.

The intermission, as much as any of the performance itself, defines the radical nature of the Mime Troupe's presentation. Instead of providing a relief from the midia-mix pressures of the show, it continues the theme by bringing the black spectres of rationality right out into the audience, most of which is standing in the lobby already stunned. In the background, a slow chanting song whose central line is "white men heaven is black man hell" plays over and over.

The second "act," if it can be identified as that, centers on modern problems of the Negro stereotype--that is, urban discontent and rioting, police brutality, white liberals, the white man's wars, and a confrontation with "The Reverend Brother, Doctor Martin, Junior Luther, King." More humor, more profanity. More logic, more mind-blowing.

It almost goes without saying that

S.F. MIME TROUPE



or 'Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel'

the Mime Troupe's tour de force does not end simply with a polemic on the need for brotherhood and equality. Rather, it ends with the minstrels all removing their white gloves, unceremoniously but also very hard to miss, showing four pairs of white hands and two black, and the white actors ordering the Negroes to clean up the stage and do this and that task back in the dressing rooms. "Yes, massa."

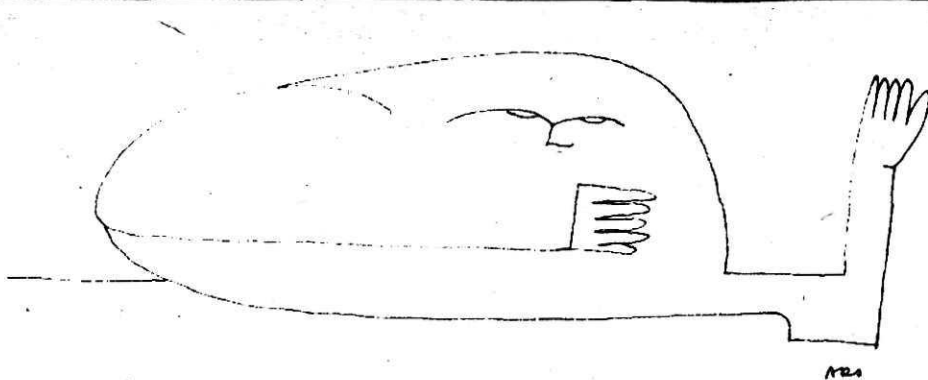
The program notes: "We present our Minstrel Show, a Northern product, for those who live in the streets (irony?), by those who live in the streets. We know, we fear, and we rage on."

Later: "We will continue to risk amateur status, and our own egos in order to keep the search open for better ways of making the theater, in content and style, a living, radical force."

The San Francisco Mime Troupe

has been agitating audiences in its home city for seven years, by producing plays with obviously political messages and undeniable esthetic value in parks, on street corners, in theaters and clubs. It represents either the newest thing in theater, a theater of ideas which insists on showing up unexpectedly in people's lives wherever a message needs relating, or a return to one of the oldest concepts in theater, theater as spontaneous conviviality meant to entertain and provoke. (The troupe's best-known project in San Francisco has been its summer seasons of "commedia dell'arte," quick-paced shows, both classical and original, put on free in the city parks, their strong politics leading to arrest and harassment.)

Its message is a hard-hitting one of human concern for pursuit of a reasonable life, and it's damned difficult to sit through a performance without wondering where that lifelines.

**WKAR FM 90.5 mc****THURSDAY, Oct. 27**

- 6:30 a.m. -- "The Morning Program," classical music, news and weather, hosted by Mike Wise. (Monday through Friday)
- 8 a.m. -- News, with Lowell Newton. (Monday through Friday)
- 8:15 a.m. -- "Scrapbook," music and features with Steve Meuche. (Monday through Friday)
- 1 p.m. -- Musical, "Skyscraper" with Julie Harris.
- 9 p.m. -- "Jazz Horizons" til midnight, with Bud Spangler.

FRIDAY, Oct. 28

- 1 p.m. -- Musical, "Wildcat" with Lucile Ball.
- 8 p.m. -- Opera, Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," performed by the chorus and orchestra of the Prague National Theater.

SATURDAY, Oct. 29

- 11:45 a.m. -- "Recent Acquisitions." Gilbert Hansen and Ken Beachler listen to, and discuss, a new recording of "Elegy for Young Lovers" by the contemporary German composer, Hans Werner Henze.
- 1:15 p.m. -- Football, MSU at Northwestern.

After the football game, Bud Spangler hosts "Album Jazz."

- 7 p.m. -- "Listener's Choice," classics by request til 1:00 p.m. Phone 355-6450 during the program. Mike Wise hosts tonight's program.

SUNDAY, Oct. 30

- 2 p.m. -- The Cleveland Orchestra in Concert. George Szell conducts, with violin soloist Rafael Druian. Music: Brahms' Academic Festival Overture; Berge's Violin Concerto; and Beethoven Symphony No. 5.
- 8 p.m. -- "The Toscanini Era" hosted by Gary Barton. Halloween Mood Music by Mozart, Herlioz, Humperdinck, Saint-Saens, Strauss, and Dukas.
- 10 p.m. -- "Mark Twain Tonight" with Hal Holbrook.

MONDAY, Oct. 31

- 1 p.m. -- Musical, the motion picture sound-

A thing of beauty is a

joy

forever --

THE PAPER

**PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS** Oct. 27 - Nov. 2

track of "Oklahoma."
10:30 p.m. -- "Music of Today," a program of compositions by Carlos Chavez.

TUESDAY, Nov. 1

- 1 p.m. -- Musical, "I Can Get It For You Wholesale."
- 8:30 p.m. -- The Chicago Symphony in Concert, with guest-conductor Charles Munch and duo-pianists Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin. Music: Handel's "Water Music" Suite; Mozart's Two Piano Concerto, K. 36; and Franck's Symphony in D Minor.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 2

- 1 p.m. -- Musical, "Mr. President."
- 8 p.m. -- "FM Theater," Shakespeare's "King John" with Donald Wolfitt and Rosemary Harris.
- 11 p.m. -- "New Jazz in Review," Ron English and Bud Spangler play and discuss vibist Bobby Hutcherson's newest album.

**THE QUESTING BEAST**

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The Complete Tolkien

theatre — *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground***DANCE OF DEATH**

By LAURENCE TATE

William Hanley's "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground" opened Tuesday night in Fairchild. I knew before I went that the director had been obliged for various reasons to put the production together in an unusually short time. What we saw Tuesday night was essentially a preview, although a preview of a brilliant production.

A. Leon Wheeler, one of the three cast members, has an enormously difficult role, which, given time, I have no doubt he can master. Tuesday night he stumbled or mumbled through enough lines to disrupt the mood rather badly. Suspension of disbelief can only be carried so far. Further, whether it was because I of where I was sitting or whatever, a great many lines (including the final, most crucial speech in the play) were simply inaudible.

I can't, therefore, judge the play or the production with nearly the confidence I'd like to; certain things, however, can be said about both.

Hanley's premise is unelaborate but suggestive: late one night, a wild, morbid young Negro and a girl looking for an abortionist separately take refuge in a small candy store on a street without lights, in a dangerous, deserted area of Brooklyn. The proprietor is an old German with terrible memories of the Nazi era. They talk, jab at each other's defenses, and, finally, reveal their secrets and confront themselves.

Hanley, like Edward Albee (a com-

parison that can be pushed quite a way), has a great facility with a sort of intelligent, calculated colloquial mockery or self-mockery. Drawing mostly on this facility, he quickly and skillfully sketches in the characters of the Negro and the girl; the German, who remains resolutely solemn, eludes him.

