

## SDS Forms Anti-Draft Union to halt system Revisited or, Even the Best of Us Have Our Off Days

A subsidiary now being organized by the MSU chapter of SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) plans to "bring the system to a grinding halt by interfering as efficiently as possible with the formal functioning of the Selective Service System."

Michigan State News  
Friday, January 13, 1967

EAST LANSING--Students for a Democratic Society at Michigan State University will vote Wednesday to decide whether to attempt to form an "anti draft union."

Detroit Free Press  
Saturday, January 14, 1967

What a scoop! State News ace executive reporter Andy Mollison in a copyrighted front page story dated Friday, January 13, announced to the world that MSU-SDS was going to begin blocking buses, breaking up draft-exemption tests and harassing recruiters, the object being to "halt" the Selective Service System. The leftists were on the march again, he seemed to say, and the local news media gobbled up the juicy story hungrily.

But hold! What's this? According to the Detroit Free Press, in an article that appeared the next day, the local SDS chapter hadn't even voted on the anti-draft union proposal yet; a vote was not scheduled until four days later.

The questions: How did Mollison find out what the SDS decision would be? Did he poll the members? Did he consult the ouija board? Does he have a time machine? Or did he use some other method of determining what SDS would do even before SDS found out about it?

The not-so-obvious answers to these and other curious questions follow, as your friendly neighborhood underground newspaper presents:

### THE MYSTERY OF THE MISINFORMED MOLLISON, or How Andy Helped Organize the Anti-Draft Union

"1. SDS reaffirms its opposition to the U.S. government's immoral, illegal and genocidal war against the Vietnamese people in their struggle for self-determination.

"2. SDS reaffirms its opposition to conscription in any form.

"3. SDS recognizes that the draft is intimately connected with requirements of the economic system and foreign policy of the U.S.

"4. SDS opposes and will organize against any attempt to legitimize the Selective Service System by reforms. The proposals for a lottery or for compulsory national service would not change the purpose of the draft--to abduct young men to fight in aggressive wars.

"5. SDS believes that a sense of urgency must be developed that will

By MICHAEL KINDMAN  
and BRADFORD A. LANG

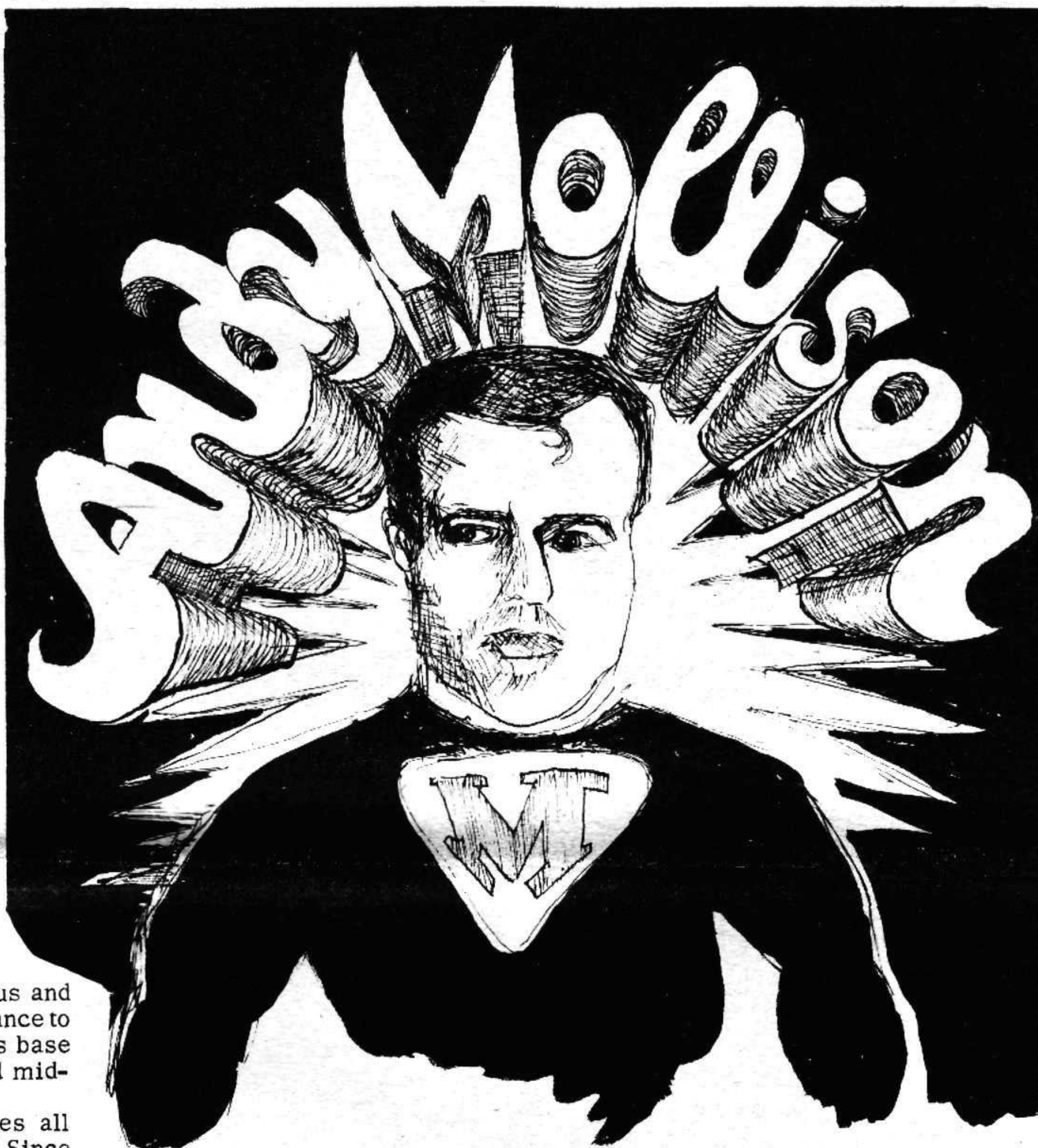
move people to leave the campus and organize a movement of resistance to the draft and the war, with its base in the poor, working class and middle class communities.

"6. SDS therefore encourages all young men to resist the draft. Since individual protest cannot develop the movement needed to end the draft and the war, SDS adopts the following program:

"SDS members will organize unions of draft resisters. The members of these unions will be united by the common principle that under no circumstances will they allow themselves to be drafted. The local unions will reach out to all young men of draft age by organizing in the high schools, universities and communities. Courses of action will include (a) direct action during pre-induction physicals and at the time of induction, (b) anti-draft and anti-war education among potential inductees and their families, (c) demonstrations centering on draft boards and recruiting stations, (d) encouraging young men already in the military to oppose the war, and (e) circulating petitions stating that the signer will refuse to serve in Vietnam or submit to conscription in any form. National SDS will coordinate the unions at a national and regional level.

"National SDS will assist all efforts to organize, within the armed forces, resistance to U.S.S. foreign policy. Toward this end we will publish a periodical newsletter and other literature directed at those already in the armed forces."

The above resolution was passed by the SDS National Council, meeting in Berkeley, California, on December 28. The local chapters were called upon--but not ordered--to organize local unions. Following its usual procedure, National SDS left the question



of actually organizing the local unions up to the individual SDS chapters. The National then passed along the text of the resolution to the regional offices for distribution to chapters. The locals will only be directly informed this week, through SDS' internal newsletter, New Left Notes.

The National Office, of course, planned to publicize the anti-draft union formation fully, but only when nationwide coordination had been developed. That process is not due to be completed for a month or more, SDS' assistant national secretary said Saturday.

That's as far as the formal organization of the unions had gone when, last Wednesday, January 11, George Fish, a member of MSU-SDS, wrote down his own private proposal for the implementation of the national resolution. He then gave it to Laimdota Mazzarins, chapter secretary, who typed up a mimeograph stencil and tacked it up on the outside of her apartment door, supposedly to be picked up by someone and run off for the chapter meeting to be held that night. It was not run off in time for the meeting, but was left on the door, to be run off and discussed later. Instead of attaching George's name to the manuscript, however, Laimdota signed it simply MSU-SDS, thinking it was a general organizational proposal. It was undoubtedly a forgivable mistake -- considering the rather loose nature of most SDS projects--but the die had nevertheless been cast.

### THE PLOT, ALAS, THICKENS

The long, green mimeograph stencil was hanging there on the door, begging to be read by some casual passerby. And who should happen along but a friend of Laimdota's housemate, who, naturally, stopped and read the harmless-looking missive. The housemate in question happens to be THE PAPER's own lovable Char Jolles, and the friend none other than Andrew Mollison, ace.

From here on in, the plot should be fairly obvious to anyone who has read both the draft resolution (above) and the State News story. The discrepancies are there for all to see. But there's a moral to this tale, and everybody knows you can't give a moral without telling a complete tale. So

### FOR LACK OF A BETTER CHAPTER TITLE: The Plot Thickens Further

Andy copied down some groovy phrases from George's rather militant proposal (like "bring the system to a grinding halt," and "the union cannot tolerate slackers") and --after consulting the Universal Military Training and Service Act, Col. Arthur Holmes, and back issues of his own newspaper, and apparently after satisfying himself by talking to some SDS people of the correctness



## EDITORIALS:

## OPEN SPACE:

The foregoing open space could have been filled by your attempt to capture in a work of fiction exactly the spirit of adventure, goodheartedness and void-tumbling which is THE PAPER and its cuddly, affectionate underground. Perhaps, in fact, the space WAS so filled.

If so, why not submit your work of fiction (which isn't exactly a short story, but resembles one, except that it seems too real in the here-and-now to be merely that) to us for publication, as we wish to begin publishing such things.

The publication of your article could be the first in a long series of startling revelations--highlighted by increased publication of poetry, more frequent art and photo features, stranger and funnier kinds of articles, efforts at self-expression and other kinds of media-expanders translatable onto the printed patina.

THE PAPER plans (quite apart from OUR intentions) to become a laboratory of media-manglers meant to mystify, madden, tickle, taunt, tease or tear at the forms of expression we know to be restrictive and yet still promising, and at their defenders. Our intentions are merely to try to keep hold of how all this happens, for our own edification and also so that THE PAPER might stay together as a recognizable form in itself. The rest is up to the media.

