1. The Compact and Settlement

Before I begin, let me say that we were also disappointed that it's taken us until now to make up our minds about the ATL firings. For the last two weeks we have run articles by Char Jolles discussing the firings of W. Gary Groat, J. Kenneth Lawless and Robert S. Fogarty. The first article appeared, in terms of our weekly deadlines, almost immediately after the firings became public, although in the same time period Andy Mallison of the State News managed to get in several excellent analytical articles on the basis of his daily deadlines. We looked a little silly, being out-liberaled by the State News, but we tried to make up for it last week by taking a stronger stand from a better reasoned perspective, as we could do using an extra week's time and inquiry, and in light of the consistently excellent coverage in the State News. We didn't have to report, so we (that is, Char) commented from as much perspective as our deadlines allowed. But the situation was not at all self-explanatory; a theory explaining to pertinent people. Apparently sensing that this process was going on, Gary Jolles approached us last week and in effect challenged us to look at the firings from a conspiracy theory point of view and then to remain impartial. He provided lots of facts we hadn't been made aware of to support his ideas, and convinced us sufficiently to get us looking deeper into the firings and their background. In the inner workings of the Department of American Thought and Language, it almost seems we needn't have bothered investigating. There is a growing group of persons informed about the realities of the situation, all of whom seem to agree on a series of possible explanations and on an accumulation of facts to support the various theories. This seems to include nearly the whole ATL Department, the AASP, the students who are pressuring the issue, and, embarrassingly, all the major publications on campus (embarrassingly because we seem to have been the last ones to know).

What I will attempt to do here is to synthesize as much as I can of the various positions which have grown out of the consensus of facts agreed upon by these persons and groups, and to relate my own experiences in investigating the situation and then to offer the suggestions, recommendations and condemnations I feel must arise out of the ATL firings' aftermath.

2. The Wonders of the Invisible World

First, the conspiracy theory—that is, an explanation of the firings in terms of a purge of Groat and Lawless for their connections to Zeitgeist, seeing Fogarty as a sacrifice to decorum or something. I don't believe it, at least not that simply, but I can see why Groat and Lawless and the Zeitgeist crowd would, and I think their perspective is helpful. Their perspective leads us to scrutinize the situation in terms of an all-too-common pattern around here: something happens that shakes things up, someone either high or low in the administration gets upset or is pressured, through a series of whispered suggestions and hints someone high up authorizes someone down low to take action, someone who has shaken things up gets screwed, and the fight begins. Until CSR or the ACLU or Mike Price or Mike Kindman comes out with an argument that's so convincing that the administration decides it didn't really mean it after all.

Is this what happened here? We can believe so if we look at the following: Zeitgeist has been publishing for a year, relatively quietly last year despite its consistent use of evil words, but that was the year of Schiff and THE PAPER and harassment of Zeitgeist was soft-pedaled, until... It was Ken Lawless's story "Rec­ords" in the summer issue that set off the controversy that got Zeitgeist kicked out of East Lansing and removed temporarily from news­stands on and off campus and got the Mothers Against Degeneracy, whatever they are, after Zeitgeist's ass by way of the East Lansing-MSU power structure. The ATL Depart­ment, finally fed up with the boat­rockers in its ranks, looked for an excuse to can them, found it in intra­departmental insincerity, and did so, throwing in Fogarty as a character­istically clumsy attempt at a cover­up.

That's the conspiracy theory. What contradicts it? Rather a lot, I think, although its premises will come in handy in a moment.

Second, the conflict within the ATL Department between the traditional­ists and the dissenters. This is pretty basic, and we should be grateful for Char for pointing it out last week because no one else seems to have had the nerve to say it.

Char's thesis last week was that it was not a witch hunt within the department, but rather the inevitable result of an old established ruling class facing the brashness and, in most cases, greater professional qualifications of a group of young­ters, represented by Groat, Lawless AND Fogarty. Let's look at that. The ATL Department is run, in terms of chairmanship and committee structure, by a group of long­tenured professors who have been around since long before Communications Skills was renamed ATL and was required to teach American History and literature rather than simply freshman composition. It was a little over five years ago that the change came and a lot of new people were hired to teach the new subject matter, and a little less than five years ago that something else happened: the department was faced with doubling the size of its faculty to meet the baby boom's arrival. This explains the presence of not two but three generations within the department, as one faculty member explained it to me, and explains why Fogarty, particularly was vulnerable. Ah-hah.

Strandness became chairman just under five years ago (his five-year appointment is about to run out)—use that fact for as much as you like; personally, I feel that represents the accommodation of the old Com Skills crowd of full professors with the then recently-hired middle generation of establishment American history and lit specialists. These are the two groups which together run the department (the democratic­ally elected advisory committee which recommended the firings is evenly divided between these two groups). They are different, but they get along.

continued on page 4.
LETTER

Truth And Friction

To the Editor:

So far as we know, no one holds a monopoly of absolute truth. Perhaps, truth isn't even absolute. Perhaps, it is a thing continually changing to which we must frequently readjust ourselves. In any case, the nature of truth seems debatable, at least until someone demonstrates that he has all the answers.