His most significant achievement, though, is the creation of an atmosphere of lurking terror. Subtly, insistently, he impresses on us the isolation of the shop, the danger in the lightless street outside; the shop is nondescript, dimly lit, shadowy; the frightening darkness outside filters into the room until, at the end, only a match lights the stage. The darkness, in fact, is the fourth character in the play.

Hanley is saying that the world is a "killing ground," a dark place in which guilt, isolation, violence, and death are the only realities. The girl naively tries to help the others, but she is, you might say, shot down; Hanley needed a push-over liberal to say all the things you and I would say if only that darkness weren't there. She learns, finally.

Now, I don't accept Hanley's philosophy any more than you do (or, I daresay, Hanley does). Intellectually, there's nothing in the play that would stand up under analysis or even a penetrating glance; and as Hanley



rumbles around setting up his Theme the dialogue gets pretentious enough to make you retch.

But, on another level, he's on to something. What he's on to (what, in their way, people who write scary stories set in old dark houses are on to) is fear, of the deepest and most terrible kind; fear without an object. We don't have to believe that the world is a killing ground to be afraid of the dark, and at his best and most suggestive, Hanley evokes in us the fears Christopher Isherwood has described:

"Death and its army of fears. Not the acknowledged fears, the fears that are advertised. More dreadful than those: the private fears of childhood. Fear of the height of the high-dive, fear of the farmer's dog and the vicar's pony, fear of the dark passage, fear of splitting your fingernail with a chisel."

Where Hanley goes wrong (where the stories about old dark houses go wrong, usually) is in trying to give us realistic explanations for the fear he's evoked. The German turns out to be spiritually guilty of the death of his Jewish wife and son; the Negro turns out to have come from killing his mother. Big deal. It falls flat, the way any realistic explanation would. Sort of in the way that the imaginary child falls flat in "Virginia Woolf." Martha isn't afraid of living without the imaginary child, dammit. She's afraid of Virginia Woolf. And Hanley's characters aren't afraid of the police or the burden of guilt or the RAF; they're afraid of the DARK.

This should have been a theatre-of-the-absurd play, not a botched realistic one. Pinter, for example, knows about the fears you can't explain. Hanley didn't have the courage of his insight.

The production brings out the best in the play. In the dim, vaguely

menacing set the characters prowl and spring, retreat into shadow and plunge into light. Nothing is overstated.

Sidney Berger is a splendid director of plays with small casts (in the past, "Long Day's Journey Into Night" and "Oh, Dad, Poor Dad"), and in concept I couldn't fault any of the actors. Wheeler is required to keep us a flow of fast, flip, cool and articulate chatter, and he simply hasn't learned it all yet. When he does, it should be a remarkable performance. The problem is that the Negro has a lot of cloyingly pretentious lines (like a long bit about a "hole in my heart") that I suspect could be made plausible by an actor capable of creating a large, flamboyant personality. As it stands, the personality isn't sufficiently filled in and the dialogue suffers.

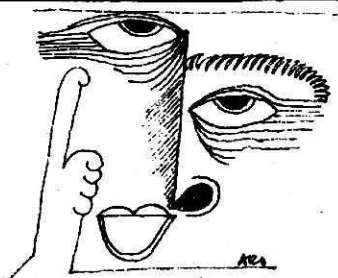
As the German, Raleigh J. Miller (incidentally, WHY do actors use all those idiotic initials? Just asking.) is quietly competent in a part that calls for dignity and quiet competence and not much else. His long confession speech is tedious and I don't see what any actor could have done with it. (Second incidentally: the character kept reminding me of Rod Steiger in "The Pawnbroker," even down to some identical lines. Symptomatic?)

Marti Maraden does to perfection the Goodhearted, Hard-Luck Jewish Girl from the Bronx. Her establishing monologues are beautifully done; she suffers from having to serve as a convenient straw man in the last act.

I'm talked out. If you have tickets go. If you don't have tickets, don't knock yourself out getting them, but don't tell yourself you won't be missing anything either.

OFF-CAMPUS RESIDENTS, EXERCISE!!! Keep Physically Fit!

JOIN THE OFF-CAMPUS
FITNESS LEAGUE



Many students who live within a mile of the central campus area have been too lazy to drive to class. They have been walking to class rather than taking full advantage of parking in Parking Lot Y, the commuters' parking lot.

To combat this unhealthy sloth, the O-CFL has been initiated. All members must take the pledge to ALWAYS commute according to O-CFL rules:

1. Walk to your car (which is probably inconveniently parked some

distance from your place of residence);

2. Drive to Parking Lot "Y" (inconveniently located on the far side of campus);

3. Take a campus bus (which will probably leave you inconveniently far away from your class); and

4. Follow the reverse procedure for leaving campus.

REMEMBER -- driving exercises the arms as well as the legs!

dale-walker

Give meaning to your life! Find a project! At the



Friends of THE PAPER

open meeting

8:30 p.m. Sunday Oct. 30 33 Union



The Mills of the Gods Grind Slowly Award: Reuters last week announced that the Sheriff of Nottingham in England recently pardoned Robin Hood and his merry men. "Sheriff Elliot Durham," Reuters reported, "rode into a thickly wooded area of Sherwood Forest to read the brief proclamation:

"His illuminated scroll stated: 'I, the sheriff of Nottingham, do hereby exonerate you, Robin Hood and your archers, from all accusations of acts contrary to law and order of the past.'"

The Land Grant Pocketbook

By STUART DOWTY

Critics of the American "multiversities" have argued that higher education is threatened by: 1) the influence and control of academic institutions by "Big Business" and "Big business Government", and 2) the related posture of the universities to "serve" these interests by providing them with research, technical skills, and trained personnel. It is hoped that this report will raise some questions regarding these charges by investigating, in some detail, the financial dealings of one of America's largest public universities: Michigan State University.

Michigan State University received a total of \$37,283,066.00 during 1964-65 from the Michigan Legislature. This was, however, only 35.7 per cent of the total income for MSU during that year. Also, MSU collected over 11 million dollars from student fees, accounting for another 10.8 per cent of its total income. Thus, over half of the money coming into MSU during the year came from sources other than the state legislature and student fees.

In 1964-65 the income from the Morrill-Nelson Act was listed as being only \$385,948 which is well under one per cent of the University's total income. Other revenue, approximately 20 per cent, was brought in through "auxiliary activities" run by the university, i.e., activities maintained in relation to the operation of campus facilities as the bus service, parking, bookstore, food services, etc.

Thus, there remains a considerable amount of money coming into the university which is from sources other than the state legislature, student fees, Land Grant funds, or "auxiliary activities." Most of this money (the amount yet to be accounted for), we shall see, comes from the U.S. government and from in-

dustry; some of it comes from earned income on investments made by MSU.

A general picture of donors to MSU can be presented: The largest amount of money given to the university is from the U.S. government. Among the governmental grants, the largest are in the areas of international programs, the sciences, HEW, and the military. Industrial interests are second to the government as donors to MSU; a significant amount of the money from these sources is designated for international programs. Private gifts and scholarship and fellowship funds bring in a little over a million dollars a year to MSU. Agricultural interests contribute very little to MSU, and firms in the fields of utilities, banking and finance, and communications (radio and television) and transportation contribute even less.

A second question regarding the money which is given to MSU concerns how it is used. The general picture of the use of gifts and grants at MSU is: Over one quarter of the money received is spent in the Natural Sciences; another quarter is spent in International programs and projects. General scholarship aid and administrative activities receive about one fifth of the money. The areas of agriculture, business and services, education, and the social sciences split the remaining quarter. The humanities and fine arts receive nothing significant.

