J'ACCUSE:

By CHAR JOLLES

It's sheer paranoia to believe that the Department of American Thought and Language has been conducting a witch hunt for the last two weeks. From a more rational perspective, the department's recommendation that the contracts of three non-tenured instructors be terminated is not, instead a rather unfortunate conflict of generations.

According to the conspiracy theory, however, which seems to dominate, the thinking of the committee is purging itself of dissenters. Indeed, all three men have reputations as boat-rockers. W. Gary Groat and John Woods, Kenneth Lawless are closely associated with the controversial literary magazine Zeitgeist; and it is consistently agitated for fundamental changes in the ATL course; Robert Fogarty was a member of ACTS that his dissent from departmental policies was the major reason for his proposed dismissal. (State News, 10-28, emphasis mine.)

Others "suspect" the same thing: petitioning against Zeitgeist and/or asking that the three men be reinstated have been circulated by members of the university community, students of the same departmental classes, and members of the Students for a Democratic Society; a representative from the MSU chapter of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) is talking this week with the three instructors and/or other principals to determine whether the issue is worth a thorough investigation. It is conceivable that the AAUP will view it as the same old problem of the vulnerability of non-tenured faculty members and dismiss it as such.

The case could easily be dismissed because nobody's rights were technically violated; an advisory committee of six tenured faculty members elected by the department made a recommendation in accordance with due process and faculty prerogatives. The major reason for his proposed dismissal, according to Dean Carlin, to combat the noncommunicative, splintering effects of specialization—to make possible "a dialogue across the disciplines." While this is, of course, theoretically desirable, it is impossible to put into practice. When at least 7,000 students (a conservative estimate indeed) are taking the same courses, the inevitable result is a rigidly structured, stifling course outline that cannot possibly reflect the diverse needs and interests of all those young people with the individual interests and needs of all those professors who are obliged to follow a syllabus, and—here's the rub—to prepare those kids for the common final exam.

"University College is based on a gentleman's agreement," Carlin said, "that such faculty member will have tenure, be covered, by the end of the term, the same readings, concepts and skills.*' Carlin maintains that "there is room for most faculty members to realize their own needs by emphasizing certain materials in different ways.*

Theoretically, perhaps, in practice, however, most faculty members are under pressure to prepare students for the final, and they often find themselves spouting form-
The Water Closet

Say Wha', Man?

By W. C. BLANTON

The following quotes from unnamed sources, requested from The Free Press, support the article's contention that Bubba is 285 pounds of uselessness.

From Illinois---"Not much lateral movement. You know, 265 pounds, 6-feet, 230 pounds, outplayed him all day. Sure, Bubba as a middle guard, only 6-feet, 230 pounds, outplayed him all day. Sure, Bubba as a middle guard.

From Purdue -- "Pullback Dave Harrick took him one on one and not once let him by. Ask the Purdue center how he felt after snapping the ball with Bubba as a middle guard. The roar of 'Kill, Bubba, Kill' now sounds instead of the usual three or more men assigned to stop him.

For the greater part of his first two seasons, Bubba did leave himself open for criticism of his play, as he seemed at times to be merely spending the afternoon in Spartan Stadium before returning to either the Union Grill or the Wonders Grill. Sure, he was good; and at times—the entire Notre Dame game for instance—he was spectacular. But he just didn't consistently play as well as he should have—or at least was expected to.

Still, Bubba isn't very useful. He's earned it. He's earned it. He was good; and at times—the entire Notre Dame game for instance—he was spectacular. But he just didn't consistently play as well as he should have—or at least was expected to. Still, he definitely belonged on the All-America teams.

Last Sunday during my usual futile search through the Free Press for any reports on college football games played outside the Great Midwest, I encountered an almost instant replay of an unbelievable sports blurb. In the past three years, it has become a myth. His physical existence is not questioned, but his reputation as a defensive player has never been questioned. In fact, it's precisely as Bubba, is a myth. His physical existence is not questioned, but his reputation as a defensive player has never been questioned. In fact, it's precisely as Bubba, is a myth. His physical existence is not questioned, but his reputation as a defensive player has never been questioned.

If the quaint theory that a football offense loses no effectiveness utilizing only one side of the playing area for a running game is valid, then Bubba isn't very useful. He barely is expected to merely eliminate the right side of the line as an area of possible advance and makes passers feel extremely insecure—and sore.

Bubba really shouldn't be upset. He appreciated. He's earned it. He was good; and at times—the entire Notre Dame game for instance—he was spectacular. But he just didn't consistently play as well as he should have—or at least was expected to. Still, he definitely belonged on the All-America teams. This year, without Rose Bowl incentive and the AFL-NFL merger pimping him out of about $400,000, Bubba could hardly be expected to suddenly turn into a gung-ho, rah-rah, give-em-hell, Pat Galloway-type football player. And if you only look at the pre-game warmups, he still doesn't look like one. But when the game starts, he plays like the proverbial 1941 Nebraska, overwhelming the three or more men assigned to stop him.
O'Brien told the stand Tuesday, and wouldn't you know it, the kid overslept and missed the morning session. It was just as well, I suppose, because O'Brien was questioned by his attorney for three and a half hours that day. And if three and a half hours of O'Brien and O'Connell would have been too much for even the most-hardened reporter to take without getting nauseous, The public didn't seem to mind, though, the courthouse was packed with a crowd of curious college kids (yeah, Peter Piper slept upon a slitted sheet with rubber baby buggy bumpers, ...).

There was an extra added attraction, the way six or eight or five of the girls were there, seated under the map of the world on the west wall of the courtroom. During all of his testimony, O'Brien would sit staring at them with a look I can only describe as acridly pugnacious. The kids all looked pretty expressionless, and remained so throughout their visit. I never could figure out what they were doing there, since they weren't recalled by the prosecution until late Thursday. I guess O'Brien just had them there to bug the defendant.