Until that time, it would seem that the appropriate role of the university would be to facilitate the search for truth, i.e., to attempt to teach the citizen the methods and attitudes most appropriate to the search and not to train the citizen to blindly accept irrelevant dogma that so often passes for truth. Mental maturity would be a way of growing, not an end to growth reached at an arbitrary age.

In pursuing an education, all the possibilities for "the true" and "the right" would have to be considered. Therefore dissent would have to be not only tolerated but encouraged for fear that what is "true" or "right" would be overlooked or left unanswered.

Instrumental in the search would be the instructor, the institutionalized dissenter, the man with the questions, not the answers. The only ground for his dismissal would be incompetence, the inability to facilitate the asking of questions.

If the three instructors, Great, Lawless and Fogarty, are being dismissed for alleged incompetence, there are many who would dispute this decision. If, however, they are being dismissed for reasons other than incompetence, then we consider this decision to be disgustingly arbitrary and destructive to a meaningful university... unless, of course, our administration knows the absolute truth. In such case, "Where are they hiding it?"

Gary Sawatzki
John Dennis
Robert Stern
Fred Gottschalk
Christopher A. Tsiorbas

Correction

The name plate on last week's issue should have read "let THE PAPER be your guide," not "THE PAPER be your guide," as was ungrammatically stated. What happened was, the word "let" fell off our pasted-up pages somewhere between here and the printer. We thought it was pretty funny, anyway.

Apology

The other thing that went wrong last week was that it snowed just as the pages were supposed to be speeding their way through the night to our mysterious underground printing plant in a cave under a snow-capped mountain. Too bad. THE PAPER came out Friday instead of Thursday, but it did come out. We thought that was pretty funny, too.
Compiled by Richard Lipsey

The value of reversibility, in particular, is one that should be impressive to very large segments of the population: not only to those prosperous industrialized democracies that can associate massive resources with freedom and thus find additional reasons to treasure it. The choice of totalitarianism, in the modern world, once made in any country, has been found to be virtually irreversible. The advanced technology of repression... is so persuasive that one that realistically recognizes it has become almost imperious to destroy an established totalitarian regime except by external war; once consolidated, the control will endure, at least for many years, perhaps for centuries, until perhaps its zeal and respressiveness mellow from within.

"A country cannot experiment in choosing totalitarianism. The choice once made, whether by internal revolution or civil war, or revolt, or coup d'état, will almost certainly not be reversed...

"Free-world peoples who differ on nearly everything else by the very nature of their pluralism may perhaps be persuaded that it remains impossible to avoid any irreversible choice among political regimes—that their existing freedom of choice as groups and governments, however small or large, it may be, should not be used to favor totalitarianism... If ever subordinated to Communists on the bare possibility that their tyranny would be mild, is not an option likely to be recovered if it turns out to be oppressive... So in proportion as the chance of preserving freedom, which still enabling the vast majority of mankind to survive physically, is judged feasible for peace or worse, more and more of those whose attachment to freedom is not only zealously maintained, but whose choice of submitting to Communism on the ground that it will not be oppressive...

H. B. Westerfield, the instruments of America's foreign policy, introductions.

"In the love commandment, (as Relthhold Niebuhr long ago pointed out) the struggle for justice has a prior claim to the struggle for peace... For the triumph of an unjust cause means the destruction of all of us... If the Vietminh as opponents of French colonialism, while not the rule, and that country may prove the determining factor in the destiny of all of us, the Vietminh... Rupert Emerson (Professor of Government, Harvard University), in the preface to struggle for Indochina, by Ellen Hamner.

"For Viet Nam the only alternative to chaos is a position in Southeast Asia, not as a satellite of China, nor as an American protectorate but as a fully independent nation endowed with democratic institutions."

Ellen Hamner, STRUGGLE FOR INDOCHINA, p. 323.

"The Americans, indeed, were themselves in a position to frustrate North Vietnamese ambitions indefinitively, while retaining the power, at any moment, of putting North Viet Nam out of action militarily. The most logical outcome of the prolonged crisis in South Viet Nam thus seems to be—not the Pax Sinica or Pax Gallica proposed by De Gaulle, but a Pax Americans, with South Viet Nam's independence guaranteed for as long as may be necessary by an American military presence and with North Viet Nam made to realize that there is no future in subversion. Indeed, if this realization does dawn in Hanoi, there is no reason at all why North and South Viet Nam should not co-exist peacefully and enter into normal trade arrangements under which the North would at least gain (legitimate) access to the South's rice.

"The only alternative to a permanent American presence in Viet Nam that would help to preserve peace would be the total democratization of the country, North and South."

John Mecklin, MISSION IN TORMENT, p. 53.

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3. Upon a Spider

Catching a Fly

ATL professors, including untenured instructors, are not very good about making appointments. Therefore, I found no one home when I walked the department corridor two afternoons this week. Donald, the desk person, told me that they were out-of-town for the weekend. He has bookshelves packed with American literature and history, and humor, and has departmental procedures written and arranged in the remaining office. He read and signed his letters by hand if at all possible.