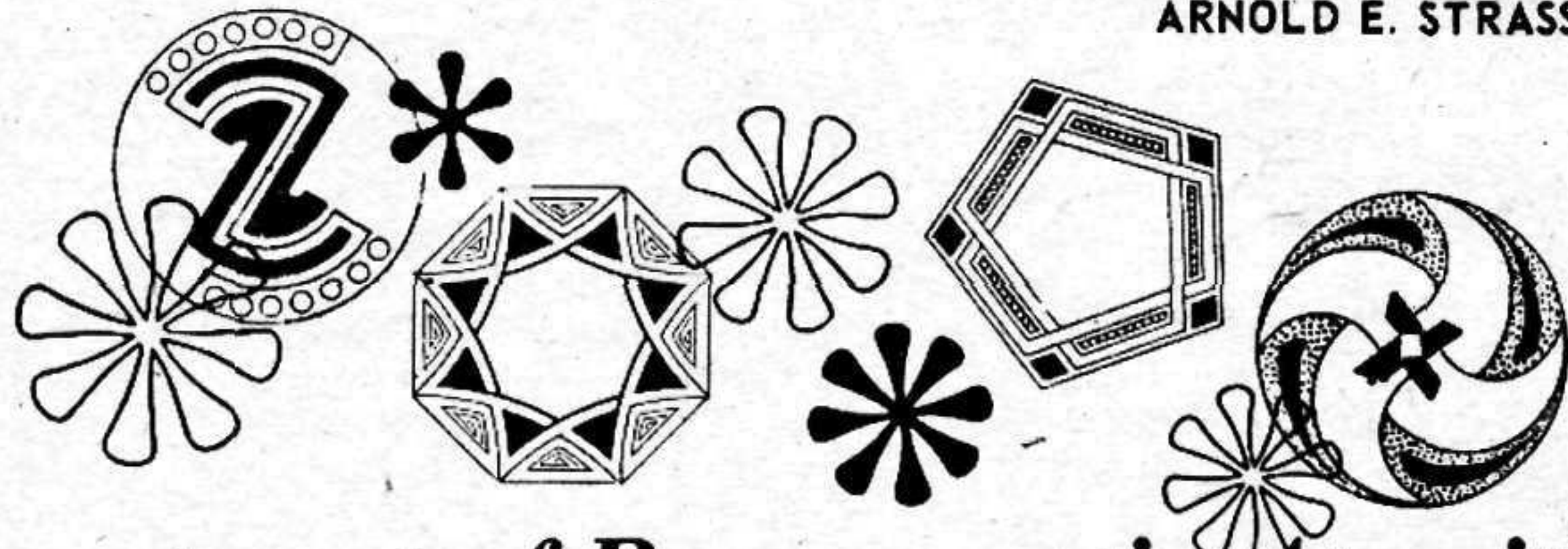
If you wish to help the media explosion keep its cool, submit yourself or your things to us at 601 Abbott Road, or at 351-7373, or at Box 367, East Lansing. Use whichever medium of communication suits you to get in touch with us, but be prepared to face the great white when you do.

MICHAEL KINDMAN

## The Passive Americans

We are the passive Americans, protected by our class and our color, shielded from the ghetto, insulated from the War. We are the young Americans, housed in the silence of the university--a university built with defense contracts, government research grants, overseas projects. We are the words of America, the intellectualizers, the talkers--but the words don't touch the ghetto rats or the napalm terror. We are the educated Americans, the enlightened, the gifted by opportunity--but the society which educated, enlightened, and gifted us has killed 200,000 Vietnamese children; it has burned and maimed them; it has tortured the Vietnamese people in their own country. Are we the racists of this decade? . . . We are the disturbed Americans, but we are silent--we are the Germans two miles from Dachau--we are the white Rhodesians. Can we afford to remain silent? . . . Praise Jim Thomas, the poet, but lay bare the war that killed him; castigate the war that takes few poets, choosing instead the peasant, the poor, the Negro. How strong is the shield of our color, our class, our university? . . . We pledge allegiance to no flag, to no country--but who has given us the leisure to be the existential, the spiritual discoverers, the independent poets? The ghetto has fed us, the hungry South Americans have fed us, the Vietnamese children have fed us, and we are well-fed. . . . Where are the responsible Americans?

ARNOLD E. STRASSER

Department of Bureaucratic Atrocities  
We-Forget-How-Many-Already

The following letter was received by Mr. and Mrs. Ronald P. Diehl, upstanding citizens of Spartan Village and the PAPER office, who do not own a dog, and will not be moving out.

"January 9, 1967

"Dear Mr. Diehl:

"Recent observation, by Married Housing personnel, indicates that you have a german shepherd dog in your apartment. This is contrary to the agreement you signed at the time you

were given your keys and makes you ineligible for further occupancy.

"Will you please call the Married Housing office, 355-9550, to make an appointment to see me at the earliest possible time to discuss your eligibility to remain in your apartment.

"Please bring the enclosed notice of Intent to Vacate with you.

"Sincerely yours,

"John Roetman,

"Manager (Married Housing Department)"



DEAR SUZY,  
(First roomie): "I think hippie guys are cute."

(Second roomie): "Yeah, but you don't find many guys around with big hips." Believe it or not, my roommate actually came out with that. . .

M.H.

DEAR M.H.,  
Tell your roommate that straight guys usually give the edge to square girls.

DEAR SUZY,  
I am writing to get a problem off my chest (if only I could.) You see, my problem IS my chest. It could be said, to put it delicately, that it is a bit too overdeveloped in obvious places. This leads to problems in the dorm, with all the other guys casting reflections on my manhood. Is there anything I can do to rid myself of this problem?

H.B.

DEAR H.B.,  
Many others have the same sort of problem (although most of them are girls). You are probably wondering: "Do my friends like me as a person, or is it just because of my chest?" Be firm with them. Slap their hands if you have to. Some of your

Need a solution to any problem, big or small, up or down? Ask Suzy Creamcheese, THE PAPER's handy-dandy, knowitall advise columnist, pictured here in all her wisdom. Exchanges are likely to be published, unless specified confidential. All problems will be answered. Write to Suzy care of THE PAPER, Box 367, East Lansing -- Editor

pals will desert you, but your true friends will only gain respect.

DEAR SUZY,

Why do the young people of today resent so strongly the keepers of the peace, protectors of the weak, issuers of tickets, and suppressors of riots? Yes, I mean our ever-present, strong-willed, hard-working policemen. You see, I am a police administration major. Besides this, I am an R.A. You can easily see the image problems this presents. Rarely can I smash up a late night beer party or insurrection without being called a "cop" or "fuzz." And lately, the guys have been razzing me about my orange riot helmet, my Buster Brown belt, and my billy club. I don't care what anyone says, I think they're nifty.

D.S.

Dear D.S.,

The guys are obviously jealous. Sooner or later you will learn that people are always envious of others in positions of authority, especially when fancy uniforms are involved. You must learn to respond to situations such as these as a more experienced officer might do: kick them, beat them, threaten them with arrest if they fight back. They will learn to turn their envy into respect.

the reader's  
sub-jest

Occupant  
C-4 North Grove Gardens  
Bowling Green, Ohio  
43402

To THE PAPER:

I purchase a copy of THE PAPER every week. But it's too good not to share. You must send copies to my friends at Bowling Green State University.

Please address them to:

and the guys will know who was thinking of them. Could you send this term's first issue? Thanks for everything.

Enclosed find a check for twenty weeks.

Sincerely,  
Becky Readinger

## THE PAPER

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

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Beginning a series . . .

**Struggle In the South****Grenada--The First Time**

By PAT SUMI

Every day for a week, Grenada, Mississippi, had made the front pages of newspapers all over the country. Sheriff's deputies and highway patrolmen waded into a crowd of demonstrators with lead-loaded billy clubs, shotguns, and tear gas cans because "they didn't clear the street fast enough." In a few days, we were to read stories of whites shooting nails twisted chain links, and metal slivers with slingshots into crowds of unarmed demonstrators. But late that Tuesday afternoon when the call went out at the Southern Christian Leadership Conference convention in Jackson, Mississippi, fear of violence was the least thing in my mind. It would be my first civil rights demonstration, and I looked forward to it with too much bravura. It was exciting and somehow glamorous to march in a demonstration. I had followed the course of civil rights in the South as portrayed in newspapers for several years; now I was marching off with vaue but noble aspirations on my mind.

Late that afternoon, we entered what turned out to be a battle zone. Already, as we pulled up in front of the Negro cafe called the "Chat 'n Chew," highway patrolmen in full battle dress stood along the streets as whites began to gather around the corner from the cafe waiting for passing demonstrators.

We joined the demonstrators in front of the cafe where Hosea Williams, one of SCLC's top field organizers, stood on top of a car shouting at the crowd. The list of Negro grievances was long and, as I was to learn, all too familiar. Every little town and county in the South has Negroes suffering the same sorts of things. Two thousand Grenada County Negroes registered during the Meredith Mississippi March were "accidentally" not told they had to register with county as well as with federal registrars in order to vote in local elections. Grenada Negroes could not shop in any of the downtown stores and were barely tolerated on the sidewalks even after showing "proper respect." Grenada Negro children still attended rigidly segregated schools.

The call came to line up. Scrupulously following Grenada City ordinances, we marched double-column, twenty to a group with a marshall as leader. With me marched a fourteen-year-old girl named Rose who firmly announced that she would integrate Grenada's all-white Rundle High School in a week. Why? Because she believed it was the only way she could get a good education. I do not know what happened to her in September when schoolchildren were beaten outside Rundle High, but already in August she had been tear-gassed and had watched her best friend clubbed down in an alley by six policemen.

We waited anxiously when a scuffle broke out at the head of the line in the midst of exploding cherry bombs and wavering TV lights. A white newsman was knocked to the pavement by a group of white toughs who quickly backed off when a group of young Negroes approached them. At last, through a barrage of cherry bombs thrown by whites standing

This series of articles intends to describe, from the standpoint of personal experience, what I consider a more accurate picture of civil rights in the Deep South than that usually given by news media.

In the coming weeks, I will describe the civil rights situations as I saw them in Grenada, Mississippi, where civil rights organization was in its first few months; in Selma, Alabama, where such organization has existed for several years; and in Atlanta, Georgia, the so-called progressive city. This is in order to discuss generally what has not been accomplished by civil rights activities so far. Then, I want to discuss the fascinating and complex feud between the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), now under the direction of Stokely Carmichael, and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) led by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

In the final two articles, I want to point out what little the federal government has managed to do in the South and then suggest some ways and approaches which might be more fruitful than those already tried.