High points in O'Brien's testimony:

An insurance lobbyist named Gibson told O'Brien he would "spend a million dollars in order to kill those bills." Other insurance lobbyists who came to his office "went out of their minds." Gibson was a big man. He was at a drug store in Detroit at 12:30 on May 3, a half hour before he was supposed to have propositioned Linda Outcalt in East Lansing. He had the date sheet for the proposition. Have you ever been drunk? "No, sir, not once in my life." Do you smoke? "No, sir." O'Brien had spent an hour with a constituent named Reaves in the state capitol on May 27 right smack at 12:30 on May 3, a half hour before he was supposed to have propositioned Linda Outcalt in East Lansing. He had the date sheet for the proposition. Have you ever been drunk? "No, sir, not once in my life." Do you smoke? "No, sir." O'Brien had spent an hour with a constituent named Reaves in the state capitol on May 27 right smack at 12:30 on May 3, a half hour before he was supposed to have propositioned Linda Outcalt in East Lansing. He had the date sheet for the proposition. Have you ever been drunk? "No, sir, not once in my life." Do you smoke? "No, sir." O'Brien had spent an hour with a constituent named Reaves in the state capitol on May 27 right smack at 12:30 on May 3, a half hour before he was supposed to have propositioned Linda Outcalt in East Lansing. He had the date sheet for the proposition. Have you ever been drunk? "No, sir, not once in my life." Do you smoke? "No, sir." O'Brien had spent an hour with a constituent named Reaves in the state capitol on May 27 right smack at 12:30 on May 3, a half hour before he was supposed to have propositioned Linda Outcalt in East Lansing. He had the date sheet for the proposition. Have you ever been drunk? "No, sir, not once in my life." Do you smoke? "No, sir." O'Brien had spent an hour with a constituent named Reaves in the state capitol on May 27 right smack at 12:30 on May 3, a half hour before he was supposed to have propositioned Linda Outcalt in East Lansing. He had the date sheet for the proposition. Have you ever been drunk? "No, sir, not once in my life." Do you smoke? "No, sir." O'Brien had spent an hour with a constituent named Reaves in the state capitol on May 27 right smack at 12:30 on May 3, a half hour before he was supposed to have propositioned Linda Outcalt in East Lansing. He had the date sheet for the proposition. Have you ever been drunk? "No, sir, not once in my life." Do you smoke? "No, sir." O'Brien had spent an hour with a constituent named Reaves in the state capitol on May 27 right smack at 12:30 on May 3, a half hour before he was supposed to have propositioned Linda Outcalt in East Lansing. He had the date sheet for the proposition. Have you ever been drunk? "No, sir, not once in my life." Do you smoke? "No, sir."
**Full Of (Blank) : The Grad Record Exams**

**By LAURENCE TATE**

Before I went to Anthony Hall last Saturday to take the Graduate Record Examinations, I hadn't taken a test like that since the College Boards, about four years ago.

So soon we forget.

This examination in particular, and these examinations in general, are a national scandal.

Why? Well, I'm not supposed to talk about them because—well, when you come down to it, because the people who make the test don't like ANYBODY talking. But, what the hell, if we get it, we get it.

We were all supposed to show up at Anthony Hall no later than 8:30 a.m. You probably know the setup. For three hours in the morning they test you on your mathematical and verbal ability, which is not supposed to be dependent on things you've had to learn, but on "native intelligence" or something like that.

Which doesn't, however, stop you from knowing how to solve sets of equations with two unknowns or the opposite of the word "perfunctory" or a lot of other things that have been keeping you up nights lately.

In the afternoon you take a three-hour test in just your field of specialization, in my case (stretching a point) mathematics.

Anyway, Anthony Hall. 8:30, The ADS-math dorm bunch was out in force. As I put it then, "It looks as if the entire out crowd is here." Typically, I had got up early (at 3 a.m.) and had blinked awake a little after seven and stayed that way; so I liberally sympathized with a friend who theorized that these things were held at 8:30 Saturday morning as a sort of Calvinistic reprisal for what everybody (everybody except the out crowd, who had all gone to bed at ten and looked blazingly alarmed had surely been doing Friday night. And, he might have added, would most certainly be doing Saturday night.

At the door everybody else showed personalized admission cards. I showed a personalized telegram (from Educational Testing Service, Princeton, New Jersey. They charged me $1.50 and we'll see who'll be on the safe side, you understand.

You see, strange things have been happening since I got here. I keep hoping the two events aren't connected but one never really knows—things which tend to make me believe that I'm not here at all, but somewhere else. Or that I've been这里 in the same place all my life and only the scenery changes occasionally. But perhaps I'd better figure out by process of elimination, and a little early. Sigh of relief, Berkeley was still alive.

Part Two. Reading comprehension. A series of short essays (on, among other things, Assyrian art, Raman spectra, varieties of immunity to disease, and the inevitability of war) followed by questions designed to determine whether you Paid Attention. Example: the essay mentioned that Raman spectra could be determined only for clear liquids, whereas the result was a question about what materials would be most suitable for undergoing the process described and (c) turned out to be alcohol and water. You often had also to judge the tone (persuasive, demonstrative, etc.) or larger effect of the essay. I finished this section very early, as did everyone around me. Home free, again.

A short break, then the last part—math. Mostly simple algebra, reading comprehension, interpreting graphs, finding areas and necessarily equal angles. I got lost in a graph concerning the Gross National Product and scattered straight out while before was called, I remembered one problem which seemed obstinately to have no right answer among the five choices. Later I asked around, re-worked the problem in my own good time (along with others) and decided I'd be right. As somebody said, "Well, it gives them a lot of leeway." Uh-huh.

And that, kids, was it. The morning grad records (the only ones a lot of schools require) were over, and everybody filed out to eat lunch. Stop and think. Just stop and think. A total of well under 200 questions. Something under three hours. And some percentage of people in that room (small, I hope, though I don't have any idea) had just killed their hopes for getting into the schools they wanted to get into, and had just changed the whole course of their lives. Or, more accurately, had had changes thrust upon them.