Another area of university finance totally independent from the state appropriated funds and student fees is the sum which MSU has invested in various stocks, bonds and corporate notes. In total, the 1964-65 Financial Report listed more than \$45 million that MSU has invested: these included governmental notes and bonds, common stocks, corporate notes and bonds, and bank deposits.

Two weeks ago, THE PAPER published several articles discussing Careers '66, the university's annual employment recruiting carnival for industry and government. We pointed out then some of the financial connections between the university and the "military-industrial complex," that spectre of dollar-based totalitarianism against which President Eisenhower warned in his Farewell Address. We asked some questions about the possibility of the university's being a center of detached inquiry when it is, apparently, integrally tied into the economic life of the nation. The paper by Stuart Dowty of which excerpts are printed here was the source of much of the information in our Careers '66 articles. The excerpts here answer some of the questions we raised then. More answers are to be found in a paper published by the National Coordinating Committee to End the War in Viet Nam, discussing war contracts at the University of Wisconsin. This paper, entitled "Blood Money," as well as further research by David Brodeur of MSU Students for a Democratic Society, will be the source material for a further article on the war economy next week--exploring the redistribution of money that results from concentration of government spending on war materials.---The Editors.

MSU also listed as investments a sizable sum which was used to float some of its own bonds, and also holds some real estate for investment purposes. MSU earns approximately half a million dollars a year from its investments.

The picture of MSU investment can be summarized as follows: Almost 40 per cent of the funds MSU has invested are in government notes and bonds. Almost 30 per cent is placed in banks and financial companies (both in deposits and stocks). Fourteen per cent is invested in industrial and manufacturing concerns. About 8 per cent is invested in utilities and 7 per cent in MSU's own bonds and real estate. Small amounts are placed in communications and transportation businesses and in agriculture.

Among many questions which might be raised concerning the facts above are the following:

A. Does the income from sources other than state appropriations and student fees effect the nature of the university's academic programs? If so, how?

It's impossible to be certain what things would be like if this money was not coming into the university, but it does appear reasonable to conclude that much of the research in the natural sciences, and almost all of the international programs, depend upon this money for their existence. It also seems significant that this money is being channelled into rather specialized research programs rather than into the general educational programs of the university.

B. Does money from this "independent" income effect decisions re-

garding where MSU funds are invested? There seems to be little evidence to support any direct relationship between the two activities. It may be added, however, that friendly and personal relationships between a business firm and MSU which have been established through either one or the other of these activities might also facilitate the expansion of the relationship into the second area.

C. Is the public university--using MSU as an example--part of any "military-industrial complex" in the United States? If the university were solely dependent upon funds from state appropriations and student fees a good case could be argued that it was independent of any such elite. However, MSU's direct grants from the military services are over three-quarters of a million dollars--a sum that cannot be ignored by any observer. As long as MSU remains so completely involved with the governmental and corporate elites in the U.S. it seems appropriate to include MSU in any general "power structure" or financial and political "complex."

D. Is MSU's reputation as an "agricultural" school deserved? Only 1.75 per cent of the money donated to MSU came from agricultural interests; about the same amount came from the Department of Agriculture as part of the federal government's grants. Of the total amount received by MSU in grants and gifts, only 8.02 per cent was spent in the field of agriculture. Finally, of the more than \$45 million which MSU has invested, only 1.34 per cent is placed in agriculturally related businesses. The answer to the question must be no.

E. Can one find significant rela-

continued on page 11

Chart A
Grants and gifts to MSU: Classified by nature of donor

These sums are those funds which the university received for sponsored extensions, sponsored research, fellowships, scholarships and undesignated gift funds.

	\$	%
1. Agriculture	296,932.74	1.75 %
2. Industry & Manufacturing	2,604,816.66	15.32 %
3. U.S. Government	11,723,545.66	68.96
4. Utilities	61,836.00	0.347
5. Banking & Finance	22,925.00	0.135
6. Communications and Transportation	3,000.00	0.02
** 7. Miscellaneous	2,319,431.47	13.64
	\$ 17,032,557.64	100.216 %

* Breakdown of Government grants:

A. Health, Education, Welfare; and similar agencies	\$ 6,694,159.18
B. Military (armed services and civil defense)	756,272.86
C. Agriculture	330,068.96
D. Other (A.I.D., etc.)	3,943,044.66
	\$ 11,723,545.66

** Breakdown of Miscellaneous:

A. Private gifts and estates	330,376.64
B. Research organizations	78,090.97
C. State Agencies	121,183.30
D. Educational organizations	224,122.49
E. MSU Programs and Services	512,848.70
F. Fellowship, Scholarship and Memorial Funds	1,052,810.37
	2,319,431.47

IMAGINE! A Stimulating NEW Quarterly

open minded
and friendly



RED
CEDAR
REVIEW

(old name, new scene)

manuscripts accepted 325 morrill hall



To the Editor:

During the past school year I read THE PAPER with some faithfulness and was often enlightened, occasionally amused, and thoroughly outraged a time or two. On balance I agree with your recent editorial--you should have some sense of satisfaction about "being THE PAPER."

However, one note bothered me--you sounded downright smug. The way I occasionally find myself sounding when teaching a class loaded with freshmen. Sir, this ought not to be.

Sincerely yours,
W. Fred Graham, Asst. Prof.
Justic Morrill College

NEO-CLASSIFIED

Coming Events

New Year's Celebration and postponed observance of Battle of Nechtansmere to be, Sunday, Mott's East! Interested are invited, also: UFCP, M-20-M, The Mott, Crooked House, BAP, WMUA, and (if existing) Counter-M-20-M! Direct inquiries--3519216!

Congratulations to the world on its 5970th birthday this Saturday at 9 a.m. We wish you many more. From the ADS-Math-Dorm Crowd--the only group on campus with two 100 per cent pure people--Saint George and the Bunny. For more information call 353-1271 or 353-1363.

Wanted

WANTED: Someone to love my roommate. Must be male, moral, and not interested in getting married during next two years. Best if age 20 or older, upper middle class, Protestant, objective, scientific, healthy, affectionate, at least 5'10", white, Republican, nonconformist, non-domineering, intellectual. I am absolutely serious. If interested, phone 355-3567 before 10 p.m.

Wanted: Location of draft tests to be given November 19. Call 351-7175 or 337-9098. (For SDS.)

Goods, Services, Etc.

Opera Lovers! I can provide you with free admission to performances of the Metropolitan Opera in Detroit May 22-27 in return for transportation to and from Detroit from MSU. Only slight strings attached. CALL Bob immediately at 355-6390.

The Magic Barrel arrives! Schadchan service available famous New York City schadchan (marriage broker) now opening Lansing branch for dating. Send picture and descriptive letter to Pinye Salzman, c/o Herskovitz, 520 N. Walnut, Lansing. No charge, of course, unless marriage occurs. This is not a joke.

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

To the Editor:

This letter is in reference to Bradford Lang's recent article "At the ends of the earth" in your Sept. 29 PAPER. It is part agreement, part rebuttal, part advice, part pet theory (from the vantage point of daily observation) and part sounding off about nothing in particular.

Before taking exception with some two-thirds of said article, it might perhaps be best to give some background information on the author of this treatise.