The first article is rewritten from one which appeared in much emasculated form in the State News, Nov. 29-30. It is a description of a violence-accompanied demonstration in Grenada, Mississippi, the night of last August 9.

at the corner, we began the six-block march to the town square. At this point, I noticed that the highway patrolmen stood FACING the mobs of whites along the streets. (This is important to contrast with the "protection" we received on the way back to the cafe). It felt something like a circus. Whites along the roads began calling me names. "Hey look! There's a Chinaman!" "Hey, white nigger!" I thought it was a bit funny until I saw a group of Mississippi highway patrol cars all bearing Confederate flag license plates on their front bumpers.

On we walked. For a block we followed the same highway the Meredith Marchers had walked. Then, we turn-

stood on the corners watching us. Tear gas cans and handcuffs dangled casually from their belts. Their knuckles around trigger guards were white with tension. I felt like a prisoner marching to execution.

The press of numbers gave me some courage. As we turned a corner and came to the town square, groups of whites began to appear, growing in size and belligerence as we entered the square and walked onto the grass. To our left was the Jefferson Davis monument onto which Bob Green, an MSU professor, had stuck a small American flag during the Meredith March. This night he was back and would make the news again in an angry confrontation with

with hate. They howled like dogs when we tried singing a few freedom songs and then began throwing the first barrage of bricks and bottles. A girl nearby dropped to her knees, her head gushing blood. We retreated across the street ducking more bricks. Now the patrolmen stood FACING US, their backs to the whites. Again, we lined up double-column file according to city rules while the Sheriff shouted, "Hold it down" because bricks were damaging white-owned storefronts. A can of tear gas exploded on an awning above our heads as we began stumbling back toward the cafe.

The worst violence, however, still awaited us at the corner of the highway near the cafe. The patrolmen again faced us while the whites threw brickbats, bottles, firecrackers, and other missiles into our lines. A young boy supported by two men stumbled by. A girl with a two-inch gash between her eyes was half-carried past. A brick whizzed by, scraping my cheekbone and smashing on the pavement.

It seemed a long time before we turned the corner to the cafe. The dining room looked like a battlefield hospital. A few people sat in a corner doubled over by the agony of tear gas in their eyes. Other wounded demonstrators trickled in; one suffering from a possible broken arm, another a broken ankle, still others had head gashes, cuts and bruises. No hospital within fifty miles would take the demonstrators and, since most of the Negroes couldn't afford the luxuries of bandages and gauze, we tried every makeshift first-aid technique in the book. Rolled up newspapers and a torn t-shirt served to splint the ankle. A dish towel became a sling for the broken arm. Outside, demonstrators kept up our spirits with songs and speeches.

The next day, I read an Associated Press article describing the violence of the night before with a short reference to the injured: "....thirty marchers were injured, none seriously." It sounded so mild, but I knew I had had a baptism under fire. A civil rights demonstration involving violence is not glamorous or even exciting. It is, more than anything else, pure ugliness, fear, and hatred; but it makes news headlines, so it seems noble and glamorous.

In later weeks, however, I found that a violent demonstration is an exception to the rule. In most towns in the South, violence seldom occurs during a civil rights demonstration. Instead, there is constant pressure and harassment of individual civil rights workers which is even worse since it might mean beatings, jailings, or even death away from the masses of demonstrators who constitute at least some protection. For the moment, though, I thought I had seen what civil rights was like. It consisted of immense bravery under fire and the courage to keep going back to face white mobs. Even after the beatings of schoolchildren in September, the demonstrations in Grenada continued and showed the determination of the Negro people there that they would not give up the small victories they had won in three months of continuous struggle.



ed down a dark, unlighted street. The broken shanties, weedy sidewalks, and lack of lights told us we were in the Negro section of town. Clusters of Negroes peered at us anxiously from darkened porches. We invited them to join us, but they remained mute and withdrawn, afraid.

Groups of two or three patrolmen

Grenada County Sheriff Suggs Ingram.

I stood on a park bench to view an incredible scene. To the right were a dozen or more newsmen training lights and flashbulbs on us. In front stood 200 whites, angry and shouting obscenities and rebel whoops. They looked rather ordinary, dressed in madras shirts and plain slacks, but their faces literally snarled at us



# Happenings In Music

## Violin Recital

By CYNTHIA MACCLURE

This week's musical "happening" is a recital featuring the violinist Sanford Allen Friday night at 8:15 the second recital of the Arts and Letters Series. Mr. Allen won both the Federation of Music Clubs Award, and the YMCA Young Artist Competition, the latter of which took him to a New York appearance in the Young Concert Artists Series and two special concerts at Town Hall, one with Bach, the other with Rameau. He has appeared in Belgium, France, and the Netherlands. At age ten Allen was a scholarship student of Juilliard School of Music and continued his education with Vera Fonaroff at Mannes College of Music. His accompanist, Lawrence Smith, a 1960 graduate of Mannes College, received his first degree, oddly enough, in mathematics (Magna Cum Lauda) at Portland State College. In December 1964, he won the Dimitri Mitropoulos Competition for Conductors and was Assistant Conductor of the Metropolitan Opera during the 1964-65 season; since, he has been a resident conductor and appeared in the 1965 Spoleto Festival in Italy.

Allen and Lawrence will perform Sonata No. 3 in D major by Jean Marie Leclair, a contemporary of Rameau. This relatively short work is a splendid and demanding example

of a lace-like French Baroque grace. Next they will perform Duo for Violin and Piano by William Sydemann and will end the first half with Mozart's Sonata no. 40 in B flat major, K454.

Sydemann, like Allen, attended Tanglewood, and he joined the staff of Mannes College in 1959. Sydemann's style stems primarily from Mahler and Berg. This new work promises to be an exciting part of the program. Next, the work of everybody's friend, W.A. Mozart, an example of Mozart's mature style with its expressive Andante middle movement (which Mozart called an Adagio), a work which was first performed for Emperor Joseph II in 1784.

After the intermission, Smith and Allen will play Vier Stucke, Four Pieces by Anton Webern written in 1910. The program will conclude with Charles Camille Saint-Saens Premiere Sonata in D Minor op. 75 written in 1885.

Contrary to previous announcements tickets WILL be sold at the door of the Music Auditorium for \$3.00, the night of the recital.

Next Tuesday at 8:15 Daniel Stolper, member of the Music Faculty will give an Oboe recital, which will be covered in more detail in next week's PAPER.

Death's dark angel is stalking me  
I feel Her cold breath on my neck  
And smell the dank odor of Her shroud  
She follows me relentlessly, asleep or awake  
I can sense Her presence in cathedrals  
As well cemeteries  
I can taste Her presence in the food I eat  
And hear Her crying in the wind at night  
I have seen Her strike a dozen times  
And know of Her deadly missions in other lands  
Yet She somehow never leaves me  
But once I stopped dead in my tracks  
Turned suddenly around and met Her face to face  
And knew such terror  
As I had never felt  
For I have no God to call on  
Nor any mortal friend to turn to  
I faced Death alone  
And learned how fear can rob a man of his reason  
And turn his heart to dust

I no longer look for Death behind me  
Her visage is seared into my brain  
So that if I wish to see Her  
I have only to look within myself  
Oh, I can be assured that she still shadows me  
Her path and mine are bound by ties  
Far stronger than either of us  
And I know that we must tread this double road  
For some way yet to come  
Until such time as we should meet again  
And call the chase to end

PETER RYAN

msu film society

Francois Truffaut's

"The 400 Blows"

Saturday, January 21  
8 p.m.

Union Ballroom

Members and Justin Morrill students only  
(memberships available at door)

WMSB-TV Program Highlights will be a regular feature of THE PAPER. -- Editor.

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wmsb-tv

### PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS, Week of January 17-23

#### TUESDAY, January 17

- 11:30 a.m.--SEGOVIA MASTER CLASS, Last program in the series. Segovia performs his own transcription of the prelude from Bach's Sonata No. 1 for cello.  
1:00 p.m.--CHOICE: CHALLENGE FOR MODERN WOMEN. "What is a Woman?" Discussion by Margaret Mead about the roles and expectations of modern women.  
7:00 p.m.--SPECTRUM. "History Layer by Layer". A look at the work of David Ericson of Lamont Geological Observatory in measuring time by layers of sediment and organic deposits on the ocean floor.

#### WEDNESDAY, January 18

- 12:00 p.m.--N.E.T. JOURNAL. "The Poor Pay More." A study of how the poor are victimized by unscrupulous merchants.  
7:00 p.m.--RECITAL HALL. Violinist Jerry

Luckteberg and harpsichordist George Lucktenberg perform Sonata No. 5 in F Minor by J.S. Bach and Sonatina for Violin and Harpsichord by John Boda.

#### THURSDAY, January 19

- 1:00 p.m.--FRENCH CHEF. Julia Child.

#### FRIDAY, January 20

- 1:00 p.m.--NINE TO GET READY. "Physiology of Conception."

#### SATURDAY, January 21

- 12:00 p.m.--MUSEUM OPEN HOUSE. "A Spanish Gallery." Russell Connor looks at paintings by El Greco, Velasquez, Goya, Martin de Coria, Zurbarán and Rubens.  
1:30 p.m.--HOUSE ON THE WATERFALL. A photographic essay on Frank Lloyd Wright's "Falling Water" house, which cantilevers out over a waterfall near Pittsburgh, Pa.  
1:45 p.m.--RECITAL HALL. Baritone Don Schramm, MSU student, sings "Invocazione di Orfeo" by Jacopo Peri, "Rollicum Rorum" and "When I Set Out for Lorraine" by Gerald Finzi and "The Call" and "Antiphon" by Vaughn Williams.  
3:30 p.m.--THE CREATIVE PERSON. Henri Cartier-Bresson, genius of modern photography, talks of his work and techniques.  
4:30 p.m.--N.E.T. JOURNAL. "Indonesia--The New Order" a profile of Dr. Achmed Sukarno.  
11:00 p.m.--N.E.T. PLAYHOUSE. "La Marmite (The Pot of Gold)." Comedy by early Roman Plautus.

#### MONDAY, January 23

- 7:30 p.m.--PROFILES IN COURAGE. The story of Senator Robert A. Taft, R-Ohio.  
8:30 p.m.--MICHIGAN YOUTH FORUM. "The Problem of Dating."

the PAPER

WKAR FM 90.5 mc

PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS Week of January 17-23

TUESDAY, January 17

- 6:30 a.m.--"The Morning Program." Classical music, news and weather, with Mike Wise. (Every Monday through Friday)  
8:00 a.m.--News, with Lowell Newton. (Monday through Friday)  
8:15 a.m.--"Scrapbook." Music and features with Steve Meuche. (Monday through Friday)  
1:00 p.m.--Musical, "Mame."  
5:00 p.m.--"News 60." A full hour news report, prepared by the WKAR news department.  
8:30 p.m.--"The Chicago Symphony Orchestra in Concert." Josef Krips conducts, and the soloist is soprano Roberta Peters. Schubert's Symphony No. 9 in C is featured, along with music by Mozart and Richard Strauss.