Look at the sort of "knowledge" or "intelligence" or "background study" that had just been tested. Just LOOK at it. Doesn't it make you want to know why?

What kind of system is it that can tolerate this crap as an arbiter of human aspiration?

A few weeks back I criticized College Bowl. But, damn, college bowl participants still had their hands fairly; I could walk out of college bowl eliminations and know why. But I didn't have the guts to walk out on the grad records. Too much that I care about was at stake.

And I'd just as soon not beat the system on its own terms. Great. But how many people didn't? I know all arguments for these tests; ultimately, I'm not buying one thing, and only one thing: efficiency.

Judgments must be made; graduate schools have to have something to help them in making selections—or as they say, though, if you've looked at a grad bulletin wonder if Presidents of the United States are selected on a lot less evidence. They have to have standards, scores. What can be scored is tested; what can't be scored is brightness. Brightness is interrelated with efficiency.

On the high-school level, down with the National Merit tests and the College Board's scholastic aptitude. It's far worse, and declining steadily, and the fact is, better ways COULD be found. I'm no academic, I know, but the fact is, better ways COULD be found. I've been suggesting, time and again, and it's been lazily, impatiently, and negatively shrugged.

But nobody listens; people go on having their lives ruined.

When does the computer swallow next? Oh, baby, it's swallowing PEOPLE.

(Next week: the afternoon test, and ITS implications.)

**Nothing Serious --**

**By RICHARD A. O GAR**

Here I am in Berkeley, that failed city, that lost basketball team, that head of the California educational system) succinctly phrases it, one has to know the word "drugs and treason." At least I think I am. I keep pinching myself awake, as (1) I am on the safe side, you understand.

You see, strange things have been happening since I got here. I keep hoping the two events aren't connected but one never really knows—things which tend to make me believe that I'm not here at all, but somewhere else. Or that I've been in the same place all my life and only the scenery changes occasionally. But perhaps I'd better explain myself.

The last summer when the Berkeley Viet Nam Day Committee was thrown off campus, it was rather the first time that I've had to realize that we WASbugging the peace creeps, and, after all, it IS election year. I might be a little paranoid, but the act of fact had it not been for the fact that the administration's reasoning was rather a back a flood of repressed remembrance. You see, they claimed that the VDC had (1) violated University regulations (which had it on a technicality which would undoubtedly have been overlooked in any other occasion), and (2) that the VDC was financially in arrears (on a bill presented AFTER the suspension, and substantially padded with a sum actually owed by SNCC, MSU...Kindman "Patuk..."THE PAPER"—once the bomb had hit, I never even noticed it. I little knew whether I woke or dreamed. Past and present logged over, my complex continued.

I had just managed to regain a modicum of self-control when, without warning, it struck again; passing a newstand, I noticed the September issue of "The Atlantic"—a livid frontispiece of a student, the hand unmistakably casting its thumb down, and the words "The New Ty- rant..." a new wave..." (I was just flooded, futilely wiping at the cold sweat on my forehead, I bought a copy and read it through in one sitting.)

The crusader came shortly afterward—the third blow of the 1-2-3 punch that had reduced my present state: just before the front door opened, Mario Savio was refused readmission to graduate school. No, I cried out as I raged, I fought, but the spectre of Paul Schiff rose before me like an indefatigable armament of "pressing freedom of speech at Berkeley." A more favorable charge than collusion or civic-mindedness, but still I couldn't help but feel a little queasy.

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I haven't read "Dr. Zhivago," so there. Call me a lowbrow, and let's get on with it.

To begin with, I think much writers talking about how in David Lean's big, expensive film: there is no doubt in much of the general public that Lean is a very good director, the public has no idea that he is anything other than a very good photographer. You can't dismiss the flow of elegant pictorial compositions as "academic," as one critic said, "'Dr. Zhivago' does for snow what 'Lawrence of Arabia' did for desert." The critics say it has a pretentious narrative and banal settings, which is not much better than any good as a mystery. Which brings up the sticky question of what, aside from the snow and flowers of the story, is being photographed.

"Mr. Zhivago" is a story of the Russian Revolution; events leading up to it, some of the thing itself, and its consequences for, particularly, a wildly heterogeneous group of aristocrats, bureaucrats, proletariat, and gentrii, and, broadly, for Russia and its people. The eponymous hero comes to represent any heroic or creative human spirit in a time of systematic suppression of individuality. The girl he loves, who inspires his poetry, comes to symbolize the love and beauty being lost to an age of tractors, quotas, and party lines.

OK, if you're going to fail, fail big -- nobody can say it wasn't trying. The first half of the film -- half-brother, creating a mystery around Zhivago and Lara, like everyone else, has been passively buffeted by circumstances. Lean seems to be in control, but to this point the film has basically been occupied by a headlong rush of complicated events, in which Zhivago and Lara, like everyone else, have been passively buffeted by circumstances, and, in the immediate aftermath of war and revolution, etc.

The second half is where the real snowscapes and flowers are at their most beautiful, since the second part seems to consist of almost nothing else. What happens is simple and shocking: the screenplay runs out, Robert Bolt ("A Man for All Seasons," the "Lawrence" screenplay) appears to have flat-out given up and told Lean to cover the vacuum with scenery.

Soviet Sharif and US Christie Lean has two beautiful banal specimens, neither of whom look or sound capable of all the intelligent thought, yet he has to make them tender and heroic. So, as the music swells and we watch them programmatic settings are being reached, the lovers go for endless sleighrides through scenic valleys, take refuge in a snowfilled country estate looking like a Disneyland crystal palace, and smile sinnily. You sit and wait hour after hour, almost impossible aria from Bach's Christmas Oratorio and an encore. It has been an aesthetic oasis all the more welcome after a stretch of cultural deserts.

Next week begins musically at 10 a.m. Monday in the Choral Room of the Music Building with a recital of baroque music for violin and harpsichord by the Lucktenberg Duo, in the round. Admission is free.