He was reading and answering a letter, and at one point he got up to get a file from a cabinet in the next office. I went to the other side of the room to talk about the proposals. He seemed almost embarrassed.

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He was reading and answering a letter, and at one point he got up to get a file from a cabinet in the next office. I went to the other side of the room to talk about the proposals. He seemed almost embarrassed.
Strandness made a few comments on what he was doing, and then, as if he recognized me, began telling me what a problem we have on THE PAPER being in the hands of the students. This kind of ambiguity one encounters in any situation based on principle when one is trying to act.

I agreed, and took a few notes in the margins of my piece of paper on which I had made my list. I liked the way he put things, but was anxious to get on with it. Instead, Strandness went on to talk about the integrity and good faith of all who participate in the decision involved.*

The scene shifts. Down the hall from 229 Bessey, where Strandness hangs out, to 276 Bessey, where Dean Edward A. Carlin of University College, who's supposed to make a member of the academic community to render an opinion or a judgment in the area of his competence without fear of reprisal.

"What Advisory Committee in America"...?" Carlin's role in this affair has been interesting, somewhat reminiscent of Strandness' ironic awareness of the vast majority of the teachers the right to disagree, and he admits due process was followed in the name of academic freedom when one has to defend oneself to the patience and the pedagogy to bring this thing off, it's a real triumph," he said, too saddened by his separation of this achievement from himself to react with more than a polite smile to his implied praise of me.

Ben Strandness has a highly developed sense of irony and of the humor present in all human situations. We talked about this, and he said, "I have to admit the irony awareness possessed by most writers and all humorists. He made free use of allegory and metaphor. He always does, and laughs at himself for doing so—and mentioned Thoreau, Emerson and Whitman—another habit—habitual ironic awareness.

But "it's not only Moby Dick that's ironic, it's your life and my life and everyone's life and everyone understands, or could, except perhaps give a rhetorical shrug. Strandness added that irony depends itself in more than just language, it grows out of the way we live. Strandness said the statement of the American Association of University Professors that had been released the night before made him once again aware of irony, "I just laughed when I saw it," he said, because he knew the results of this. The AAUP had recommended procedures for reviewing non-tenured appointments for reasons of performance or poor tenure status for those who for whom might not deserve it. It was like poring on a well-going automobile engine.

I suggested that perhaps the sand had been pulled on the AAUP's decision. "I would give it more variety of texture. He said that was probably true, but that was the problem of splitting 75 miles west of Salt Lake City. My notes reveal this discussion to be on any of the subjects I had listed while I was waiting—that is, the state of rhetoric in the journalism department, and how the firings and the Zeitgeist question related.

I was more interested about the problem of insuring the rights of the individual within a social structure that is patently incompetent. All of this done in the name of academic freedom integrity of its advisory committee and to cast suspicion on the department, to cast suspicion on the reasons may be the reasons for firing, as Strandness made a few comments and his sporadic ability to point to specific passages or inconsistencies require myself to be able to point to specific passages or inconsistencies of excellence and THE PAPER and I saw what he was doing. He said that it had been a poor fortune to hang out, to 276 Bessey, where Dean Edward A. Carlin Of University College, who's supposed to make a member of the academic community to render an opinion or a judgment in the area of his competence without fear of reprisal.

"What Advisory Committee in America"

The AAUP report wasn't a recommendation regarding the ATL syllabus at San Jose State University College, it wasn't a superman situation, and all humorists. He made free use of allegory and metaphor. He always does, and laughs at himself for doing so—and mentioned Thoreau, Emerson and Whitman—another habit—habitual ironic awareness. Strandness added that irony depends itself in more than just language, it grows out of the way we live.

Carlin thinks he is running a closed department, and how the firings and the Zeitgeist question related.

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The AAUP was simply recommending that a number of bases for the firings; remember, no reasons have been given for the firings, to the AAUP or anyone else. The AAUP was simply recommending that reason exist in this case and that those reasons then be discussed in the proper fashion, and if the AAUP can't do that then the problems can be avoided in the future. That's not ATL or academics which is used by the botanists and ag engineers to have a greater grasp of its implications for the University College, who's supposed to be teaching about the subject.

Carlin tells me how much he's interested in the routine personnel actions in the Department of American Thought and Language. He quoted Jack London, as saying (or did he just have a character say?) in the midst of a near-fatal ocean adventure: "It is a very interesting experience."

Strandness sat down and we talked for a while. He said, "I don't think it's true that good our talk had been, saying in fact behind our words how similar our approaches are despite our congruent ideals, and how inevitable was the present clash between us, despite our respect for each other. We spoke of THE PAPER as instant history, and he used as other examples of instant history Boswell's life of Johnson and John Stuart Mill. He recognized that my hypothesis was that the talk we had just had, I didn't tell him I was all but prepared to change my opinion, or that it pleases him that I was prepared.