I am a 24-year-old airman second class (the next lowest to oblivion), a college drop-out (after 118 semester hours at CCNY), an individual who never cared for much besides bridge and girls (a rather strange combination if you know any bridge addicts), a non-frat man and a teetotaler (known to lusher as a stick-in-the-mud). I

never considered myself big, important or intelligent (perhaps the reason I never got very far in the multi-versity) and never took part in demonstrations. In all respects, you might say (and rightly), I was a nothing, destined to lead said type of life.

More later, but I digress now. Lang seems to think (almost like de Toqueville, though not as perceptively) he can stereotype the average "fly-boy." Perhaps. Probably, as a matter of fact, but hardly after one month on tour with a USO group.

Here at Osan Air Base, Korea (considered a hardship tour, but nothing less than paradise for the average airman, single or otherwise), "he" comprises some 98 per cent of the troops. You might be interested in some of the statistics. During a 13-month tour here, the airman (this includes sergeants and officers) averages 4 cases of NSU, one of gonorrhea and .6 of syphilis. Of 3,000 on base, estimates range from 2,000 to 2,300 go down on normal week day nights, another 400 on week-ends and all but 100 on payday nights. Imposing, aren't they?

Lang says that Joe Airman's mood "is one of despair and boredom. He couldn't care less about what he is doing, he follows the pro teams at home religiously, smokes heavily and likes to get into fights." Bravo! He also hates the base, rounds up lovely Playboy pin-ups and his taste runs, predictably, to "Fuck the Air Force," or similar type literature. Again, bravo!

Very perceptive, Lang. Would you care to tell me how more USO shows would make these savages a bit more tame? Or an MSU project? I'm interested in your fairy tale about Joe Airman being a soph history major in Fee dorm. Tell me more.

Better yet, let me enlighten you first. We have a 10-lane bowling alley that is almost bankrupt for want of business; a theater which shows first-class films to empty seats, but Frankenstein Meets Billy The Kid to a packed house; a library with several thousand books touched only by the librarian's hands. We have a slot car racing track that, for want of business, is idle 25 out of every 24 hours of the day; a service club, which for the past five years has won the highest US Air Force award for excellence, that goes unnoticed. We have pool tables that are constantly used, a bingo and Monte Carlo night that is packed because these fellows can get something for nothing.

Whatever happened to the University of Maryland courses which almost have to be closed down because less than 15 of 3,000 care to enroll? How about the folk dancing, silk screen, art classes and tours which are never filled? We have programs for guest lecturers, a theater group which is nearly folding, courses leading to degrees for non-high school grads, free flicks on the customs and culture of this country and her people. You name it, this base has it.

Why, then, don't these things have an audience? Why? Because the average airman doesn't give a good god-

damn. Because he spends his first six months learning the ropes of his job (which doesn't vary from base to base) and the other seven thinking about home. Because he spends eight hours sleeping in his own bed, eight hours in his new-found girl-friend's bed and eight hours thinking of how short he's getting.

Yeh, you tell me about Joe Airman, soph major in history living at Fee dorm. For every one you give me, I'll show you 1,000 goof offs, 1,000 apathetic, incompetent, inept, inefficient non-existent average American boys who choose a career in the Air Force "because it's easy." Sure it's easy. The Air Force is just a big, impersonal mother where a fellow can hide, a big soft, warm and secure womb behind whose screen he can continue breathing--the US Air Force, where he can curse, get drunk and not care and yet condone his actions "because everyone else does it too," (again, sergeants and officers included).

No, Lang. Worthy and noble as your idea is, it just isn't the answer. The answer lies somewhere in the philosophy of the country, something which has been bred and spread. You can choose your own reasons why. I'll just tell you the facts.

My experiences in the Air Force have been such that a much contemplated book, if handled with care, could be a best seller. All I've seen are just so many bodies; capable of impregnating enough girls to make the Sultans look sterile; just so many bodies without heads. It's tragic ... And therein rests my case.

The Long-Awaited Half-Assed Biography of Myself by an Observer ... and other assorted trash not worth mentioning.

Since joining the great legions of great UNITED STATES Air Force heroes, my inferiority complex has turned to one of superiority. This could be attributed to one of a number of reasons, the most probable of which are either that 1) I am really far superior, or 2) I am too dumb to know better, or 3) I'm crazy.

Somewhat, though, I've found enough to keep me occupied from sunup to sundown and through the night. So what if I'm taking courses with Maryland U. And who cares if I'm a member of the theater group, you say. Precisely. I'm neither academically inclined (having flunked out due to absences) nor theatrically inclined (never having been on stage before.) But I am trying. I do care about being informed (I subscribe to the two English-Korean newspapers here), about learning the culture and custom of the country (Korean Life and Culture course), about showing natives that foreigners such as myself aren't as bad as the average shithead makes us all out to be and about bettering myself. Isn't that what life is all about?

By the way, I am a past editor of the Defender (US Air Force's Korea paper, which took second place Air Force-wide recently), present head of external releases, protocol, etc., and future?

Barry Goldberg

To the Editor:

Glad you liked The Orange Horse. I have a special fondness for it myself. Please send me extra copies of this issue here at ATL.

I am in complete sympathy with you on the four-letter word issue. That battle was won years ago anyway. O, they haven't heard about it here at MSU but there are plenty of undecided battles they haven't heard about either. Fight them on student rights, get a real student government with

some influence on the curriculum, tenure, hours, right down the line. Tell them that a university is a community of scholars. They'll be shocked at the news. Students, teachers, ideas, books--they comprise a university. You fight for that revolutionary concept, a real academic freedom that includes students, and they'll hate you much more than they hate Henry Miller.

Ken Lawless



Larry Fritzlan

The War Economy, Sort Of

To the Editor:

Since I transferred to the multi-versity from a much smaller school (located in the oil capital of Michigan) I have never missed reading an issue of your publication. This not to say that I agree with all you say. However, for the most part your articles are well written, and I have enjoyed them.

An exception to the above was your critique of Careers '66. Many of your remarks appeared rather pointless. You seem to criticize to be critical and nothing more. I think you took a very interesting exposure and weakened its effect by draping it with "new left" idealism concerning the whys and wherefores of the war in Vietnam.

I feel that you have a very interesting case to plead when you discuss the financial ties between the university and the companies that were chosen to take part in the career carnival. You also implied that those who were responsible for the company choices also have financial connections with the companies involved. I would be most interested in your elaboration on this.

As I understand it, there is a list of organizations that come to this campus every year and "fish" for personnel. I think that there is a waiting list for those who wish to appear but cannot due to lack of space in the union.

Now, it seems to me that if the university was interested only in exposing its students to their employment possibilities in various industries, from one year to the next there would be some variety in the representation from each industry. If there is not, then I would be very interested in knowing why not.

If there is indeed no variety, perhaps no one but those who were here last year wanted to come this year. Perhaps the choice of the participants is being made on the basis of expected financial gain (though any actual gain would be very small, unless there is some "better mouse trap" in the mind of one of our fellow students). Perhaps some misguided sense of duty to an organization that is in some way involved with the university precipitated its choice as a participant. A look into these areas, or similar ones should prove very interesting. Why don't you take one?

I do not rule out the possibility that seems to be the basis of the SDS leaflet. That is; there are in charge of this school, and the committee re-

sponsible for participant selection for Careers '66, a group of super-patriots who wish to insure that only companies who really contribute to the war effort would be given representation here on October 10 and 11. I find this most unlikely. In any event, the investigation I suggested above should prove them right or wrong.

Concerning the SDS leaflet I wish to point out a few amusing passages.

(1) Just what is the connotative meaning they wish me to assign to the following: "And while you are fighting and dying... somebody back home will be making lots of money." I never realized their logic in this area was so materialistic.