Tuesday night at 8:15 in St. Paul's Church, LeCaire, the University orchestra will perform the world premiere of "The King of Kings," written by Donald Erb. Although elements of traditional form were consciously absent, the novel use of the piano, complete with strumming of the strings, etc., produced some very beautiful sonorities.

Mr. Rambaldi, who is making his way eastward for his New York debut, included the Mozart A minor sonata, Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasie, a Chopin group and the Sonata 44 by Scriabine. Of these works, the Scriabine fared best, the Chopin worst, I was struck with the complete ease of execution in the Scriabine, and have been informed that Modern Music is Rambaldi's forte. In any case, he is a pianist of far above average competence.

Tuesday night the world famous Melos Ensemble presented the first in the five-concert Arts and Letters Recital Series. I had heard this ensemble in a rebroadcast of the Schoenberg Serenade and Sextet, which were presented in the BBC studios in London, and found it difficult to believe that such demanding music could be so well performed with such assurance and ease.

The concert Tuesday was divided between modern masterpieces and perhaps the best known of nineteenth century music for large chamber ensemble, the Schubert Octet in F major. Before the intermission we heard the finest collection of paperbacks in town featuring:

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Who's Making It Off the War?  

or The Plight of the Little Man, continued

By DAVID BRODEUR

War is good business—for some people at least. While the American industry, continued escalation of the war in Vietnam at its present rate could mean an increase in deficits amounting to $14 billion over the next two years. But for the consumer, the war means higher prices and shorter supplies of many goods. It is difficult to isolate precisely what part of the blame war has on our economy, but it is certainly an important factor. During the present fiscal year, the war will cost us $12.7 billion, perhaps more. Indeed, the war has come to regard continuation of the war as one of the major influences in our economy. To begin with, let's look at food prices, which have risen faster than prices on most other items. While overall consumer prices were up 2.7 per cent at the end of the last fiscal year, food prices were up 5 per cent over the year earlier. But the 5 per cent figure is somewhat misleading; many basic food items show increases over 10 per cent. Meat prices, for example, increased by 20 per cent or more in recent years. In several cities, recent housewives have become alarmed enough at high food prices to organize picket lines to strike against their local supermarkets, demanding that prices be cut. But the blame for the price increases, is responsible for the war; they average a profit of 1.3 cents per pound, but the 15 per cent increase apparently came from the elimination of trading stamps, promotional gimmicks and extras services.

Primarily, the higher food prices are due to higher farm prices. The greatest factor in the rising of farm products has decreased. Rising farm costs can be attributed largely to rising labor costs and tighter money. Since farmers must depend heavily on credit, they are severely affected by the money squeeze. The farm debt, as most recently reported by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, stood at $241 billion at the end of last year, a record. Last year it was $230 billion. The farmers must repay their loans to the government or the banks, and then go out and borrow more money to cover the increased cost of living. A recent study stated that for every dollar in farm income, $1.30 in farm expenses go up. Thus, the farmer's profit is perhaps overripe) to seriously question American involvement in Vietnam, as well as ideological grounds.

The War Economy

per cent of the copper being produced in the United States at present is set aside for military use. As a result, companies producing goods for civilian consumption often have to wait months for orders which are being used each month for napalm, has increased in price by 11 per cent. The price of crude oil has gone up 5 to 15 cents per barrel, causing an increase in gasoline prices. Rubber for automobile and truck tires has also gone up in price. Aluminum rods, ball bearings, Manila rope, oil seals, solvents and adhesives are some other products which are in short supply because of increasing demand.

Not only are many consumer goods scarcer and more expensive, but so is the money for buying them. Tight money is a major economic problem at present. Increases in government spending (largely for the Vietnam war), the business boom, and inflation are the major reasons for the fact that there isn't quite enough money to go around. Loans are therefore more expensive and harder to get. Recent increases in bank rates have raised the cost of loans by one fourth of a percentage point, but there has been no stringent in the requirements which borrowers must meet. The vacancy is that there is being butting up with both military and civilian demand.

The increase in deficit means that the government will have to increase taxes. In order to avoid such a large deficit, the government will have to increase taxes, a step which many economists expect to be announced shortly after the election. Because the government taxes to be little hope that the excise tax on cars, which is to be realized. In addition, personal income taxes will probably be increased, perhaps over 10 per cent of the tax normally paid, or 2 per cent increase in the tax rates for all income levels. Business taxes will probably be increased also.

These increases may check inflation, but they will not end inflation, for the economy is still suffering from the war in Vietnam, as well as ideological grounds.

One result of this is that people are buying fewer automobiles and houses. As the starts, an important economic indicator, are at their lowest point in six years, and costs, that is to say, the price level of the market, is up. Prices reflect this, with inflation rising the cost of living. Wage problems are not drastic. Wage increases still manage to keep ahead of increases in the cost of living, inflation is a problem, but it is not yet completely out of control. But the continuing cause of economic problems.

Consider the national budget. This year, it is expected to go up, including $12.7 billion for the war, an activity whose primary satisfaction may in the long run be more than economic. Income, at the present rate, will be about $104 billion, a rise of $12.7 billion, or $5.1 billion greater than last year. In order to avoid such a large deficit, the government will have to increase taxes, a step which many economists expect to be announced shortly after the election. Because the government taxes to be little hope that the excise tax on cars, which is to be realized. In addition, personal income taxes will probably be increased, perhaps over 10 per cent of the tax normally paid, or 2 per cent increase in the tax rates for all income levels. Business taxes will probably be increased also.

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Draft Cards

My Last Words on Creeping Something-or-Other

Apprently, the university has changed its policy in relation to the traditional right of the student which it once took rather seriously. It was understood that the university would not be giving out information concerning the student's activities at the university without the permission of the student. Arrangements to have the local Selective Service board inform of his presence were made in a rather mechanical way at registration. Everything else required a special permission from the student. Hence, if his class standing was requested, the registrar's office would have obtained a written permission before sending this out.