#### WEDNESDAY, January 18

- 1:00 p.m.--Musical, "Flora, the Red Menace."  
8:00 p.m.--"FM Theater." A BBC production of "The Soldier and the Woman."  
11:00 p.m.--"New Jazz in Review." The latest jazz recordings played and discussed by Bud Spangler and Ron English.

#### THURSDAY, January 19

- 1:00 p.m.--Musical, "West Side Story."  
7:00 p.m.--"The Detroit Symphony Orchestra in Concert." Conducted by Sixten Ehrling, the program features Hindemith's Theme with Variations, "The Four Temperaments," for Piano

and Strings: Falla's Three Dances from "The Three Cornered Hat"; and Brahms' Symphony No. 2  
9:00 p.m.--"Jazz Horizons," til midnight, with Bud Spangler.

#### FRIDAY, January 20

- 1:00 p.m.--Musical, "South Pacific."  
7:25 p.m.--Hockey, MSU and Michigan Tech.

#### SATURDAY, January 21

- 2:00 p.m.--The Metropolitan Opera, live from New York. This afternoon's production is Wagner's "Lohengrin."

#### SUNDAY, January 22

- 2:00 p.m.--"The Cleveland Orchestra in Concert." George Szell conducts, and Robert Casadesu is the piano soloist. The program includes Stravinsky's "Pulcinella" Suite; Mozart's Piano Concerto, K. 467; Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," and Wagner's "Tannhauser" Overture.  
8:30 p.m.--"The Toscanini Era." Recordings by the late Arturo Toscanini, hosted by Gary Barton.  
11:00 p.m.--"Offbeat," with Steve Meuche. Tonight's show is called, "The Blues is-----"

#### MONDAY, January 23

- 1:00 p.m.--Musical, "Funny Girl."  
8:00 p.m.--"Opera from Radio Italiana." Puccini's "La Rondine."



# Of Rebels, Reactionaries — and Then There's Student Board

By BRADFORD A. LANG

A strange air of optimism pervades the "radical" movement on campus in these wild and wonderful days of Non-scuzzy, Broad-based United Students. It seems that ASMSU somewhere along the line has decided to embark on an opening to the left in the form of a coalition of sorts with CSR's ungrateful heir apparent. Art Tung and Greg Hopkins have even taken to sitting--from time to time--at tables in what Andy Molison calls "the nonconformists' sector of the Union grill." Golly gee, somethin's happenin' and you don't know what it is, Do you, Mr. Jones?

It all began in the middle of last term when ASMSU took a stand supporting US in its pitched battle against academic degeneracy. When Jim Sink announced--at a rather large nightly mass convocation--that he just might be willing to get himself busted, it seemed, for one, golden moment, that MSU might develop a student government with some kind of balls. After all, it happened at Berkeley and Ann Arbor. Why not MSU?

Those of us who, at the time, remained skeptical about Jim Graham's dedication to the radical movement were told to cool it, baby: "They showed up, didn't they?"

Well, yes; in fact, Art Tung, an off-again, on-again small-d democrat, showed up at the term's first US meeting last Thursday night in the Union and won friends for his own peculiar brand of coalition.

He took the floor after a particularly boring and routine-sounding business meeting during which, among other things: Jim Friel announced that Spartan Wives "are kind of hot for the idea" of the boycott; an unidentified straight-looking cat volunteered the information that a new dorm open house policy is being formulated requiring male students to keep their doors open "forty-five degrees if you got a girl in the room"; Steve "Frodo" Hickson threatened people who didn't purchase United Students buttons with a promise that they would never "make it out the door alive"; and Sherry Terebello announced that AWS was formulating a women's hours policy that would allow junior and senior women to stay out at night "as long as possible."

Tung's speech was directly preceded by a series of verbal exchanges on various subjects which put him at a definite disadvantage. It began with a statement by US' fair-haired and officious Chairman, PAPER sports-writer W.C. "Coon" Blanton, concerning the day's State News editorial in which ASS-MOO and US were called upon to support the proposal to add pluses and minuses to final student grades. "We got equal rank with 'em," said Coon. "That's degradation," said somebody. Tung winced.

Tung then embarked on a brief discussion of what his board was doing to put students on faculty committees. His presentation was greeted by a shout of, "Oh, goody!" from the audience. "Don't say that," shot back Art, smiling from ear to ear. "Say, 'Goody, we're gonna work together.'"

Later on, in reference to the history profs' State News letter which mentioned the "breaching" of "student apathy," Mike Elkins--one of United Students' old guard advisors--said, "That must be US...cause nobody else has done anything." For the first time, Tung really began to look grim. I looked at him and smiled

sardonically. I meant to display some sort of sympathy; I'm afraid, however, that my reputation made it look as though my tongue was sticking out.

Anyway, Tung began with a short plug for the three-part ASMSU referendum (which I would suggest, dear reader, that you stop and vote yes on if you have absolutely nothing more pressing to do at the moment). He then began talking vaguely about United Students and his role as a representative of the student body. "I'm impressed," he said, surveying the crowd of over 100. "I really am."

Nobody, it seems, ever attends Student Board meetings. One or two people stick around to run out for coffee, he said. He was really happy to come to a meeting "without parliamentary procedure" that all students can come to.

Nevertheless, he said, brushing away the tears, "we are making some headway." Like the VISA program, for example. And the travel service ("so you can go to Berkeley"). But the guys on Student Board don't really understand the needs of their constituents. "Apparently," said Tung, "we aren't fulfilling those needs if you have to come to United Students."

He ventured to guess that Coon was beginning to "realize the problems involved" in trying to get anything done at State. "We're trying to, in our way, grope around." But "we get wrapped up in internal problems."

Ah, damn the bureaucracy!

"I represent you, directly, on the Human Relations Commission," said Tung, "not because you're black or white or, in my case, sort of... orange." Laughter.

Back to the problems of Student Board: "As you all know, the Student Board is kind of alienated." But United Students wasn't doing a much better job, in his opinion. "What are your objectives?" he asked. "You set up a committee and you put Frodo in charge of it." After some explanation of this, Tung went back to complaining about his role as member-at-large: "We're the most ludicrous, extraneous people on earth." (The word "extraneous" turns out to be Tung's favorite word; I think he got it from Marshall Rosenblum.) "Nobody has come to see me besides Mr. Blanton here." One pictures the poor Student Board member arriving at his office each day at eight o'clock, sitting alone and staring out the window until five, then putting on his coat, shutting off the lights, and trudging wearily home to a humble supper.

Anyhow, said Tung, "we must have a solid front." The only half-way intelligent remark of the evening then came from Elkins, who informed Tung that "there's more of us than there are of you."

"We're trying to put everything under the Student Board," said Tung. Then he changed the subject.

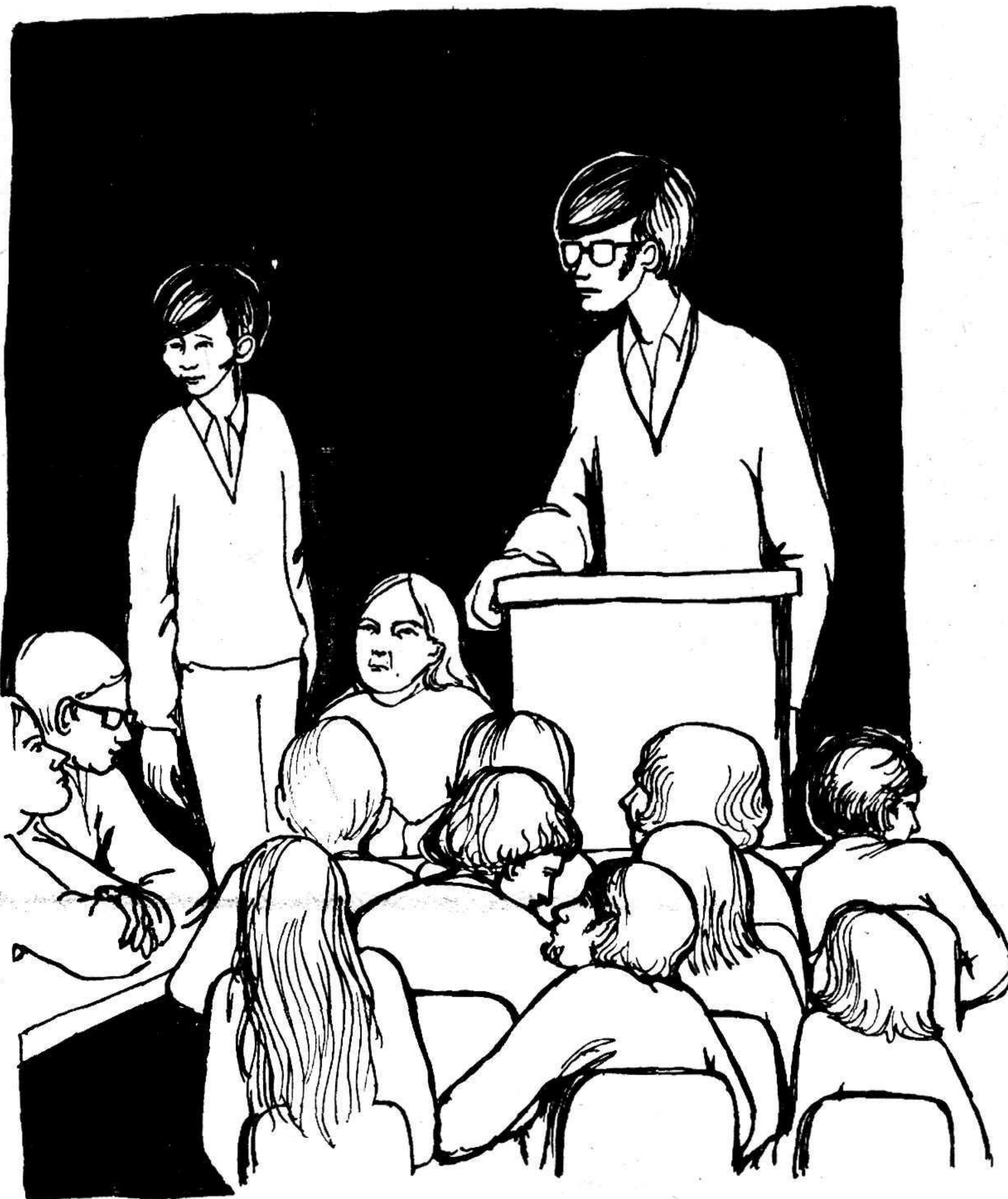
Tung explained the workings of ASMSU. A US member explained that United Students was better because "we don't have the unwieldy, constitutional set-up that ASMSU does."