Strandness then told me he had only a few minutes to talk before he had to go, and he stood up to go out to talk to his secretary. I told him how much I had enjoyed talking with him, and I added that it was the most interesting experience and I left.

4 Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God

The scene shifts. Down the hall from 229 Bessey, where Strandness hangs out, to 276 Bessey, where Dean Edward A. Carlin of University College has been receiving visitors for the past few weeks.

I suggested to him that we had been discussing the deadly sin of internal inconsistency. Strandness made a few comments on what he was doing, and then, as if he recognized me, began telling me what a problem we have on THE PAPER being in the hands of the students. This kind of ambiguity one encounters in any situation based on principle when one is trying to act.

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Movies and related matters have piled up hopelessly this week. If it weren't so consistent with my lifestyle, I'd wonder how the hell I got so far behind. The old treadmill of oblivion has been running full-speed, among the things that have piled up are something from Doug Lackey, concerning "The Shop on Main Street" and "The Gospel According to Matty." Due to circumstances within my control, they'll stay piled up for another week.

LE BONHEUR

Strange, strange film, in no sense realistic, Agnes Varda is clearly a serious artist, and she has made a work of old, disturbing allegation. It rather reminds me of "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg"—everything looking real but artificially perfect, done in bright colors, with people and scenery and furniture looking fresh and glossy and much nicer than reality. It's the sort of world that people in TV commercials live in, but poeticized.

An English critic characterized the film as "life in the Sunday supplements," and the life depicted in it has as much relation to real life as those gorgeous foot-high cakes you see on television have to what you get when YOU try to make one.

For example: the protagonist is supposed to be a carpenter, but when we see him at work he looks more like a boy behind an electric saw, through sawdust gawing like stars, his smock open, and the whole scene looks like fun, like play; another time, we see him working on a board painted fire-engine red. I don't know, but I'd guess that a real carpenter's work involves a certain amount of sweat, strain, and tedium. I'm sure there are carpenters who really enjoy their work, but then you can sometimes make pretty good Pillsbury cakes, too.

The difference remains.

The film is a collection of scenes from the life of a Frenchman with a wife and two children. The first twenty minutes or so nothing happens—nothing, we're sure there are random things floating around him, and the way the whole scene looks like fun, like play, another time, we see him working on a board painted fire-engine red. I don't know, but I'd guess that a real carpenter's work involves a certain amount of sweat, strain, and tedium. I'm sure there are carpenters who really enjoy their work, but then you can sometimes make pretty good Pillsbury cakes, too. The same difference remains.

The film is a collection of scenes from the life of a Frenchman with a wife and two children. The first twenty minutes or so nothing happens—nothing, we're sure there are random things floating around him, and the way he's been faking, The film ends with our hero, his conscience finally clean, engineering a sticky reconciliation with the wife. I've changed my mind about six times since I started writing this, but for how I leave it at that.

THE FORTUNE COOKIE

In Billy Wilder's latest film Walter Matthau plays a con man, a flip, fast-talking, chiseler willing to corrupt anybody to get ahead. Matthau has been playing minor roles too long, and he gives the film his first starring part, everything he has, which is a lot. When he's on screen, the film is usually funny, always alive.

"The Fortune Cookie" is a perfectly awful piece of art and morality. Yes, morally, it's about this guy (Jack Lemmon) who's injured by a football player during a pro game and then persuaded (by Matthau) to pretend he's been paralyzed. (You can see the logic.) The films are already getting really dishonest, but he thinks he'll get his ex-wife back if he gets rich. So he goes along with it.

Meanwhile the football player feels lousy, comes around to help the guy he thinks he's paralyzed, and lets his football career go to hell. Which makes the guy feel really bad, even when his ex-wife shows up. Jack Lemmon obviously couldn't go all the way through with it; all that happens in the movie is that he goes almost all the way through with it. When the detective who's been watching him through a night with his wife, too, calls the football player (a Negro) a "coon," Lemmon slugs him and deliberately reveals that the public couldn't take its cynicism straight, would want to release that the man is a honest after all. As it is, a good half the picture is wasted in dreary, repetitious pseudo-moralizing, which only has the effect of making Matthau and the swindle seem more repellent (when they ought to be good, malicious fun), because they're set in a clumsy moralistic context that we clear nobody believes in any way.

The super-explicit moralizing of this picture is years and years out of date. In 1966 such elaborate, hypocritical elevation to traditional morality is easily seen for the shabby, have-it-boths gimmick it is.

OTHERS

Harold Lloyd's "Funny Side of Life" was hurtlessness with music and a relentless, patronizing narration, but was amusing enough to be worth the effort. I'm not a special fan of silent-screen comedy, which is for the most part—let's face it—all THAT funny.

"Alvarez Kelly" was a hideous western, with one good scene (a battle at a bridge) and one bad scene (a death). Among the things that have piled up is a matter on which I have long since stopped being at-tacked, usually pleases nobody, because it's simply a very ordinary picture, made by some very ordinary people.