Since then new national guidelines have been established—rather arbi­trary, I think. People who have the right to have ANY information concerning the student's activities at the university without the student's consent. Arrangements to have the local Selective Service board informed of his presence were made in a rather mechanical way at registration. Everything else required a special permission from the student. Hence, if his class standing was requested, the registrar's office would have obtained a written permission before sending this out.

Second, it is the INDIVIDUAL'S responsibility, by law, to notify his draft board of all facts pertinent to the draft board or to his own future. The registration form and the Selective Service card are not a substitute.

The University and Selective Service

By ERIC PETERSON

A few weeks ago while discussing the university and the Selective Service, Eric Ottinger stated: "Conceivably, then, it could be arranged to have a list of students who had previously registered." I think this is an understandable request.

When I came back to MSU this fall, I decided to talk to Horace King, the registrar himself. He told me, to my relief, that the first clerk I had talked to had been correct, and I COULD have only the first report sent. After I re-read the first letter, my problem was solved; the first general problem I mentioned did not exist, at least, from a technical standpoint. Michigan State had not made any more-or-less secret agreements with the Selective Service.

But the second problem does exist. There ARE real pressures on the university to make sure of what the situation really is. I decided to talk to Horace King, the registrar himself. He told me, to my relief, that the first clerk I had talked to had been correct, and I COULD have only the first report sent. After I re-read the first letter, my problem was solved; the first general problem I mentioned did not exist, at least, from a technical standpoint. Michigan State had not made any more-or-less secret agreements with the Selective Service.

The present system is, I agree, an efficient one from the viewpoints of the Selective Service, of the University, and of most students. It probably also helps the Selective Service catch potential draft-dodgers very quickly. The fact that the credit guidelines of both the boards and the university are arbitrary, are in many cases irrelevant to the question of a "full-time student," and in some cases cause unnecessary difficulties, is inescapable, it seems to me. All in all, it may be the best system.

But still I do not like to see MSU acting once more in loco parentis. I think this assertion disturbed me, for reasons. First, the registrar has repeatedly said that the student's records are his own, and that only he can release them. An all-or-nothing system like this appeared to contradict the expressed policy.

ERIC OTTINGER

Too Much Cranry Can Cause Cancer

"Niche is God." —Dead

The following is a condensation of what might be called "Everyman's Guide to the Hole World." Read the definitions carefully, and watch where you step.

NICHIE — The niche is the person. Three most common examples: 1. Marriage and family as one's goal in life — the bitch-niche. 2. Capitalism as one's life philosophy — the rich-niche. 3. Science as God — the Spout-niche. THE NICHIE PITCH — a high, inside fastball, separating you from your personality, aimed at making you strike out (after fame and fortune). This is sometimes complicated by a fast, inside highball, separating you from your senses.

THE NICHIE NUDGE — "Your father and I are not trying to run your life for you. You are free to do as you choose. We wish only to be proud of you."

DALE WALKER

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THE PAPER, East Lansing, Michigan, November 3, 1966

3. Capitalism as one's life philosophy — the rich-niche.

THE PAPER Box 367 East Lansing, Mich. 48823
Cruising Congressman

Coming Events

Coming Tuesday, November 8: The first in the NEOTHE’S “Looking Forward: Lightening Education Series” (SEE Series), sponsored by Off-Campus Council. SEE is a good film, “Itch of a Child,” SEE Robert Darkey of Ortho Pharmaceutical Corp., SEE what you think about the film, discussion on birth control, see what Robert Darkey has in his briefcase. All FREE in the Union Ballroom at 8 p.m.

A friend of Dien and South Vietnamese Premier Ky, Rev. Daniel Lyons S.J., will speak on Vietnam Thursday November 10 at 8 p.m. in Room 35 Union. Father Lyons visited Vietnam recently and plans to return to urge the mining of Haiphong. Sponsored by MSU Young Americans for Freedom.

Goods, Services, Etc.

Wanted Desperately: Two-man apartment for winter term. Close to campus and reasonable if not cheap, 355-2090.

Girl to live with three guys winter month. Arrangements made to suit, reasonable if not cheap. 355-2090.

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Personal

LEGALIZE ABORTION, Libertarians and others concerned for women’s health and safety are invited to contact Legalize Abortion, POB 24165, Los Angeles, “all right.” 90024.

HI DICK AND DAVE

Mo and Ron

The sonofabitch who stole my bike from Anthony Hall last Friday evening is invited to call Kyrzyk at 835-8173, and make an appointment to get his face punched in by a nearsighted weakling.

Where did you last see a rainbow, Mr. Wilkie? In California. They then embarked on a long discussion of California geography, until Wilkie mentioned that he had spent some time in Santa Ana.


Now I really am getting really silly, I thought, I’ve missed all my classes for this week, and I’m getting pretty mad at Mrs. O’Connell for asking me. It got even more when O’Connell made a speech about the thirty-eight senators who were going something like: ‘Do you have your alibis? Where were you on the night of the 27th? No. “I dropped it in a toilet.” It figures. We latched on to that story, and I got to the point where it was almost embarrassing. Yes, sir. Can you tell me anything else, Mr. O’Connell?

A typographical error in the trial record is invited to call Krysztof at 353-8173, and make an appointment to get his face punched in by a nearsighted weakling.

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[Additional content...]

**NEO-CLASSIFIED**

**50 words/$1 (still cheap)**

**DEADLINE MONDAY MIDNIGHT**

Sat over by the window, isn’t it peculiar, asked Reisig, that a person set up to frame you would talk about her ulcers? O’Brien said he’d spilled urine on her, saw that there were cars following him, and split. He was thinking about something else, something he had gotten himself murdered a few years ago.

Reisig asked him if he knew where the Michigan State Police Headquarters were. Nope. Did you know they lived on Harrison Road near Michigan? Nope. “It never entered your mind to call the police.”

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young Negro coed from MSU. Oh, my God, I thought. Did he? Did he? He who had once gone with Jimmy Raye, was going to tell a different story. Although the whole thing was terribly confusing and must have lasted an hour, I was able to dredge up the following story.