Yours truly then suggested that United Students attempt to take over ASMSU, a plan which originally represented US' reason for existence when it was only a bunch of us guys sitting around the Union grill. Somehow that suggestion got lost in the fog.

After some further "extraneous" discussion, Tung invited the whole kit and caboodle of US to show up in his office "tomorrow morning" and sat down to a smattering of applause.

His point had been made, however, and later, when Coon and Frodo and Tung and Hopkins huddled together on the left side of the grill downstairs, there were plans being made for further exploitation of friendly relations. It all sounded very encouraging, even though the two Board members were overheard discussing what they would do when they get bounced off the Board. At least, I think that's what they were discussing; I wasn't too sure at the time, since I was deeply embroiled in a discussion of the pros and cons of the ouija board.

Somehow the prospect of USMSU doesn't excite me. I've never been very fond of palindromes, anyway.





## Red Cedar Review

# The Literature-or-Bust

By LARRY TATE

## Syndrome

Literary magazines tend to have about them an unfortunate air of high-minded earnestness. Part of the problem is in their very nature, since the term "literary magazine" implies the presence of Literature--which, like the Cinema, sounds like one of the deadlier obstacles between you and the cultural mastery you hope someday to attain. There are few things that can make a piece of writing more unappetizing and inaccessible to readers than suggesting to them that it is Literature.

The other related part of the problem is that what is published in them is usually attempted Literature, i.e., writing that takes itself a good deal more seriously than you can. Students tend to write attempted Literature almost exclusively, which may be why student literary magazines are, in general, an awful drag.

The new Red Cedar Review is all right, as literary magazines go; good, as student literary magazines go; and terrific, as Michigan State student literary magazines go. It contains five stories, all of which are generally competent; since competence is much harder to find in poetry, its seventeen poems tend to be less than competent, but not as a rule actually embarrassing.

I want to talk most about the stories, and I'm not qualified to judge the drawings and photographs; so I'll get the poetry out of the way first. Well--except for three poems by Craig Sterry, one by Elaine Cahill (which, in case nobody else remembers, was published in the second issue of THE PAPER), and parts of things by James Harkness--it runs together in my mind like some soupy, vaguely pretentious water-color entitled "Creativity" or something. I'm probably old-fashioned, but I believe a poem should have a MEANING that a sensitive reader can at least intuit in a general sort of way. I mean, words have denotations and connotations that we can grasp in terms of our own experience; two words, or lines, or stanzas, either have some denoted or connoted relationship for us or they don't. If they don't, putting the two together in a poem won't MEAN anything to us. Have we all got that? I quote at random:

A widow walks to the empty ship  
standing by her baron's grave  
on blocks of stone  
Where heavy ceilings tower dark  
above the open door.

I frankly don't think that means a damn thing. A baron apparently has died, and his widow is standing at his grave. OK so far. What does an empty ship have to do with it? Was the baron a sailor, and is his body stowed on an empty ship somewhere? If so, could that properly be called a grave? But if his body is on an empty ship, how does she come to be standing on blocks of stone in a place with dark heavy ceilings? If his body is not on an empty ship, can the first line have any possible relation to the other lines, which are confusing enough in themselves?

Nothing ELSE in the poem is any help. For the poet there is no doubt some connoted relationship among all these things, some MEANING; but he has utterly failed to communicate that meaning to others. At best it may be suggestive in the manner of a Rorschach test; but (I quote Pauline Kael) "a Rorschach test is a blot, an accident onto which you project your own problems and visions; it is the opposite of a work of art, which brings the artist's vision to YOU." There is entirely too much Rorschach-test poetry in this RCR; there are too many configurations of words that could mean anything at all, or nothing, depending on individual whim. Better to be over-obvious (as in D.C. Bergmann's "Haven of Rest") than to be impenetrable.

The thing is that, if somebody can see pretty much what you're getting at, he can see pretty much whether it's interesting, or moving, or profound. If he can't he's likely to take the blame himself for not being interested or moved. Poetry readers are funny that way.

The stories are much more consistent. It is impossible to write poetry at all without having an exceptional facility with words. Prose is less demanding, and facility with



words is important only to this degree: if words are awkwardly used, at least part of the reader's mind will be taken up with noticing the awkwardness instead of what the writer wants him to notice. (In very bad writing, the awkwardness becomes the center of attention and pushes content out entirely). Though the five writers have varying degrees of verbal facility (ranging from not-very-clumsy to near-perfect), it has little effect on the relative success of their stories.

Here is where I really get to what I meant by attempted Literature. Four of the stories are completely humorless (unless Rick Sterry's "Brooks Too Broad for Leaping" is supposed to be comic in a black way, which I don't think it is). They deal with, in order: a little boy learning about sex, but not understanding and refusing to accept it (Sterry); a sailor in an exotic port who feels a dissatisfaction he can't explain, witnesses a murder and feels the horror of solitude and death (Dennis Noyes' "La Danza Primordial"); a mute idiot and his fears, and fantasies (Theodore Sjogren's "A Legacy of Silence"); and an old man unhappily living with his son's family who returns to his real home and dies (Shannon King's "The Old Man").

I'm not sure I can explain it but, when I pick up a student literary magazine, I somehow know in my heart that I'm going to find stories about mute idiots, existentially anguished sailors, displaced old men, and little boys losing their innocence. Not, God knows, that I have anything against mute idiots or any of the rest, but I just can't by this time manage to take them nearly as seriously as I ought to, or, anyway, as they demand to be taken.

Berkley Bettis's "Strays" is about three intelligent young people with a lot of comically complicated hang-ups. It isn't as well written as the story about the mute; Sjogren is incapable of a sentence like: "These, he knew, were her refuge, almost her only sustenance (SIC; the spelling

in the whole issue -- spelling, not proofreading--is awful), and she clung to them unseeing, knowing well that her husband and son laughed at her intellectual hunger, laughed perhaps because they dared not recognize the pitiful futility of an idea's effrontery in attempting to penetrate the invincible and unassailable fortress of her infirmity." Anybody who can write a sentence like that still has a long way to go.

But I liked "Strays" better than the other stories, even though it's incredibly inconsistent, because it isn't attempted Literature, really; it isn't impressive, exactly, but neither does it put you off, except here and there, by making you feel you ought to be impressed. Off and on, it's very funny.

Do not misunderstand me: in varying degrees the other stories ARE impressive. Sjogren's story is beautifully written, and it's convincing; to some extent it must have been done as a literary exercise, but it doesn't show it much. I just find it hard to work up much enthusiasm about it. Maybe it's just me. Somebody (I really don't remember who) said that there was only one criterion for a short story; it must be memorable. That's a rough league to play in, and young writers who try are not likely to make it at first. I don't say they shouldn't write attempted Literature; I say that if they tried just to write stories that didn't take themselves so very seriously, they might find that they get to Literature faster that way.

The magazine is very handsome and pleasant to read in. Without an awful lot of improvement, you could start to think of it not as a Michigan State student literary magazine, or even a student literary magazine, but as, simply, a literary magazine. Or, someday, as literature.

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# The Flowering Walls Don't Bother Me At All

or, the long-awaited dissertation on linos

By DAVID HEAL

After a vacation that consisted of various situations seemingly designed with the destruction of my consciousness in mind, I returned to East Lansing to think about the article I was going to write for THE PAPER. Of course, that inevitably led me to consider the problems of linos. That is not to say a cross between a lion and a rhinoceros. Linos, we are forced to admit, are real, and--unpleasant as it sometimes seems--the problem must be faced bravely and honestly.

I'll admit I was frightened at first. It's relatively easy to get by in daily life if you happen to be ignoring the problem. However, the idea of sitting down and considering all the ramifications of the thing is truly a mind-boggling prospect.

I finally got myself out of considering the problem of considering the problem and got something done. Taking my expanded consciousness firmly in hand, I cast myself adrift and shot arrow after shattering mind-arrow at those ramifications hung in various pitfalls and illusions.

Linos, as you know, are those things that appear as unexpectedly as possible at odd places in printed pages, blasting minds right and left. Examine if you will, the mechanics of the lino. It begins like this:

There.

Now that's obviously not a whole heck of a lot in itself. But, you see, the fiends put things INSIDE those little lines. Not only do lino's consist of lines, but they also have little one-line statements or "jokes." It becomes clear at this point that that's probably why they're called linos.

Defenders of the lino argue that linos serve a purpose in that they convey humor ( a good thing) in

situations where it will be at least effective, if inappropriate. Witness:

(salt salt salt salt)

That may be a bad example, but it isn't really. It fulfills some of the requirements of the lino, at least. It may not be witty, but it certainly is unexpected and inappropriate. Then again, it's as witty as some linos get. So you see, defenders of the lino have weak arguments that don't really conceal their true purpose. Now that you've seen a complete lino, you are prepared to fathom this.

The awful power of the lino lurks in what it can do. What if they had appeared in the Declaration of Independence, in Einstein's theory of relativity, in the Bible? Do you begin to see? You are reading Aristotle and learning about the universe and, all of a sudden

don't lesnerize

comes along and drives Aristotle into a dark corner of hysterical perspective and leaves you gibbering after. If this happened to all the important literature of the world, we would still be grubbing in some dirty cave somewhere in France.

There are devils everywhere planning to slip these things into everything and f\*\*k up the world. They must be stopped before they get a chance to damage progress.

All of you can help. You must

the dichotomy that 8 East Lansing

Eggplants have thoughts too (or do they only think so.)

a leano!

Help! ...

What are my names that I do not hear them?  
What are the visions that I cannot see?  
A homely flower that presses quietly the dawn;  
The flight of the ocean to the land,  
A turn, a dazzled sparkle, then no more.  
Far away another mountain,  
It speaks across the sky,  
Then is hushed.  
I am dreaming, sage green, and the wild hawk flies.