"Wild Strawberries" November 19

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"Alvarez Kelly" was a hideous western, with one good scene (a battle at a bridge) and one bad scene (a death). Among the things that have piled up is a matter on which I have long since stopped being at-tacked, usually pleases nobody, because it's simply a very ordinary picture, made by some very ordinary people.

"Wild Strawberries" November 19

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"Wild Strawberries" November 19

continued on next.
ATL 5. Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion

continued from page 3

Don't university instructors have rights, too? Don't these three guys deserve to know what they've done so wrong, why they are being purged, who it was that voted against them? Didn't they deserve to know more than a few months before the termination of their contracts that they were to be let go? (Remember, the department didn't plan to tell them until December 15; it's by accident that I'm able to write this now.) University instruction is a way of life for most people who get into it, and it is not inconceivable that an unplanned firing can ruin someone for a long time, can throw off his educational progress and his ability to find a new job more than he deserves, even if he is as ornery as Lawless' reputation would have him be. Just because the AAUP doesn't yet demand it is no reason to deny some semblance of academic freedom to a non-tenured instructor.

THE PAPER endorses the attempts being made to organize protest against the firings of the instructors, whether it is technically possible to reverse the firings or not. We will probably not agree fully with the platform to be adopted by the Ad Hoc Committee on Academic Freedom (it was formed for this occasion, and is meeting in Room 31 Union at 7 p.m., Thursday, November 10). We may or may not agree with any specific tactics they indulge in (they're talking about a vigil or other direct action), although our opposition would be on strategic rather than principled grounds. We may or may not like the next Zeitgeist and we may or may not think Allen Ginsberg is a great poet, but we can't sit back and pretend that this was a routine decision made in a routine way, and we can't condone anyone else's sitting back. Somewhere there must be a concern for real quality and real creativity in university education, and somewhere there must be some attention paid to the morality of university situations. That concern and that morality clearly do not include Carlin's self-righteousness or the committee's closed-mindedness, and only begin to embrace Strandness' genuine fear that if things went on the way they were going the department might fall apart.

The morality of university education has got to include anti-heroes and dirty words and open competition for men's minds (including students') and principled stands and progressive AND human teaching and courage to admit errors—or we might as well all crawl back into our holes and be administrators.
I just had an idea for the world’s first underground spectator, and I want to get it right. Also, I hope to interest Andy Warhol, Joseph E. Levine, or someone.

The movie is called “The Monster Who Ate the World’s Culture.” The opening scene takes place on the planet Philistia, which has no culture. It is inhabited by a race of giant sphinxes with gazes as blank and pitiless as the sun. They spend their time attending Robert Service fests.

In the opening exchange of dialogue (dubbed), it comes out that one of the sphinxes, a fellow named Georgie, intends to go to earth. A pair of gloom (played by Paul Anka) descends.

The sphinxes know that even at the speed of light it will take two hundred years for spaceship to reach earth, and they can picture the ineradicable boredom of watching Andy Warhol’s film version of the trip.

The monster lands in Japan, naturally, where he eats classical Japanese culture (陈述语态, not played by Akito Kurosawa and Tashiro Mifune). It must be admitted that the monster’s lack of emotion, its pitilessness, is something to be admired.

The final scene of Part I shows a vast wasteland, in which the monster is walking. He is followed by a stagecoach, in which he is calmly eating his way through the back files of Cahiers du Cinema.

The monster then swims to Manhattan, where he eats Lila Pia and Teng-Hsiao-p’ing, in their first starring roles as, respectively, the poetry and the prose of the language. He then slouches off to Moscow, where he eats the Bolshoi Ballet (as itself), and then slouches off to Paris, where he eats all the French literature (notably Balzac, Flaubert, and Proust, but also Alain Robbe-Grillet). Georges Simenon writes two more novels while the monster is within sight of Paris and is awarded the César de Guerre.

The monster finally attacks, and there is a riot of weird special effects, the most startling of which is easily the devouring, and the subsequent spewing up, of Lincoln Center. In New Orleans, Judge Donald (Burgess Meredith)--all are killed and eaten, along with their pets and cars and correspondence. For the next half hour, the monster stalks across America, eating invaders. The final scene shows Henry Miller (Roger Corman) standing on the beach at Big Sur and muttering something about there being Some Things a Man Simply Beyond Man’s Comprehension.

Next week, if I’m in the mood: “The Monster Who Ate the World’s Massacre.”

**The Monster Who Ate the World’s Culture**

**NOTE:** The monster’s march through the movie world is reminiscent of the fine production of W, H. Auden’s “The Leaves Are Faded,” but it was consistently, absolutely wrong for this play, all high spirits and sweetness and sentimentality.

**The play is as (Robert Brustein put it) a “savage clown show which uses the devices of farce, vaudeville, Expressionism, and cabaret theatre to demonstrate the total insignificance of the individual personality in the modern world.” It is also (Brustein again) “Unfeigned, repetitive, and some of the acting is not. The production managed most of the time to carry off the “savage clown show” required— with gaudy, per­

terish colors and costumes and sharply caricatured performances, a loose, freewheeling joke of a show,” I have to draw the line there. By and large a waste of time, I wouldn’t have expected it to, and the play won up.