Yvonne had been approached by Peter Bill (she pronounced it Beag). O'Sel's private eye (a tough-looking chow) had weighed three hundred pounds and who told my photographer that if he took any pictures of him, he'd knock his head off, and had been asked a few questions about Beth Shapiro, one of the prosecution witnesses. It wasn't quite clear whether or not Bill had misrepresented himself to Miss Jenkins, but she said at one point that "I was under the impression that he was working for the state, on the side of justice and all that." Again, it wasn't quite clear what they were trying to find out about Miss Shapiro, but when Reisig asked Miss Jenkins if Bill had asked her if any of the girls had dated MSU football players, she answered, "I think that's what he wanted to find out.

All O'Connell was able to do was to point out that the police had held Miss Jenkins all that morning (voluntarily, they said) in an attempt to get her to confess. She kept repeating, "You can't make me confess." She also told the jury that she had been an insurance lobby, she answered, "I don't think she would let me." Although the story was pretty bad, and before going to afternoon Mass, I was under the impression that she still thought that her story, too, had not changed. O'Connell pointed out that she had testified that her "noseleaker" had a dark complexion. Did she still believe that? Yes, it was pretty dark. Describe O'Brien's complexion, she said. Dark, she said, O'Connell was upset. "Look the jury in the eye and describe that man as dark complexioned." he shouted. Objection. Suspended. "I see..." She, too, was confused. This time I really tried to stop and before going to afternoon Mass, I couldn't quite figure out what it was. The prosecution called Mr. Reaves to the stand. Buzzing in the courtroom. Reisig asked the witness if he had checked those parking meters. No, said the witness. Well, would it interest you to know that the meters were set up in the actual parking area? No, said the witness. There was a sign that said one hour parking, and I put in a nickel, and when I came out the meter had expired. You didn't get a ticket? No. Reisig seemed professionally impressed. That was the end of Reaves' visit. The question of the parking metersinterrupted, but the only weak point in the man's testimony, I suppose Detroit has meters which will let you park one hour for a nickel, but still....

Then the girls began parading to the stand. The first was Beth Shapiro. O'Connell's cross-examination was a masterpiece. First he asked her about the crack in the windshield. She hadn't noticed it. O'Connell asked that the jury be given an opportunity to sit in and see for themselves. "Have you ever double-dated with any of the other witnesses? No. was her only answer. You haven't dated any football players? "Yes."

"Who?"

"George Webster."

Flurry in the courtroom. "No more questions," said O'Connell. Then, with a smile, "I wonder how much he had some more. "How did you meet George Webster?"

"How many times have you dated George Webster?"

Pause. "When?" Last fall, October. "And on that pleasant note, the day ended. Court was adjourned, and the jury, as promised, went out and climbed into O'Brien's car, ladies first. I walked over and took a look at the windshield myself. WHAT crack? I don't see any...Oh, there it is. Big Deal.

"The Longest Day"

Mrs. Dianne Slater, the happiest of the six girls, began the day's testimony. When Reisig asked her if she had been in caboats with the insurance lobby, she answered, "I HAVE NOT!" Her position had not changed. O'Connell, thank God, did not ask her about her dating habits, but he did ask her if she had taken any money for her testimony. "I'm basically an honest person," she said. Christine LeGaessy testified that her story, too, had not changed. The defense established that she still had never seen the crack in the windshield. She said she had been looking at O'Brien, not at the windshield. Big Deal.

Linda Outcalt was next, a pretty but rather plain girl, with a deeper voice than might be expected, and no smile at all. She looked scared but sounded almost blank. She, too, was still sure of herself, and she had not been coerced, either. She noticed some more little things about O'Brien that she hadn't mentioned before; the "movements he made with his hands, his face..." etc. (all in a fashion that could be described as calmly vindictive). Said O'Connell: "If you were paid money, you'd speak right up and tell us, wouldn't you." I didn't think she dignified the question with an answer, but I can't be sure. He then asked her if she'd ever had any dates with football players. No, she said, O'Connell looked slightly puzzled. Sex +ball players? No. (Wait a minute, I thought) all these girls were lousy nigger-lovers.

And on that pleasant note, the day ended. Court was adjourned, and the jury, as promised, went out and climbed into O'Brien's car, ladies first. I walked over and took a look at the windshield myself. WHAT crack? I don't see any...Oh, there it is. Big Deal.

"WHY NOT CRY RAPE!"

Consider the recurrent themes. All the girls mentioned the same details, the "recurrent themes of filthy talk, of smutty talk, of DIRT!"

The girls didn't hide anything. They were very open, and although they knew they would suffer "humiliation and embarrassment." Think about it. "There is no other way to get them to tell the truth. Their lives have changed. Their existences have changed..." Young college girls, blinded by an idealistic romanticism, "of their society and had the "intestinal fortitude" to come forward.

Don't let this man's past record blind you, "Sexual deviation—sexual perversion is no respecter of class, position or even politics."

Look at the descrepancies in our time: the "recurrent themes of filthy talk, of smutty talk, of DIRT!"

"Deities, defies belief that these girls could all lie in an honest manner. You may ask me, "Were they lying, Mr. Reisig? I hope nobody would ever come into a courtroom and ask me, "Are they lying, Mr. Reisig?" But what about the defense witnesses? Were they lying? "If you don't wish..." I'm referring to the witnesses as perjury," you can say that perhaps they were "stretching the truth a little bit..." Yeah, that's called perjury."

Of course Bernard has friends who help him when he...That's what friends are for."

In closing: "In your efforts to be
fair to the defendant....They are our future. They are our hopes.

I could go on, but I will leave it to "you and your own intelligence" to cut through all the confusion in this case. "If, during the conduct of this trial, you should happen to learn that your respect for the witness is less than it was in the beginning, you must go on to the next thing, and not stop to curse out this court, I humbly apolo-

gize, "I have the utmost respect for you and your own intelligence."  

With a final exhortation to "do justice," and with a final "thank you," I will conclude. This case is "infinitely important to Bernard O'Brien."