MARC RUBY



Berkeley Barb

HEY! THAT'S WHAT THEY TEACH US IN SUNDAY SCHOOL!

1

god is dead.  
pity....  
should i send flowers?  
all right.  
how did he die?  
who?  
you know, god.  
oh, ulcers.  
worked too hard?  
no, worried too much.  
oh well, he was only human.

2

There came a faun in the cool forenoon  
And then a knock on the door,  
Only a polite little knock,  
And death entered in the warm afternoon.  
For the search for love had begun  
With the faun in the sunny doon,  
And I know no more.

3

I know the red tile roofs  
And the beckoning sun.  
One promises life and the other freedom,  
And yet the honey is spilled.

4

I heard  
A man curse  
And a dog bark,  
A leaf fall  
And a wave splash.  
I heard all that  
And remained silent.

5

A tree bent in the path;  
Swing upon it!

DACE AUZINS

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SDS

continued from page 1

of his interpretation of it all--he wrote the story, getting it copyrighted (rare in the State News) just in case it might prove to be some kind of major news break.

The SDS members he spoke to, Andy told us, must remain anonymous, because none of the other members will ever tell him anything. However, only a few SDS people knew of the local move to establish an anti-draft union, and even fewer knew of George's proposal and of its discussion-stage status at the time--and among those we knew who knew about all this, all deny having spoken to Andy about it. We haven't found his sources.

The story appeared in Friday's State News reporting a confusing mixture of tentative plans and definite intentions, and giving the impression that little remained to be decided but when to go ahead with the disruption. The article also included comments on the internal workings of the SDS chapter, a subject in which



Andy has expressed some interest. ("The activist position is a tactical about-face for the local chapter, which for the last year-and-a-half has con-

centrated on informational work..") Before the sun had set on the Greater Lansing area that day, several local radio stations were headlining the news that MSU-SDS was all set to begin throwing its entire membership in front of buses bound for pre-induction testing centers. The alarm had been sounded, and the populace was aroused.

The local chapter still hadn't voted yet on whether or not they were even going to form an anti-draft union, let alone whether or not they planned to bomb the local draft board. The Detroit Free Press carried its story noting this, due only to the foresight of conscientious Jo Bum-barger, Detroit News stringer for East Lansing, who didn't get an article in her paper, but gave her information to her roommate, Free Press stringer Joan Solomon, who got it straight. (Both Jo and Joan, incidentally, are former State News staffers and also additional house-mates of Char and Laimdota. Who, after all, can say what is a which-niche?)

Jo had telephone-interviewed Mike Price, SDS member and occasional East Lansing resident, by calling the PAPER office Friday afternoon and asking for the nearest available person who knew something. Mike happened to have been instrumental in the preliminary anti-draft planning, and his plans included exploitation of the inevitable bad publicity that would result from announcement of SDS's intentions.

Called to the phone to answer Jo's questions, Mike quickly grew into the role. He more or less confirmed all of Andy's worst suspicions, and even though we were busy at the time and not paying much attention, we could hear the familiar revolutionary smile in his voice. Late in the conversation, he got around to mentioning that a meeting was scheduled for this week for the vote to be taken. A formality according to Andy and Mike, to be sure, but Jo and Joan picked it out and put it in the lead of the article, where it belonged.

#### THE PAPER FINDS THE TRUTH or How to Tell on Your Friends and Influence People

Perspective is a funny thing, and knowing all the principals in this episode as well as we do we had a hard time at first believing anything strange was happening. Admitted, it is unusual to fault Andy Mollison at what he knows best, which is social-political reporting, but it's also unusual to get too concerned about the integrity of SDS plans, especially when they're still being formulated.

But interference with the draft is a federal offense punishable by up to five years in prison and a \$5,000 fine,

and SDS locally and nationally was clearly intending to get into something big requiring careful planning. Had Andy helped or hindered the plans by reporting them prematurely? Would the anti-draft union idea recover successfully? Would Mike Price get HIS perspective back?

By the middle of the weekend, SDS people were planning to write several different versions of the anti-draft proposal to discuss at the meeting Wednesday (see ad, page 10 of this issue), Andy was sounding a little worried, and THE PAPER jumped into the fight. We researched all the above, as much as it required research, and also called the SDS National Office. We were told MSU's was the only chapter known to be implementing the national anti-draft proposal so soon, since the National Office was still preparing anti-draft information for chapters and was



hiring staff to coordinate the program. The chapter had not been in contact with the National, no sin in SDS but certainly interesting in this case.

This is written late Sunday, and we understand Andy is writing another article for tomorrow's State News. This article will appear Tuesday, and Andy may have retracted somewhat by that time. But that doesn't counteract the possible bad effects his haste Friday may have on MSU-SDS' plans or on the national coordination. It is fine to get publicity when you're ready for it, as Mike Price knows, but it can hurt when it just catches you off guard (say, the way the MSU administration pretended Ramparts caught it off guard with the Vietnam expose last year). That doesn't seem to have been Andy's intention.

Anyway, SDS is having this open meeting on the anti-draft Wednesday evening, and time and the War and the draft will certainly march on until then. THE PAPER will most assuredly be reporting on the progress of SDS' plans, as soon as there is some.

## NEO-CLASSIFIED

### Neo-Commercials

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**OUR OLD ROOMMATE** just decided to pack up and drive to New Orleans. Result: a quiet, desirable, close-to-campus, plenty-of-parking luxury apartment is short one man. If you are a potential roommate without an apartment, call Jack or Ben, 351-9269. No potential apartments without roommates need apply.

### Mostly Neo-Personals

**"THE AD:** If you are a pretty, perhaps bored, girl who likes good prose, glowing fireplaces, high-brow music, dark green, philosophy, good booze, drama, logic, British sports cars, French literature, solitude, honesty, serious - minded people, independence, New York City, good grades, quasi - atheists, inexpensive dates, living off-campus, intellectual humility, warm nites, quiet times, and being loved (maybe), then you, just you, might call 337-9166 after 8, T.G."

**KID:** Stay in the ball game. I struck out, too (2). Try AMs 8-10, Th 8-11, F 8-10. PMs T, W, Th, F 4 on. Purchase last spring obviously a jinx forever. Mine doesn't but may yours sparkle. A friend.

**SOUTH CAMUS FREE UNIVERSITY** students attending Dr. Hooker's current events course should, by Tuesday, Jan. 24: (1) read Shepperson's "Notes on American Negro influences," Journal of African History (check reference desk in Main Library for location); (2) listen to the tape of C.L.R. James' talk on Africa, available in the Wilson Hall Library.

## NEO-CLASSIFIEDS

★★ Box 367, East Lansing

50 words/\$1 ★★ or 351-7373  
(still cheap) ★★

★★★★★ DEADLINE THURSDAY MIDNIGHT

Once upon a time  
Somebody did something about it.

Time, that is.  
The police report said  
That someone  
(presumably posing as God)  
Erased it.  
That changed things because  
Everything started-stopped-continued  
Happening  
Allatonce-never-always-once  
And still  
Was-is-didn't

They caught him  
(Note the vagueness they)  
Sitting on this big pendulum that  
Usually sits there moving  
Between here and here  
And they took him  
Away  
Downcosmos

It didn't take very long to  
Locate the trouble  
The pendulum was  
Moving there sitting  
And like that  
So they fixed it right  
And everything got boring again.

DAVID HEAL







# Son of FSM, Part Three

## The Strike Concludes

By MIKE PRICE

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5, 10 a.m.

I am standing in Sproul Plaza, and the effect from here is a montage of sound from several amplified and unamplified sources:

"This campus is on strike! Support the strike. Do not go to your classes." "Barb! Get the Baaarb! Special strike edition. All proceeds go to the strike." "We don't need people to stand around here and talk about it; we need people to picket." From a loudspeaker surrounded by a crowd of people on the Union steps: "I am now being cited (for disciplinary action) for speaking over an illegal microphone. I believe that this microphone conforms to the rules of free speech according to the first amendment of the U.S. Constitution: I am being cited for exercising my rights of free speech."

A KPFA newsman shoves a recorder microphone into the face of the dean doing the citing, the dean shoves it away, the newsman tries from the other side so that when the dean turns around he is again faced with the mike. Newsman: "You had better learn that this is open to the press." Dean: stern facial expressions. The scene of students being cited occurs over and over as an endless chain of speakers take their turn at the "illegal microphone." The scene is being repeated at the other microphones all over campus.

The student waitresses at the on-campus restaurants have organized themselves into a union and walked out. A boycott of the restaurants has been declared and picket lines are in place.

One student sits behind a table bearing a sign that says, "Strike Tutorial Program." On the table is an array of little boxes bearing the titles of different subjects. Volunteer tutors are filling out cards and dropping them in the boxes.

At the west entrance to campus the university police have been pressed into service passing out leaflets for the administration, consisting of a statement by Chancellor Heyns that he is opposed to the strike. The leaflets also urge students "to assess carefully the issues before us, keeping foremost in your mind the fundamental principles of the University."

Noon brings another mass rally in the plaza, and Bettina Aptheker, just returned from a meeting in Chicago, speaks for the first time. She begins by referring to the fact that the rain has made it necessary for the crowd to cover themselves with a tent of umbrellas; "It's too bad because I like to see your faces when I talk to you.... Your faces are beautiful; you are beautiful; you stood up to the Chancellor and by God you even stood up to the rain." More announcements: the Academic Senate representing the faculty, will meet at 4 o'clock; they have so far refused to pipe the meeting outside for the students to hear. It doesn't look good.

8:00 p.m.--Pauly Ballroom.

The Academic Senate meeting in Wheeler Auditorium has just ended with the passing of a five point resolution which, in effect, expresses confidence in the Chancellor, charges the Senate Policy Committee with investigating means of increasing student participation in rule making, urges amnesty for students involved in the activities from Nov. 30 through Dec. 5, notes that the use of off-campus police on campus except in extreme emergency is inappropriate to the University, and declares that the strike should end immediately.

Among the points made by the Strike Committee at this meeting are the following: The faculty ended the strike in 1964 when it passed the famous Dec. 8 resolutions, but satisfactory machinery was never set up to implement them. In fact, it is the very refusal of the administration to be bound by the Dec. 8 resolutions that has led to the present strike. Moreover, the present faculty resolution is only a recommendation the administration is not bound to follow.

There is nothing in the resolution which makes specific reference to the recent use of police on campus or which judges it as mistaken or even reprehensible. Finally there is widespread resentment concerning the manner in which the resolution "urges the Chancellor" and orders the students: "We declare the strike should end immediately."