**A MAN’S A MAN**

To drop movies for a minute, I ought to say something about the latest Arena Theatre production, I’m not really qualified to judge it, because I generally loathe Brecht and did everything short of actually staying away to avoid this production.

The play, granted, should have been over.

The end or especially (when the play, granted, should have been over)

**Monday November 14**

1:00 p.m. — Musical, “Oh Captain.”

7:00 p.m. — “Listener’s Choice,” classics by request till 9 p.m., with Ken Bresson. Note: We have in our possession scores of music by Bach, Carl Nielsen, and others.

**Tuesday November 15**

1:00 p.m. — Two musicals, “High Button Shoes” and “Sing Out Sweet Land.”

8:30 p.m. — The Chicago Symphony Orchestra in Concert, with guest conductor Seiji Ozawa and piano soloist Van Cliburn, Music by Schumann (“Rhenish” Symphony), Tchaikovsky (“Pathétique”), and Massenet (Hymne Funebre). The program features compositions by Massenet, Grofe, Bizet, Brahms, Kayser, Chausson, and others.

11:00 p.m. — “Down Jazz in Review,” Bud Spangler and Ron English, music by the Chad Johnson—Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra.

**Wednesday November 16**

1:00 p.m. — Musical, “Three Penny Opera” with the New York cast starring Jo Anne Worley.

8:00 p.m. — “PM Theater” — “AguanOOSE,” the first part of the Latin American Trilogy by Anchieta.

11:00 p.m. — “New Jazz in Review,” Bud Spangler and Ron English, music by the Chad Johnson—Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra.

**Thursday November 10**

6:30 a.m. — “The Morning Program,” classical music, news department. (Monday through Friday)

8:00 a.m. — News, with Lowell Newton, (Monday through Friday)

6:15 a.m. — News, with Steve Meuche, (Monday through Friday)

6:50 a.m. — “News 60,” a full hour news show, prepared by the WKAR FM news department. (Monday through Friday)

5:00 p.m. — “A Merry Christmas”, with Bud Spangler, (Monday through Friday)

11:45 a.m. — “Recent Acquisitions,” Gilbert Hansen and Ken Beachker listen to and talk about new recordings of music by Bach, Carl Nielsen, and others.

**Monday November 14**

1:15 p.m. — Football, MSU vs Indiana. After the football game, the football players will be shown at the bowling alley.

7:00 p.m. — “Listener’s Choice,” classics by request till 9 p.m., with Ken Bresson.

11:00 p.m. — “New Jazz in Review,” Bud Spangler and Ron English, music by the Chad Johnson—Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra.

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What's In A Game?

By DALE WALKER

Many of those who watched the spectacle at Spartan Stadium last Saturday were under the impression that they were attending a football game. To me it was something else, a kind of morality play, perhaps (with a cast of thousands).

The day was cold, but this did not blunt the enthusiasm of the truly dedicated who filed through slow-moving lines to reach their seats. The air was alive with voices excited beyond the telling. (If you, too, would like to know "Does Dick Kenney still kick barefoot with a leather thong?" the answer is yes.)

Inside the stadium the roar was much more. The music and ceremony with which the thousands sang tribute to Their Country, Their School and Their halftime multiplicity. Again, it seemed like it would be something more than a football game. On my field, 22 future leaders in top physical condition modeled the weird but colorful garb which always make them appear something more (or less) than human. This might have been enough in itself for a small child or a newcomer to the sport. But the experienced fan requires more. Take 22 superb examples of young manhood, line them up six deep, eleven at a time, eleven at the other. Aim them carefully at each other. It is the American military.

Now that's REAL excitement! Kind of a human demolition derby. They tense. They charge. They collide with bone-crunching force. They collapse. Casualties are carted away, and the violence (except probably uncontrollable violence).

"Sure they yell "KILL!" Sure they yell "KILL!" But this game is different than most. These articles of mass witt may be written off as whimsy, but to me they are a glimpse into the infinite potentials of man. They are seldom actualized in such sporting events, but if one could sell the alives to 100 people, I think we'd get killed in an argument during a soccer game."

What about the catharsis argument— that events like this merely outlet for pent-up aggression? It does not convince me. Some time during the second period snow-balls began flying. Only a hit first, then more. Pretty soon it built up into a frenzy. The fun-lovers shushed at the anonymity which Spartan Stadium dispenses. The ticket, began to single out anyone who was conspicuous. They aimed at the police. They bombarded the bell-ringers. Even the people walking down the aisles who single out, anyone different or conspicuous, I asked myself how far it is from "Let's get the out of the heard?" to "Kill the pig, kill the pig?" The principles of mass judgment are common to the collective unconscious for all to see.

If the events during the game were revealing of human nature, the halftime ceremonies were almost equally so. A student body representing 100 of the hundreds of students who worked for hours shoveling snow out of the stadium. This showed what REALLY could be accomplished by a group of dedicated people.