I am called here, as the mercy of an honest judgment....Call the shot as you see it.

Did you train your daughters not to pick up girls for your friends if they were out to pick up girls, "how many would you becok before you found one that would fit you?"

"PROPER girl walk over and set in your car!" Would she sit and talk for five to fifteen minutes about "having relations with a Negro?"

"That'll do, your Honor."

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The witnesses had said that among them was one that would go...Would any body "ask that there? "She's not exactly photogenic." Can you believe the testimony of Mr. O'Connell coupled with the thing that was said? 

"Grill."

"do not get into strange cars? If you wouldn't hire him to feed your dog while I was away, I wouldn't take him as my attorney. I'd sooner plead guilty."

The frame-up: If the insurance companies had really wanted to frame Bernard O'Brien without being found out, they couldn't have chosen a better way to do it. Reisig's argument for conviction demonstrates that the charge was just enough to make him believe in his guilt; the witnesses were unsure of themselves to the point where they were, believe me, in all this. The charge was small enough to make it look like something too minor for the insurance companies to fool around with; the defense attorney was just dumb enough to sound sincere; and so on. Whether the insurance lobbyists tried to get O'Brien or not, he was got away, and I'm sure things are jumping on the old rock of Gibraltar.

The verdict: Finally we come to the question of O'Brien's guilt or innocence. At first...I just a moment, that a person can be punished for the offense described, O'Brien will appeal, of course. And now, in closing, a few comments and personal observations, some facetious and some very serious.

The charges: It could be argued that there's no harm in asking—"at least no harm worth a hundred clams and the month's maintenance."

"We know that somebody is lying." (At this point let me interject a comment about that phrase. One of the witnesses had said that among the most powerful men of the city, and accused of it, was Sidney Polack. O'Connell coupled this with the thing about getting a woman to go absolutely dog-wild, as you will notice.)

"anybody who was intent upon committing a crime."

"Would he use his own car with easily identifiable plates? Would he drive around the outside of the court building to get those plates?"

"We will end up with an acquittal, the Senator guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, or else to find him innocent."

"We have one of our reporters played a hunch, did not pass Bessey, but in-

"The computers, the 'PAPER Knows;"}

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"By far the worst of the two was O'Connell. Although at first, as I said earlier, he was running ahead of Reisig in the sympathy race, he later turned out to be just a fumbling, bumbling, reactionary, whining old racist. Oh, he's had a lot of ex-

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"Bernard O'Brien was in jail for a month? Nobody seemed to know. Then they were led out, all eyes following them to the door. The audience was entirely white."

Justice Is Done

To make a long story short, the jury came back the next day at 12:18 p.m. and pronounced Bernard O'Brien guilty of murder. It was a dirty old man, O'Brien will appeal, of course. And now, in closing, a few comments and personal observations, some facetious and some very serious.

"My reputation is flawless. How can

"I would sooner plead guilty, the frame-up: If the insurance companies had really wanted to frame Bernard O'Brien without being found out, they couldn't have chosen a better way to do it. Reisig's argument for conviction demonstrates that the charge was just enough to make him believe in his guilt; the witnesses were unsure of themselves to the point where they were, believe me, in all this. The charge was small enough to make it look like something too minor for the insurance companies to fool around with; the defense attorney was just dumb enough to sound sincere; and so on. Whether the insurance lobbyists tried to get O'Brien or not, he was got away, and I'm sure things are jumping on the old rock of Gibraltar.

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One Building, One Vote
--unless you're off-campus

By JAMES FRIEL
General Assembly
Off-Campus Representative

Wake up, you poor bastards. Unless you're a Greek or in a co-op, you're getting screwed. Now, getting screwed is nothing new to students at this university--especially as the days of our beloved and glorious "student government" that's doing the screwing; but this time around it's something different.

It's about the ASMSU General Assembly. The Assembly was formed so we're told to fill the constitutional requirement of an operational university government. To do this, it's supposed to get the Student Board in touch with student opinion. The Board, it is present, totally out of touch with what the students want, as is obvious from Board action and the democratic form of the Assembly is supposed to remedy this situation by bringing a representative cross-section of student opinion into student government now. Only living-units and living-unit groups. On the Assembly, the word is "one building, one vote."

On the Board, it's not much better.

You don't count--you're just a person. That's what your student government's structure says to you. I repeat--Nonsense. Find out who your Assembly representative is. Find out how he voted. If he voted "no," try to get him fired. Call, write or go see Jim Carbine, Jim Sick, Art Tung, Lou Hannon, Mary Parish and John Cauley--the Board members.

The Assembly is supposed to be representative, it isn't a legislature. Therefore, so the argument runs, it doesn't have to be well-balanced. The democratic form died at MSU two years ago with the fall of the admittedly corrupt and inefficient AUSG. People don't matter in our government now. Only living-units and living-unit groups. On the Assembly, the word is "one building, one vote."

The old Board is "good to one person, one vote." It was also formed to get the Student Board in touch with student opinion. The old Board is, in fact, totally out of touch with what the students want, as is obvious from Board action and the democratic form of operation. The new Board is to be honest, the results of sampling of student opinion. Greeks, co-ops (1500 women, about 70 to 1). The new Board is to be honest, the results of sampling of student opinion. Greeks, co-ops (1500 women, about 70 to 1).

A motion was introduced at the first meeting of the Assembly to ask the Student Board for reapportionment. The motion was defeated. That's all. It's not much better. Acceptable membership goes to 3500 students. In Jim Carbine's words, it's supposed to "humanize the rigid, impersonal stand-

Lou Hallup Poll
--Number 2

QUESTION: "What do you think about the problem of student apathy in the academic community?"

STATISTICAL BREAKDOWN OF RESPONSES:
Problem, what problem?... 28.4%
Apathy, what apathy?... 25.1%
Think... 24.7%
Academic community... 100.0%

ANALYSIS: Apathy is a problem that keeps getting bigger. If you're going to put it to the student body, then do it by a few and which cannot tolerate defiance. (Recall a statement by Strandness early last week. "At the multiversity there is a tendency for the institution to fly apart. What do you do to keep things from flying apart?"