(2) They speak of some men doing anything for a billion dollars, but they did not make specific who they mean. Company presidents, board members, those in the higher levels of company administration, stockholders, and employees are all included in their condemnations, I suppose.

(3) I think, unlike SDS, that the companies would be happy to stop producing war goods no matter how the war ended--win, lose, or draw. SDS obviously doesn't know that the profit margin is greater the farther one gets from govt. contracts.

(4) Why is it that they take Sgt. Duncan's word as THE truth? The opinions of the vast majority of other enlisted personnel run quite contrary to his. When I was in the army I never knew any sergeant whose word I could take without a rather large lump of salt. Too bad SDS doesn't have the same policy.

(5) As to their concern with our militaristic government, I suggest they relax a bit. President Eisenhower's remarks were more cautionary than anything else. There are several EX military commanders who feel that the military has little or nothing to do with the military, not to mention policy decisions in government. Case in point, Gen. Twining.

I was particularly entertained by Mr. Hill's remarks concerning the glad hand techniques of the various company representatives. His last comment, however, was most revealing to myself and several others. I shall keep it in mind should I ever have the fortune to read any more of his writing. He said "Perhaps if I were interested in systems control of component development I might understand." Bravo, Mr. Hill, your admission is commendable.

Robert Haskett

A 'Reliable Source' Strikes Back

To the Editor:

In this year of protest the willingness to put presumably thought directed pen to paper seems to guarantee that the protest will be published. Faculty members (myself included) are usually reluctant to write letters to editors since many feel that they will be dismissed as parochial yes-men. We have the additional job of combating stupidity or at best misinformed inertia in students who want to call themselves professionals in the Arts.

As a member of the coprophagous music faculty (who strongly suspects that you would be sued for libel had you used a more colloquial four-letter Anglo Saxon word) I feel that a protest is both justified and necessary. If this protest is to have any effect it is necessary for me to state my qualifications as a judge of the situation here at MSU (nota bene none of this nonsense about "Reliable Source"--if this source is the same one who wrote the ludicrous review of the Beaumont Quartet performance at Kresge then he (or she) should return to plumbing or building trades).

After completing my undergraduate education in New York City I began my graduate training at Indiana University in Bloomington. With a two-year interruption for study in Germany I continued my studies there until joining the faculty here last September. I think this qualifies me to evaluate the cultural atmosphere (particularly musical) here in East Lansing.

Broadside at the Arts are no new thing and a candid well informed critique of conditions in a university environment is both necessary and valuable. What many of my colleagues here particularly object to is the carping tone adopted by self proclaimed culture critics who patently lack knowledge of the several arts sufficient to justify even a simple opinion.

Speaking for the musicians, both students and teacher, I have found it incomprehensible that the student newspaper totally ignores those arts whose budgets do not allow them to advertise. We have several fine student ensembles who have established excellent reputations all over the United States. One in particular, the State Singers, tours during the two weeks between Winter and Spring Quarters, often performing three times a day. These students, many of them not even music majors, do not return to college with Fort Lauderdale

dale suntans. The representative excellence of this group has brought us new students from all over the United States and Asia as well. But just try to get a feature story or photograph in the student paper BEFORE the annual final concert here in Lansing. When a picture of a performance does appear at all it is usually almost a week late and was taken by a photographer DURING the performance, to the dismay and distraction of the audience. I have refrained from praising the Beaumont Quartet and Richards Quintet lest it be dismissed as chauvinism.

We had hoped that THE PAPER would help rectify this situation but to our dismay things have gotten worse, not better. You cannot expect support from responsible readers who must wade through paragraphs of pseudo-sophisticated jargon to find a sentence of fair criticism.

Critics outside the Arts obviously do not realize that students flock to the large midwestern universities because the faculties, facilities, and opportunity for personal growth are greater here than anywhere else in the U.S.A. To maintain the contrary is to fly in the face of established fact. I have heard just as bad performances in New York, Berlin, and Rome as I have heard here in East Lansing. If you would take the trouble to send an open-minded and well-informed critic to local performances you could serve the entire community. If no one is available to fulfill this task, why not stay at the club house and try to impress each other. We would prefer this to three-quarters of a column inch of glittering generalities. It is the glitter of fools' gold.

Coprophagically yours,

William D. Elliott
Instructor of Music History,
Literature and Musicology

To the Editor:

I am a freshman coed. I discovered THE PAPER immediately upon my arrival on campus. I read the first two issues and liked them very much. I was proud of THE PAPER's very existence, as well as the things it said, so I purchased a subscription to be sent to my parents and brother. When I read Russell Lawrence's poem in the third issue, which will be the first issue to greet my family, I was ashamed.

Lynn Head

Insult, Injury

October 18, 1966

WMSB-TV (Channel 10)
MSU
East Lansing, Mich.
Gentlemen:

We understand from a State News article of October 17 that representatives from three student newspapers will be able to meet candidates for the Board of Trustees, et al, on a series of television programs.

We would like to request that Michael Kindman, editor of THE PAPER, also be permitted to attend the programs. After all, there will be a Killingsworth, a Kupelian, a Kerbawy--why not a Kindman?

An immediately reply would be appreciated. Thank you very much.

Sincerely,
Char Jolles
of THE PAPER

October 20, 1966

Miss Char Jolles
THE PAPER
Box 367
East Lansing, Michigan

Dear Miss Jolles:

In reply to your letter of October 18 to WMSB-TV, the format for the television programs concerning candidates for the Board of Trustees provides for the participation of a student editor from one publication of each of three universities, namely The State News, University of Michigan Daily and Wayne Collegian. Questions concerning the candidates from students of this university should be directed to Mr. Kyle Kerbawy of the State News, who proposed the programs and is helping with their production arrangements.

Very truly yours,
Colby Lewis
Manager

cc: Kyle Kerbawy

FRAME-UP

continued from page 1

or February in North Lansing.

Judi Ann Crawford: A long time ago, so much so that her testimony was ruled inadmissible by Judge Hutter, so it doesn't matter, anyway.

A guy named William Wilkie testified he saw Miss Lukens and O'Brien together on the 27th, and he copied down O'Brien's license number to prove it. Pretty sneaky, if you ask me.

Various policemen testified that they had seen O'Brien meet Miss Lukens on June 2nd. That's called a "stake-out."

O'Brien was arrested at the Capitol on June 3rd. He went quietly, testified Dan Hankins, and that was the case for the prosecution.

The defense had a few tricks up its sleeve. First it called Air Force Captain Donald Osterhout from Columbus, Ohio, who testified he'd been to bed with Marion Lukens two years ago. As if that wasn't bad enough, three days later she went to the base legal officer and accused the poor guy of rape. Charges were never brought because the facts were insufficient.

"Did you ever force her in any way?" O'Connell asked.

"No, sir," Osterhout replied. "If I'm not mistaken, I kissed her goodbye."

Of course, Osterhout had to tell his wife about the incident before he testified. O'Connell was later to describe that action as one which took a large amount of "intestinal fortitude." "With men like him in our fighter planes," said O'Connell, "our country is in the hands of men with GUTS!" And class, too.

The defense called two Senate Sergeants-at-arms who testified that they saw O'Brien in Senate chambers "right around 11:30" on May 27. Does that hour and date sound familiar? You bet, baby.

Michael O'Brien (no relation, but Bernie calls him Uncle Mike), another senator type, testified to the existence of the "mysterious" Larry Angelo, who he said came to see Bernie one day. Of course, he only saw him for a few seconds, but...