Then the Spartan Marching Band took over, showing inventiveness and discipline. Not only was it posedly, but not straying far from the beat of the mass pulse. Almost half an hour of musical program consisted of arrangements of the songs from well-known commercial. This showed what it is to the hundreds of students who worked for hours shoveling snow out of the stadium.

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Then the Spartan Marching Band took over, showing inventiveness and discipline. Not only was it posedly, but never straying far from the beat of the mass pulse. Almost half an hour of musical program consisted of arrangements of the songs from well-known commercial. This showed what REALLY could be accomplished by a group. Like in the case of Lawrence Welk for some people. But here I am rather reluctant to place the blame of the music. The interpretation seems to have that spark which distinguishes a good performance from a competent one (Miss Armeling was on a higher level altogether). In the second half I was much happier. The Beethoven Sonata no. 27 for Violin and Piano is perhaps my favorite of the ten, so I at least enjoyed that; however, the performance was still not quite what it could have been. The final number, Rhapsody, "Pampaseno" no. 1, for violin and piano, by A. Gisameter, was among the best I have heard. Mr. Locktenberg played the violin part from memory this is apparently one of his favorite pieces and it was done beautifully. They finished with a Ravel work as an encore which likewise has its popular aspects. The pieces imply that the "Duo" is really very good even though they did not show up well here.

Friday night, Ethel Armeling's recital had to compete with the New Chicago Symphony and I think it was more than a little stronger since it was quite nice from close range. The Boda work bored me and I put the blame on the composer. The Bach also bored me somewhat but here I am rather reluctant to place the blame on the music. The interpretation simply didn't have that spark which distinguishes a good performance from a competent one (Miss Armeling was on a higher level altogether).

The rest of the game continued without much enthusiasm. More points, More slogans, More injuries. More snowballs, More pent-up aggressions released. Always a rush of the huddled masses in the back of the head with snow-balls is all it takes to appease man's aggressive spirit and give some sort of thing "really serious" from happening later (so the catharsis theory would go). It is true that we won (if anybody's anger has to be vented it might as well be that of the Majority). One more thing, outgoing, through the crowd, I heard someone say that the game had been "Quite a show" "Really colorful!" I wonder what he meant.
concerning the initiatives and activities of the Vietnamese National Front (VNF), which in effect was a counter-part of the Laotian Communist Party. The VNF was formed to counter the communists and to assert the existence of a genuine nucleus of people's leaders, called the "party of the labor and working class," the so-called "working class, class," in which effect was a counter-part of the Lao Dong in the South. What Ho wanted to maintain was less the leadership than the continued existence of the Liberation Army of the People's Revolutionary Party (PFP) gave him the means better to control the workers. He had a genuine nucleus of people's leaders, military leaders, and commissars, and from this nucleus, he had a genuine nucleus of people's leaders, military leaders, and commissars, and from this nucleus, he could claim to represent the people's revolution. He could rally the people behind his party and his army.

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Old Realities
continued from page 10
possible charge against him, but it was only after the May 8 incident at Hue he admitted that he was also guilty of oppressing the Buddhists."
-
McClellan, p. 159.

"In the fall of 1963 the government of Ngo Dinh Diem was overthrown by a popular revolt headed by the army. Nothing that was done then demonstrated that the United States had ever understood what Diem stood for. If it has somehow done so, then the governments of a great many other countries have no such basis."

"The misconception that the 1954 Geneva Agreements bound South Viet Nam to be a neutral nation, yet in Viet Nam in 1956 has been created by Communist propagandists and is now widespread. Here is a recent consideration of a well-known and respected specialist in international law. (Professor Victor R. Einstein in Viet Nam, A Diplomatic Tragedy)."

"...there was no legal basis for forcing Hanoi to accept the document (of (South) Viet Nam. Since the Viet Nam Delegation had protested in Geneva to the terms of the document in a formal statement filed on July 21, 1954, it could certainly not be said that the U.S. or the Government consented or acquiesced in the plebiscite election held there."

"The same writer had the following to say of the Final Declaration of the 1954 Geneva Conference, which contained the clause concerning national elections in Viet Nam: "The Final Declaration is not a document binding on Viet Nam or any other party, and the other parties have no right to make judgments."

"We made too many divinations and executed too many honest people. We attacked on too large a front and, seeing enemies everywhere, resorted to terror, which became too widespread. While carrying out our land reform program we failed to respect the principles of freedom of faith and worship in many areas and,... regions inhabited by minority tribes we have attacked tribal chiefs too severely and, in doing so, have not shown respect, local customs and manners." Worse still, torture came to be regarded as a normal practice..."

"In the case of nations now divided against their will, we shall continue to seek peaceful reunification via free elections supervised by the United Nations to insure that they are conducted fairly."
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"...in the councils of the world we must reject the idea that a third-party action adverse to this, one of the youngest members of the families of nations, would have any influence on the Geneva Agreements of 1954. Neither the U.S., nor Free Viet Nam was a party to that agreement, and unity through free elections supervised by the United Nations to insure that they are conducted fairly."
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Crosier, p. 160.