To cast the rebels out will not resolve the conflict—it will intensify it. The constructive, creative way to handle the challenging younger generation is to take it seriously, to consider it, tolerate it, and work with it in any way possible.

The damage has been done in the ATL department, however. It has been suggested to me that there is growing disillusionment within the ranks. However scrupulous and sincere the committee was in its deliberations, it made an unwise decision. It offended a generation deeply involved in a romantic rebellion that has seethed too long and inspired too many to be disdained.
Unable to overcome their distaste for objectively and whimper back home.

The students could only smile apologetically down what seemed to be falling apart, a society which seemed to be failing in the most basic way: it be failing in the most basic way: it was becoming unbearable.

By ARNOLD E. STRASSER

Late in 1964, Mario Savio spoke what seemed to be the message of a new student generation: "After a long period of apathy during the '50's students have begun not only to question, but having arrived at answers. In the course of the war, in the course of Negro injustice, in the course of the technological monster. They were equipped with the "answers" as a new generation were never as self limited them; their lack of an ideology limited them; their distrust of organization, leadership and politics limited them. Before developing a political movement, the new generation was bound by the paradox of its position: fighting a white, middle-class-dominated society of which the generation was a part and to which it owed its existence, individual experience, individual love and still love justice. But activism has lost its meaning in the American society while fighting an anarchistic distrust of organization. The activist students of the mid-'60's found themselves faced with all the frightening dilemmas of their age. After the first excitement of involvement, students were faced with the enormity of the problems of mass society and the attempt to bring about change in such a society. The war, power, poverty, property, the only surface features of an American society which for all its activity was falling apart, a society which roared into limitless space when the individual reflection of the dilemma of man in the twentieth century. The involved students of the short-lived new generation were never as self limited as many supposed nor were they equipped with the "answers" assumed in Savio's rhetoric. They were faced with the colossal task of their own position as the Berkeley police or the racist or the juggage group or the failure of involvement on any large scale seems a dead issue.

In the '60's student activities were never able to delineate in their own minds between new radical solutions for a better world. Black Power advocates have relieved the student of the dilemma, but the solution as much as the name revolved around their own position as by the Berkeley police or the racist or the juggage group or the failure of involvement on any large scale seems a dead issue.

The energetic anti-war demonstration of the winter and spring of 1965 became, by 1965, hollow meetings attended more out of tradition than hopes for change. The evolution reflected the frustration of repeated failure. Government policy had no effect on the protesters' petitions, marches and sit-ins hardly answered and justice was not immediately restored. Unable to overcome their distaste for violence, wearied by the endless talk of organizational meetings and frustrated by the results, the students turned away in disgust, muttering anti-Johnson chants. Today, students still question their society, in a very basic and bitter way. But activism has lost its meaning, and is being replaced by a stream of individual experience, personal sensation. Students now search for some meaning outside of a society from which they feel deeply alienated. In drugs, or the Underground Press they turn their back on the system; and hope by thus to find man's place in mass society. Activism did not bring about change for did it satisfy these deeper problems. Where then does one turn when faced with these problems, isn't the only way to find oneself through every means available and to reject the system through non-participation.

The problem of this approach is that the system goes on. In rejecting society, centralizing, with impossible complicated lines of responsibility. The hopes for change become more difficult as the system assumes a momentum of its own. The student is thus caught in the dilemma of the twentieth century--and the enemy doesn't know the meaning of the word.

The position of today's student is a reflection of the dilemma of man in the contemporary society and the temptation is to reject the system through non-participation? The activist students of the mid-'60's did question it and attempted to organize for change. By the fall of 1966, organizing has faltered and yet another new generation seems in the making. Today, students still question their society, in a very basic and bitter way. But activism has lost its meaning, and is being replaced by a stream of individual experience, personal sensation. Students now search for some meaning outside of a society from which they feel deeply alienated. In drugs, or the Underground Press they turn their back on the system; and hope by thus to find man's place in mass society. Activism did not bring about change for did it satisfy these deeper problems. Where then does one turn when faced with these problems, isn't the only way to find oneself through every means available and to reject the system through non-participation?

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Dear PAPER Reader--

In writing the following article I am taking the risk of being relatively unimaginative in a publication which aspires to a creative new approach to M.M. But....

East Lansing merchants are generally very reluctant to openly admit their dependence on the MSU community for their existence. On the contrary, the Chamber of Commerce, alias City Council, obviously agrees in the secrecy of its chambers that if students can afford college, a priori, they are rich. Of course, price fixing per se is difficult to prove, especially because the "council" has a remarkable record in this area. According to one source, Lansing has never had a gasoline price war. Interestingly, last month all major brand gas stations "just happened" to raise gas prices in unison. Coincidence.

One argument suggests that gas costs more to transport "all the way up here." That particular argument is ludicrous. Look: gas (Standard Oil, high test, with stamps) cost: 33.9 cents in Detroit and 39.9 cents here. That means that it costs about $2,000 to drive just one truckful a mere 90 miles. You can see that these profiteers are skimming rather large profits at our expense, which is precisely why I don't feed my car in East Lansing.

Let me cite an example of typical unfrailness. Two weeks ago I took two cases of empty Coke bottles to Fedwa's Mobil on South Harrison. The cretin who waited on me said, "I'm not going to take those bottles back, I know there have been a lot of bottles stolen lately." Then he put the cases back in my car and walked away.

THE PAPER feels that it can be of positive help to students and faculty by providing this column, where it is hoped that you, the reader, will offer the experiences both good and bad that you have had with Lansing and hope that they will serve as a basis for all to share with others, please call 351-7375, or write to Diel, Box 68, East Lansing.

(You may be interested to know that there is a very interesting article on the subject and the individual self, Juanita by Allen Ginsberg in this month's Atlantic magazine.)

DEHL