In short, the spirit of this meeting's response is that we trusted the faculty to protect us before and look where it got us. At present we are engaged in a strike as the only means left to us; we must protect ourselves;

the faculty has copped out, so we'll go it alone.

Bettina Aptheker arrives fresh from a negotiating session with the Chancellor. She termed the meeting "very bad" and said the Chancellor attitude was "intransigent," as he could give no guarantees. They couldn't even get together on the ground rules for negotiating.

At length another strike vote is taken: The result is to keep striking.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6

Today the Regents will meet and they are expected to take strong action against the striking teaching assistants. The response of the striking students, expressed at the noon rally, is "they put their jobs on the line for us, so we'll support them and keep the strike going until we see what action the Regents will take."

Early this morning (3 a.m.) the student government voted to suspend the strike, but with the proviso that their action was not final pending new developments. The real backbone of the strike, students and TAs, is still solid but finals are almost here and time has just about run out.

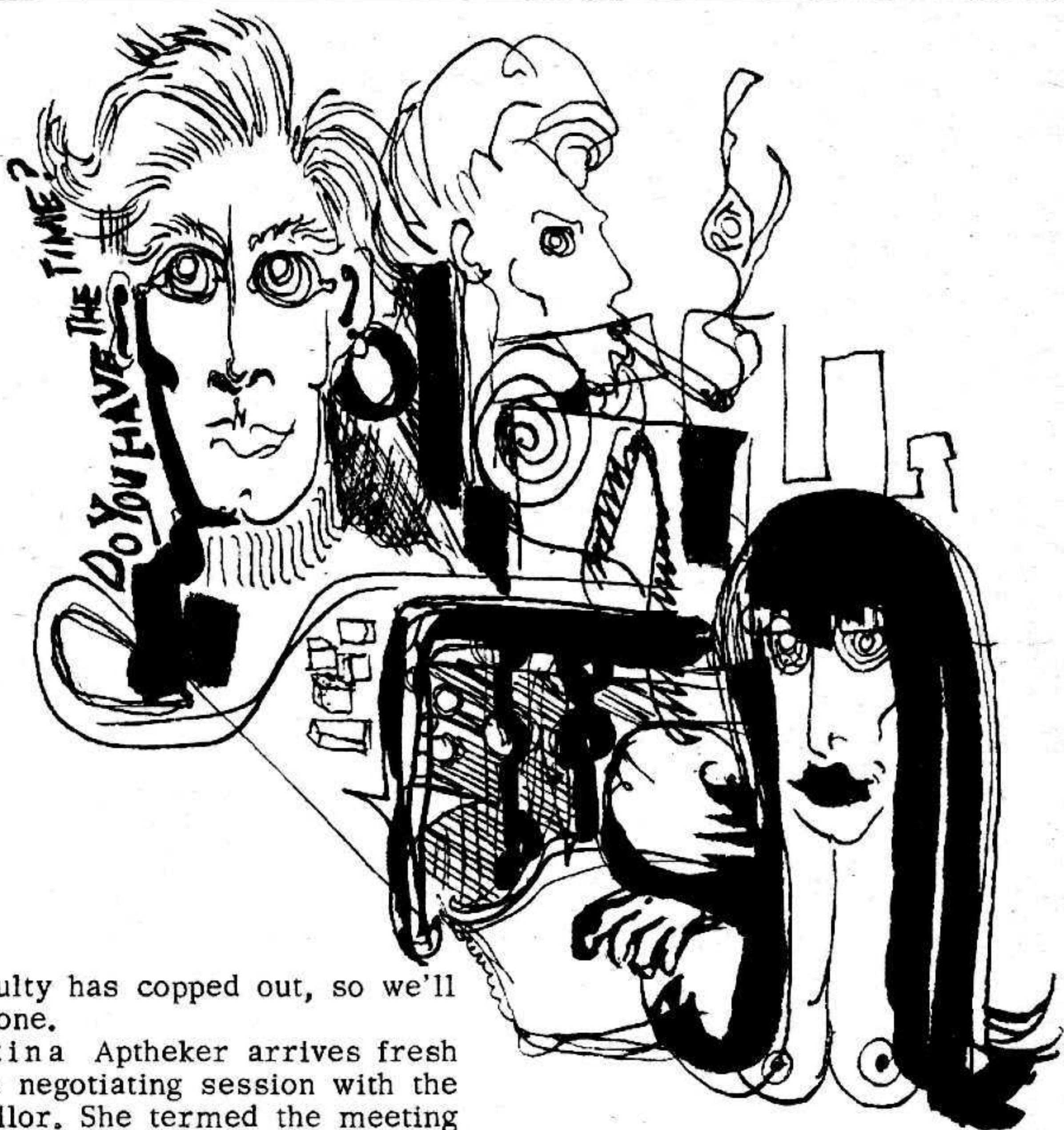
2000 Life Sciences Building, 7 p.m.

We are waiting here in a large meeting for the word from the Regents meeting. Even though it is obvious that the strike must end or be suspended, the spirit in here is amazing. Although the meeting started out in a depressing atmosphere, the microphone was soon opened to the floor, and the wildest assortment of people began to speak.

Finally somebody entered to read the statement from the Regents. The television cameramen sprang into action, turned on a large portable spotlight and focused it on the speaker's face. The following dialogue ensued.

Speaker: "You can turn it off. I'm not going to read the statement yet."

No reply from the cameramen. Speaker: "Look, I said I'm not going to read it yet so you can turn the light off. I'll tell you what; when I get ready to read the statement I'll raise my hand and then you can turn it back on."



Still no response from the cameramen.

Speaker: "If you don't turn it off I'll give you the finger."

Spotlight is quickly extinguished. From the crowd: "Student power!"

After some introductory comments the Regents' resolution is read. In effect they promise swift action against anyone who strikes again--students, employees or TAs. More important, however, is the fact that the resolution is not retroactive so the Regents are in effect saying, "Next time!!!!!!"

The speaker concludes his remarks by saying, "I think that the Regents are a bunch of bastards, and somehow we've got to get their power away from them."

Motion from the floor: "I move that the press be directed to include the word 'bastards' as being the sense of this body." The motion produces sustained applause. Another suggestion from the floor is that everybody wear black masks to class in order to blow the administration's collective minds and keep them unbalanced. At length the following main motion is adopted.

"This body reaffirms its commitment both to the basic principles of the strike and the five specific demands; declares a temporary recess of the strike; empowers the Strike Committee to continue negotiations with the administration; will organize and prepare for the resumption of the strike, or for another appropriate activity, if our demands are not met; encourages all who supported the strike to wear the mask of their choice to class on Wednesday, and urges the Strike Committee to make such provisions for this as is possible."

As the meeting prepares to break up a suggestion is made that we sing Solidarity Forever. After a few tries it is painfully evident that we don't know the words. An alternative suggestion is made and we leave the meeting singing -- Yellow Submarine.

### Sunday Night Film Series

jan. 22 eisenstein's "battleship potemkin"  
jan. 29 fritz lang's "metropolis"  
feb. 19 orson welles' "citizen kane"  
mar. 5 david bradley's "julius caesar"



STUDENT UNION, ROOM 31 at 7 p.m.

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Lawless' FABLES  
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New Ramparts, Evergreen

545 east grand river



## Students for a Democratic Society

### Open Meeting

to discuss anti-draft union proposals

8:30 p.m.

Wednesday, January 18

Union Rooms 31-35



# Feeding the Hungry Freak

The off-campus student with cooking facilities has it made--no more premasticated dorm food, no more eggshells in the powdered eggs, no more breadcrusts in the meat. From the monotony of the three-week cycle of good-for-you, chock-full-of-vitamins, bland, nutritiously boring meals, the off-campus dweller passes to--what? Sometimes, (too often) to unaltered canned soup, insipid beans, instant food, and (horrors of affluence) even the TV dinner. Food, after all, is expensive, and getting more so. And variety on a budget requires all too much imagination, skill, and time. This column hopes to present tasty, fool (and even idiot) proof, quick and inexpensive meals. No witchcraft involved (though it does help.)

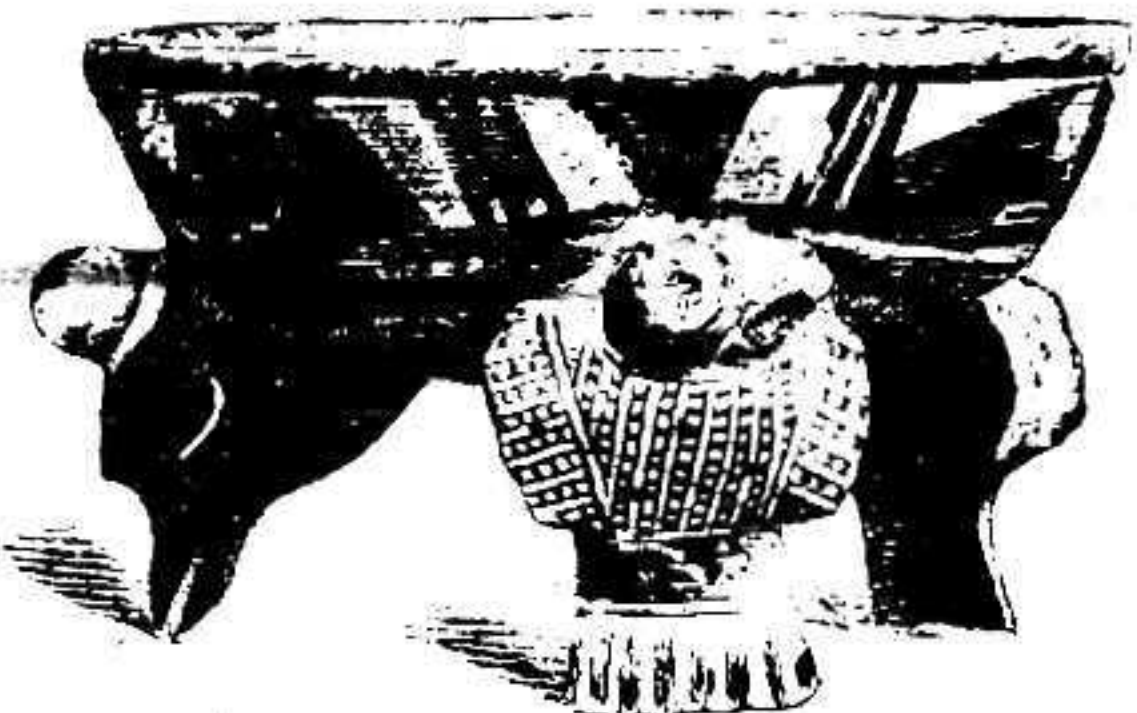
This week's Scuzzy Special is an extremely basic meal that can be prepared in about half an hour, with little cost or confusion and less pain. It will feed from two to twenty, by varying amounts of ingredients, and has the added advantage of being equally appropriate for breakfast, lunch, or dinner (or snacks).