"What particularly disturbs me is... the growth of part-time pacifism, or liberal isolationism. The Vietnams, who would, of course, Gang vector to a beleaguered Israel, suddenly shift gears when Asia is involved and start talking about the "inevitability of Chi­ nam domination" and the "immorality" of bombing North Viet Nam... Too, because we are opposed to war, we liberals start with the conclusion that war is unthinkable, convert it into a premise, and then into the desire to reassure ourselves—convert our opponents into genial pragmatists like ourselves... Whether we like the idea or not, the Red Chinese have been at war with us since 1950. The war has been going on for three years, and it has been lukewarm ever since. But it is war—the highest Chinese authorities have said so and we have no reason to doubt their sincerity... [(John F. Kennedy, June 1, 1956)]

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**The Religious Background of Last Spring's Riots**

**By DOUGLAS LACKEY**

There has been much contradictory speculation about the cause of last spring's riots, and I suppose it's about time that the truth got told. The best way of getting at it is the plain, historical method, tracing the thing to its bitter roots.

It all began, really, when President H. tripped a car making out, so to speak, on the front porch of Cowles House. This had never happened before, but the President was on his way to address a civil rights rally in East Lansing and had no time to investigate the situation. With the words "Boz off, buddy, it's crowded around here," ringing in his ears, he left, noting only the excessive dampness of the air and the vague mass of supine and sweating forms entangled on his front lawn. "Strange," he thought, "our computer has assigned fifteen cubic feet to every full-time student and cow in the college. Clearly, this is not a question of resources, but of administration." And he referred the matter to the Faculty Committee Against Student Affairs.

The committee held nine months of open hearings from which all students were expressly excluded. The resulting report noted that the red Cedar was almost unapproachable in the evenings, and that the pension along the banks was exceeded only by that of the ducks in the center. Lack of seclusion and cover were the chief problems, the committee declared, and something should be done. "We believe," said the chairman, "that every student has the right to his own bush."

Implementation of this right was referred to the computer, who reported that there were easily enough bushes for every couple on the campus. But, said the Dean, "with every right goes an accompanying responsibility. Since every male by rights has a bush, he also has the responsibility to use it." To secure these rights, the dean suggested that a second mathematical formula be applied to assign one and only one optical male student to each of the bushes. And it was so.

The faculty began objecting at this point. The formula, they said, neglects the differing qualities and interests of the students. "We are fine," said the professors' association, "but we would have them be democratic formulas." "There is no way to see what the trouble is," replied the administrators. "Every bush is alike in the dark." The matter referred to the computer, and a compromise was attained. Honors college students were assigned bushes near the library.

Although student opinion was mixed, the program proceeded apace. A major victory for implementation was reached when it was decided that all women would be locked out of the dormitories from midnight to seven a.m. "We locked 'em in, now we lock 'em out," hailed a female mother. "Our reasons are crystal clear." The deans of the colleges were sound of the program's success, for class enrollment and attendance were steeply rising. "Sleeping in class," said one attractive co-ed warily, "it's the only way one can find some rest."

But this rosy optimism was soon to fade. The men soon grew tired of their bushes, and the women soon tired of their men. An aura of moral decay spread across the fields, and bush traders and other undesirable activities abounded about the campus. The air was rife for revolution, but the left, which had at first thrown itself behind the policy with a passion, lay limply by. But the conscience of the women grew troubled, and moral re-armament was high.

"From out here," said Char Jolles one night, "it certainly looks somebody's getting screwed. And the multiversity tends to our bodies, but no one tends to our souls. What's the use of bushes and men if they won't let us in in the first place?" This is just one more case of dehumanization, of multiversity suppression of the inner aspects of spiritual life." Her friends agreed, and a cell was formed to spread the word. This was the first chapter of Mainadenes for Christ.

The crusade got off to a slow start. For though many felt called, few felt chosen: too many co-ed's were uneasy about their qualifications, but Char assured them that every student had assumed virtue if they had it not, though use had greatly changed the stamp of nature. Then the crusade spread like wildfire across the fields, meetings were held, resolutions stiffened, and a text of the program proceeded apace. A major victory for implementation was reached when it was decided that all women would be locked out of the dormitories from midnight to seven a.m. "We locked 'em in, now we lock 'em out," hailed a female mother. "Our reasons are crystal clear." The deans of the colleges were sound of the program's success, for class enrollment and attendance were steeply rising. "Sleeping in class," said one attractive co-ed warily, "it's the only way one can find some rest."

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"From out here," said Char Jolles one night, "it certainly looks somebody's getting screwed. And the multiversity tends to our bodies, but no one tends to our souls. What's the use of bushes and men if they won't let us in in the first place?" This is just one more case of dehumanization, of multiversity suppression of the inner aspects of spiritual life." Her friends agreed, and a cell was formed to spread the word. This was the first chapter of Mainadenes for Christ.

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