"The Rev. Donald F. Miller, an assistant pastor at Holy Redeemer Catholic Church in Detroit where Bernard O'Brien is a parishioner, testified to the good character of the senator." (The State Journal, page A-12, Thursday, October 13, 1966.)

A pretty secretary testified that O'Brien was a "good guy," another sergeant-at-arms said he saw him in the Capitol on May 27 at 11:45, and the trial recessed for the weekend. Four days of testimony had been gathered, and O'Brien had not yet broken down and confessed like they do in all the Perry Mason stories. Ah, well, Monday was another day.

Hopefully, the next week would bring more specific testimony concerning the insurance company



DAN AND DON THE HARDY BOYS

william bishop

frame-up which the defense had talked a whole lot about but had never come right out and supported with much testimony. Stated simply, their contention seemed to be that O'Brien was being framed by certain insurance lobbyists who were not at all happy with the "brash young freshman senator's" (O'Connell's words) crusading against insurance profiteering. He was chairman of the Senate Insurance committee and had introduced two bills dealing with certain injustices which he felt existed.

However, you notice I said that the defense "seemed" to be contending the above. Their defense of this rather shaky notion was always hazy and always tentative. I'm sure they realized that it would be folly to come right out and say, "Bernard O'Brien is being framed by the insurance lobby, and we're going to call all those people in and get this dastardly plot out in the open!" O'Connell always left the door open to the possibility of a case of mass mistaken identity. They tried to play it both ways, spreading themselves rather thin in the process. But, as I say, Monday was another day.

The Man With The Very Good Morals

The fifth day of trial dawned bright and early at 9:30 in the morning. Consciousness hadn't blessed me at that hour in months. The first half hour didn't improve my mood any, either, because Reisig and O'Connell spent that entire period of time citing the proverbial "lengthy legal precedents" concerning the admissibility of the testimony of Marion Lukens' fellow cops.

It's just not fair, argued O'Connell; the other girls weren't pressing charges. If a man was on trial for burglary, would it be proper to bring in his past crimes?

Of course not, said Reisig, but this is different. Precedents establish that it is legal to bring in corroborating testimony to show the presence of a "scheme, plan, or system" (a phrase Reisig must have used a dozen times). Such testimony was quite proper in "a matter of this type of nature," he said. His grammar may have been doubtful, but his logic was impeccable. The judge said he would de-

to get him into trouble, mainly because it wasn't true). Tarrant also spent a great deal of time testifying to Bernie's whereabouts on May 7 and 14. It was an interesting story, but quite irrelevant, since nothing of an immoral nature was supposed to have occurred on those dates. It later became evident that O'Brien's attorney didn't know on which dates he was supposed to establish an alibi for his client. John O'Connell was an extremely absent-minded old man.

Oh yes, said Tarrant, there is something else. He had overheard Dan Hankins say something to Judi Crawford before she testified last week. It was: "He's the one in the blue suit." Yes, that's right, Campus Police fans, O'Brien had been wearing a blue suit that day. Hutter stared at Dan and Don. Dan and Don stared at the table. Tarrant looked pleased with himself. Come to think of it, I was a bit ecstatic myself.



HUTTER: 'I'M NOT A STATE MAN MYSELF'

cide the matter at a later date. Out with the jury and on with the show.

The first defense witness of the day was one John J. Fitzpatrick of East Lansing, a member of the House of Representatives for eighteen years. He knew Bernie very well, he said, and when asked about the young man's "reputation for morals," replied that it was "very good."

Lillian Scieska, a Senate secretary, next testified that she had run into O'Brien at Mass frequently, and that his reputation for morals was "very good." All the secretaries thought so, she said with a slight smile. Apparently he had never once laid a hand on any of the girls at the Capitol.

The defense next called Mr. Thomas F. F. Tarrant, Bernie's campaign chairman and a father of two ("one and one on the way"). The defendant's morals reputation was "very good"; Tarrant had "never heard a bad word against Bernie O'Brien."

Tarrant had spoken to O'Brien in the Senate chambers by telephone "shortly before noon" on May 27 at the same time O'Brien was supposed to have been propositioning Marion Lukens. He had called his boss to remind him of a meeting with Detroit Councilman Brickly and Mr. Dale Feet at the Botsford Inn that day (a statement which later

Reisig then began cross-examining the man in a style known as Baiting the Witness. Reisig played the game well, brilliantly eliciting statements from Tarrant to the effect that he had been in the Boy Scouts, that Mrs. O'Brien had heard what Hankins said, too, and that there had been lots of other people present when he made that phone call. Bang. Bang. Bang.

Okay, said Reisig, if you're so smart, where was O'Brien on May 6? I would assume he was in Detroit. Do you know that for a fact? No, but I'm pretty sure. "Why?" asked Reisig, moving in for the kill. Because it was his wedding anniversary, answered the witness. Bang.

Reisig advised the witness not to leave town, and court was adjourned until 1:30.

In the afternoon Irma Broniman and Sarah McCarthy said that O'Brien's morals were "very good." Sally McCarthy had played with Bernie in the Holy Redeemer schoolground, and her husband later served on the altar with him.

Then it was Papa's turn to testify. Bernard F. O'Brien, Sr., a former member of the Michigan legislature ('42-'44), had lived in the same Detroit neighborhood for thirty-five

continued on page 11

here now!



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THE PAPER

Office

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Underground newspapers

The Free Village Voice

The Fifth Edition

The San Antonio Press Press

The Paper



continued from page 10

years. His son Bernie had been born and brought up and had gone to Mass there. Speaking with just the slightest of Irish accents, O'Brien said he was in the real estate, building, and insurance (ah-hah!) business.

O'Connell asked him a yes or no type question about his son's "reputation for morals." Papa took a deep breath and began, "My son..." Yes or no, said Hutter. Yes, said Papa. "Would you believe him under oath?" "I would believe my boy under any statement!"

He was then asked if he had ever discussed any of his son's proposed insurance legislation. Yes, many times. One particular conversation occurred in January of 1966. Bernie came to him and told him of certain bills which might make him lose his business. Bernie was sponsoring those bills because he believed there were certain injustices in insurance coverage of tornado damage, fire claims, and auto cancellations. Said Papa: "If you see an injustice out there and you do not correct it, you should not be a senator from the Fifth District." Just like that. He said Bernie rose "with tears in his eyes" and said, "Dad, I thought that's the way you'd see it!"

Papa O'Brien was magnificent. The prosecution had no questions. The jury was a visibly moved bunch of old moms and dads.

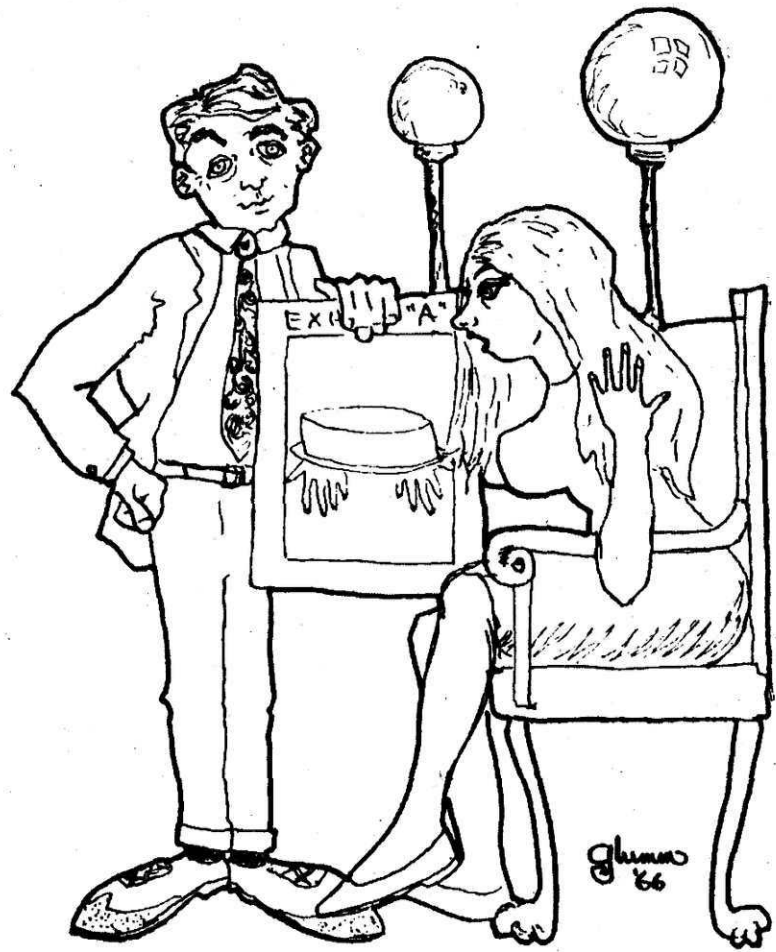
Mrs. O'Brien then took the stand. The other reporters knew her immediately; I had to suffer the embarrassment of writing her name down after I heard it, thereby classifying myself as a gross amateur.

(As a result, I was ignored by the entire press corps, with the exception of Bobby Soden of the State News, from then on. Ah, the life of a cub reporter is not all peaches and cream, folks.)

They had been married for five years and had produced four children so far, ages, four, three, one-and-a-half, and six months, with a fifth on the way. Her husband's reputation for morals was "very good." He was also "very good" at truthfulness. And, yes, Hankins said it all right: "He's the one in the blue suit." Mrs. O'Brien had been forced to slam the door in his face to prevent further unethical behavior. Positively delicious. Court adjourned after the not irrelevant witness.

As the fifth day of the trial ended, Reisig and Hankins drove away in Reisig's dark blue Mustang convertible, the rear bumper plastered with stickers proclaiming Reisig's affinity for such diverse champions of civil liberties as Romney, Griffin, Scodeler, Brown, and Pittenger. I followed them down Michigan Avenue to Grand, where we parted company. They drove off into the sunset heatedly discussing the day's testimony, while I drove off toward home pondering the weighty decision awaiting the elderly little jury.

That night I wrote the following: Reisig is definitely the villain in this piece. It's the loud-mouthed young whippersnapper with his blind eyewitness vs. the kindly old Irish lawyer and his poor, fat, framed servant of the People." My opinion was later to change dramatically in Reisig's favor.



So when he asked me to pose for cheese cake pictures, I just naturally thought he meant. . .

Next Week: Part II: The Dirty Old Man Meets Donald the Boy Wonder

continued from page 7 Grants and gifts to MSU: Classified by field of use

Chart B

These sums are those funds which the university received for sponsored extensions, sponsored research, fellowships, scholarships and undesignated gift funds.

	\$	%
1. Agriculture	1,364,095.33	8.02
2. Business & Services	1,506,115.48	8.86
3. Natural Science	4,429,558.08	26.06
4. Social Science	936,380.80	5.51
5. Education	1,026,025.36	6.04
6. Humanities & Fine Arts	1,440.40	0.008
7. International Programs	4,315,785.10	25.39
8. Unclassified & Misc.	3,453,063.92	20.31
	\$ 17,032,464.47	100.198

Note:

- (1) includes such uses as agricultural economics, soil science, agricultural engineering, and horticulture.
- (2) includes marketing, packaging, business and management, accounting, hotel, rest., and institutional training, transportation, food science and social work.
- (3) includes engineering and math.
- (4) includes psychology and communications.
- (7) includes any overseas and international programs, regardless of specific type of program.

tionships between University trustees and directorships in corporate and business enterprises? Contrary to what might be expected, there are very few. One might speculate that part of the reason for this is that trustees for MSU are elected rather than appointed. The most significant dual role (of business and of the university) is that played by John Hannah. In addition to being President of MSU, Hannah is also a member of the board of directors of Michigan Bell Telephone Co. (a subsidiary of American Telephone and Telegraph); of the American Bank and Trust Co., in Lansing; and of the Manufacturers National Bank in Detroit. Of the eight MSU trustees only one is listed in "POOR'S REGISTER OF EXECUTIVES AND DIRECTORS"; none of the other top officials in the university administration is listed.

F. Who is the university "servicing"? Students? The public? Business? Government? In terms of the funds considered in this report the university's service seems to be oriented more toward business and government than toward the public and students. There is little indication that the research conducted with funds from private and governmental grants has any significant impact upon students at the university.

Indeed, John Hannah has boasted that he can "tap his campus specialists, get an answer to most any question for government or research groups within 30 minutes." (cited in RAMPARTS, April, 1966.) That organizations usually invest and distribute their money in ways generally beneficial to their own particular interests seems to be an assumption uncontradicted by the examples found at MSU.

G. Does either industry or the

federal government have influence in the running and control of the university? It is obvious that business and government can at least influence the affairs of the university to the extent of withdrawing or increasing their financial support of research and certain other university programs. It seems safe to assume, in any undertaking, that a certain amount of informal influence and pressure accompanies a financial relationship; in many cases explicit stipulations and conditions also accompany grants. When one considers the millions of dollars involved in MSU's financial connections with both business and government, it also

seems safe to assume that such sums of money imply certain types of influence by their donors.

The image of the Ivory Tower university, isolated from the pressures of society and able to pursue independently the higher education for each individual, is incorrect when applied to today's public university. Our examination of Michigan State's financial dealings beyond its state appropriations illustrates very well that MSU is much more than simply a public institution of higher education. Instead, it is a vast corporate enterprise; it is inextricably woven into the web of corporate and govern-

mental power in our society. It both gives and receives in its role in this power structure.

MSU's paycheck is, to a considerable extent, written by people in top positions in America's corporate and governmental structure. This fact should also give us adequate reason to seriously consider how much say these "pay-masters" have in the operation of the public university. Specifically, after understanding the nature of MSU's financial commitments, we need next to ask the question--and investigate quite seriously--just how much, and in what way, the money talks.

Appendix 1: DONORS TO MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Source	Amount
1. Agency for International Development	\$1,196,595.28
2. National Science Foundation	2,663,591.02
3. National Institute of Health	2,374,087.84
4. Ford Foundation	1,154,178.41
5. U. S. Office of Education	723,535.67
6. Atomic Energy Commission	683,223.98
7. W. K. Kellogg Foundation	433,344.10
8. N. S. U. Development Fund	404,998.46
9. U. S. Department of Agriculture	330,068.96
10. Mr. and Mrs. Jay Herrick	250,000.00
11. Peace Corps	166,916.00
12. Vocational Rehabilitation	211,246.06
13. Bureau of Higher Education	222,412.00
14. U. S. Department of Civil Defense	162,568.53
15. Miscellaneous fellowships	161,808.44
16. Michigan State merit scholarship	158,271.00
17. U. S. Army	145,900.01
18. U. S. Public Health Service	135,567.09
19. U. S. Army Medical	131,017.53
20. Community School Internship Program	117,261.90
21. National Aeronautics and Space Administration	116,729.05
22. National Merit Scholarship	106,996.00
23. U. S. Navy	106,959.96
24. Holt Foundation	106,307.00
25. Services (sponsored extension)	102,700.26
26. U. S. Office of Vocational Rehabilitation	100,977.50
27. Kellogg Company	99,395.48
28. U. S. Air Force	93,017.78
29. International Center and Institute	81,000.00
30. Midwest University Consortium	78,276.04

Bob Maizlish (1947 - 1966)

A student here was hit by a train last week. The police have listed Bob Maizlish as a "probable suicide." His friends would like to believe that his life was more important than his death.

"But then they danced down the streets like dingedodles, and I shambled after as I've been doing all my life after people who interest me, because the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn, like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue center light pop and everybody goes 'awww!' "

Jack Kerouac
ON THE ROAD

Presidential Press Conference On The Late Massacres In Manhattan

THE PRESIDENT: I'd like to take this opportunity, before any questions begin, to inform my fellow citizens of their latest commitments. As you know, it has been the policy of this nation, the policy of my administration and that of my predecessors, to defeat aggression, wherever it may be, at whatever time. On this occasion, we are fortunate in having the opportunity to defeat the persisting aggressiveness of the Jews in Manhattan. A directive was filed on this matter over six months ago, and we have been carrying out systematic pacification of the island since that time. I am confident that the American people will support our policy here, and all our policies, as they have always done in the past.

QUESTION: Can you give us some examples, Mr. President, of their aggression as it has occurred on the island?

THE PRESIDENT: They have attacked our planes, continually, with rifles, with cannon, with rocks, with whatever means at their disposal, without regard or concern for the lives of our fliers or of international conventions. They have mistreated and held our pilots as prisoners. . . if that isn't aggression, I don't know what is.

Q.: What means do we have, Mr. President, of distinguishing Jews from non-Jews in the pacification procedure?

THE PRESIDENT: Well, that is a difficult question, and one to which our strategists, I can assure you, have devoted much thought. The results of this research are classified as yet, but looking from the positive side, I can say that we have found that this issue is not so important as it seems.

Our policy moves along broadlines--what's good for one is good for all, I always say.

Q.: There have been unconfirmed reports that large numbers of women and children are being killed as by-products, so to speak, of the pacification process. Would you care to comment on these, Mr. President?

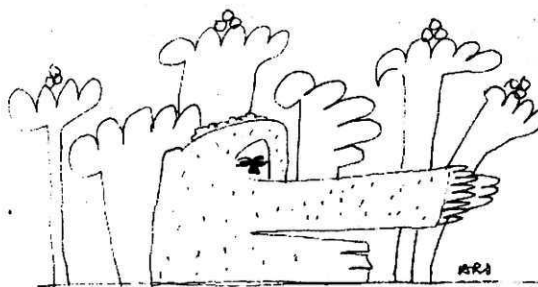
THE PRESIDENT: Yes, there have been some reports, greatly exaggerated, of course, by those wishing to give aid and comfort to the enemy. At my request, the commander in that area issued instructions over six months ago that these reports be minimized, and I expect shortly that they will be eliminated.

Q.: Part of the problem is that women and children, to a large extent, tend to be found with the adult males, are they not, Mr. President?

THE PRESIDENT: Yes, our reports indicate that this is so. You can be sure our fliers take that fully into account on each and every one of their missions. It is not any easy thing to be president and responsible for the safety of this flower of our finest young boys.

Q.: Have you made any attempts, Mr. President, to initiate negotiations with the Jewish community?

THE PRESIDENT: I should say we have--peace is always foremost in our minds, in this as in all our policies. In point of fact, offers of peace were extended to the aggressors long before their aggression was detected. I have sent my ambassadors across the face of the globe--to Madrid, to Johannesburg, to Cairo, in continual attempts to initiate negotiations, but with heavy heart I report that these have met with no response. We will persist in these



attempts, however, since they have become an integral part of pacification policy.

Q.: Mr. President, can you tell us now what the substance of the terms of these negotiations are?

THE PRESIDENT: Well, we're somewhat open-minded on these--we want to get negotiations going first, before moving on to specifics. The only prerequisite we see at present is the suicide of all the adult males, and even at that, we leave the means entirely to their own choosing. Contrast, if you will, the flexibility of our demands and the adamancy of their refusal. It should leave no question in the mind of any objective observer.

Q. Should the aggressors continue to resist, Mr. President, do you foresee any cut-off point when the amount of destruction will outweigh any particular gains envisioned by your policy?

THE PRESIDENT: I don't like the tone of that particular question. It smacks of defeatism unworthy of a country such as ours. I think I have made it plain as a pikestaff who the aggressors are here, and reiterated

that this country is open to negotiations anywhere, at any time. You do not seem to realize that more than Manhattan is at stake here. One island, more or less, doesn't amount to a hill of beans in our eyes. What is important is that the world concede that this country will not tolerate aggression, whatever the cost, and that its policies, once begun, are pursued to final solutions. Think of what the image of this great nation would be in the world's eyes, young man, should we begin now to renege on our solemn commitments, as they come to light. Finally, let me re-emphasize the moral dimension of this particular policy. Now it may seem to you that the principal suffering incurred is on that island over there, but that's not what it looks like from here. You have no idea of the anguish we bear, as we continue to persist in this course of justice. I can say in all sincerity that it hurts us more than it hurts them. But, God willing, we shall overcome.

-- Thank you, Mr. President.

DOUGLAS LACKEY

genuine grass-roots movement forms

CSA Ignores Student Apathy

DATELINE BEAUMONT, Oct. 20--Last night's meeting of the Committee for Student Apathy (CSA) was labeled an overwhelming success. An estimated 38,000 students stayed away to demonstrate support. Said one ecstatic member of Friends of CSA, "This is wonderful. I've never seen such an unenthusiastic response. I think this is a definite mandate. We of Friends of CSA will start to implement the will of the students immediately, in keeping with the democratic ideal." Asked how she planned to do this, she replied, "Oh, I don't know. We'll find a way. With such tremendous non-support, how can we fail?"

Several other members of Friends

of CSA were heard to express the following views:

"Now student government has got to go. You know, I've suspected for a long time that it didn't really represent the students. This clear expression of student non-opinion gives unmistakable proof of that. We can demonstrate that no representative to student government has the support of a majority of students. And that's only the beginning."

"Daaaaa."

"It is for us, the Friends of CSA, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work, that great task, of implementing the verdict given here. We must make sure these students, our fellow men, have not stayed a-

way in vain."

"Behold, all interest is as the grass, and all activity of man is as the flower of grass; for lo, the grass withereth, and the flower thereof decayeth. For the trumpet shall sound, and all men, not caring, shall ignore it. Who goeth forth and weepeth shall doubtless return, flank of mind. Blessed are they who don't care, for they shall have no worries."

This reporter asked the President of CSA what HIS plans were. He responded with, "Why should I have any plans?"

"But you're President, aren't you? You were elected by the members. You're supposed to. . ."

"No, as a matter of fact, I wasn't

elected. After all, if a student tries to vote, that's PRIMA-FACIE evidence he's not fit to be a member of CSA and shouldn't have a vote. No, I was appointed by the previous president who was appointed by the one before him. How else could it be?"

"Oh. I see. Well, when do you plan to have the next meeting?"

"I haven't decided yet. Does it really matter?"

A poll of passing students concerning the Committee for Student Apathy elicited the following comments: "What does apathy mean?" "They can go their way. I go mine." "What, me worry?"

LYNNE CRONQUIST