Enhanced Eggs

Improved Beans

Golden Drop Biscuits

Attack plan for the meal: First, preheat your oven to 425, and lightly grease a cookie sheet, or other thin slab of flat metal. I prefer to use bacon drippings, but any vegetable or animal fat will do, like butter or shortening.

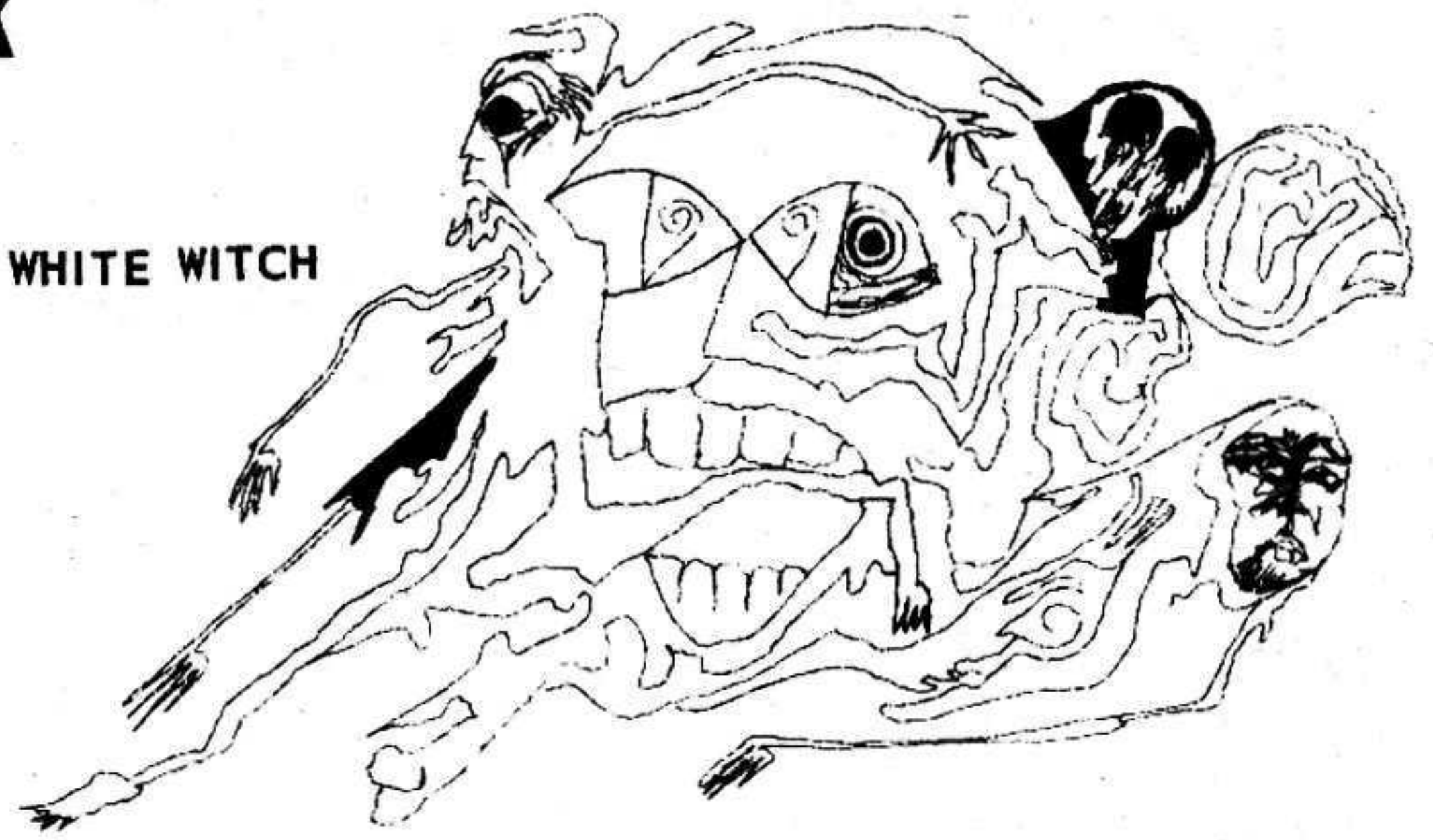


Now, take a medium-sized mixing bowl, and add 2 cups Bisquick and 2/3 cups of milk, and blend quickly. Knead the resultant dough lightly, and either roll into small balls with your hands (easy attractive way) or drop onto sheet (cook) with a tablespoon (this is the traditional method, and is messy and inconvenient, but good for snob value). Insert sheet into waiting, eager, not to say warm, oven and bake for 12-15 minutes. Use the timer, or your Golden Drop Biscuits will turn into black, inedible found objects useful only for art class non-objective sculptures. Makes about a dozen Golden Drop Biscuits.



As soon as you have put the Golden Drop Biscuits (looking white and pasty, but they'll improve) into the oven, dump the beans, about one medium large can for four hungry people, into a pan on the stove, setting the burner at medium high heat. Stir in either a small can of tomato

By the WHITE WITCH



paste or half a can of undiluted Bean with Bacon soup. Grate about a palmful of cheese as sharp as your tastes allow into the mixture. Stir again. For that matter, you might as well stir the stuff with each added ingredient as well as occasionally. This will keep the beans from sticking to the bottom of the pan and improve wrist flexibility. Sprinkle liberally with black AND cayenne (red) pepper and salt. Add a pinch of sage and several rosemary spikes. Stir (again).

Beat eggs, one and a half to two per person, until bright, fluffy, cheerily yellow and completely blended. Put a greased skillet on a medium burner. Add a large pinch (better make that two) of parsley, and small ones of rosemary, thyme, and marjoram. (By now, you have certainly removed your Golden Drop Biscuits from the oven and placed them in a covered bowl to keep them warm.

You have also continued to give an occasional stir to the beans, turning them down to low medium when they started bubbling vigorously.) Now add about 1/8 cup of milk, and stir and sprinkle with salt and black pepper. Add a dash of worcestershire sauce and 1/4 teaspoon mustard. Stir! Pour the mixture into the by-now-sizzling fry pan, stirring constantly with fork. (Always use a fork to stir. I hate spoons.) This is a good time to put tea or coffee water on. Continue to stir the beans occasionally, and the eggs constantly. The beans should be bubbling gently and the eggs should be turning into a moist and fluffy and vaguely solid agglomeration. They're done when they're dry enough for your taste. Some people like them dryer than others.

Enjoy your meal. Next time, tasty soup dishes, including a genuine recipe for psychedelic mushroom soup, and other delightful paisley treats.

## East Lansing Notes

### Le Grand Touring

Dear Paper Reader:

Well, Diehl forgot to give his address last week so Diehl didn't get any mail this week. However, anticipating the possibility of a catastrophe like this I have chipmunked a few letters away for the occasion. First, I would like to quote a short conversation recently overheard at the Sun Theater in Grand Ledge.

"Mom, how come they don't charge 6¢ (for candy) like everybody else?" asked my 13 year-old daughter.

"Because they don't believe in charging all the traffic will bear."

"Thank you!" commented the owner's wife. "Most people don't even notice." (She was doubling as candy girl.)

Besides candy, the Sun Theater also sells coupon books for reduced admission price, which proves that there are some kind people in the world.

For people who like to browse around in 'fun' stores it is suggested that you visit House of Wong (514 WGR) which carries a large variety of oriental wares in addition to a line of imported food items for you culinary explorers.

Also, one of THE PAPER's kind readers has done some research into the cost of food in the Lansing area and has found the Bazley Meat Market (212 N. Washington, Lansing) to be considerably less expensive. For example, when T-bone steak was priced at A&P and Hauer's Shop Rite it was \$1.19 a pound, at Kroger and Eberhard's it was \$1.29 a pound and at Bazley's it was 79¢ and 89¢ a pound, depending on grade, which is a considerable difference.

Further, if you have never had time to explore central Michigan for interesting places to visit here are a couple of suggestions.

Those of you with children may be especially interested in Michigan State's sheep research farm on Hagadorn Road south of Mt. Hope. At this time of year many baby sheep are born there. Anyway, of course lambs are cute and playful. If one is tactful and doesn't move too fast one can pet the lambs (I don't think sheep like to be petted) and since children, also adults, are fascinated by young animals this is a delightful place to visit. (Note---the sheep are there all the time.)

Also, the City of Lansing has the Fenner Arboretum (2020 E. Mt. Hope Rd.) which is like part of a western prairie brought to Lansing. At the arboretum you will see real live buffalo, long horn cattle, antelope and prairie dogs. Imagine all those foreign animals right here! (I thought buffalo were extinct.) Actually, you may not be able to see the buffalo because they have a bad habit of hiding behind the hill at the arboretum (they're shy).

Readers, good friends, if you have any complaints or, even better, compliments about a merchant in this corner of the world please let us know so we can share the experience. Write to Box 68, E. Lansing or call 351-7373.

Closing dialogue:

"When Soapy Williams was in Africa he attended Presbyterian church every day!"

"Is that why he didn't accomplish anything in Africa?"

DIEHL



It was supposed to be a passing thing  
Only I was not told  
I was left out of the secret  
To make of it what I would  
And I make of it a good deal  
How could I have been so taken in  
So easy to forget  
That love is for fools or gods alone  
And I was neither  
She was no raving beauty  
That is sure  
And why I should have chosen her  
I can not rightly say  
But when we were together  
She totally filled my life  
And lulled my sense of danger  
So that even as she left  
I did not see the cruel trick  
But only later  
When I could not sleep  
And lay alone in the quiet darkness  
Wondering what I had lost  
And damning the idiot who said  
"Silence is golden"

PETER RYAN



Crippled images straining thru my formerly eclectic mind,  
Once sure-footed and agile, now slip and stutter as they go  
Uncertain in the dusty light of Super Halls and second hand bulbs.  
The well torn tracks they once nimbly rolled upon,  
In Crowd Academia's Great Western Route  
Laid by the mange festooned Proverbial Non-Conformists,  
Have all rusted in the mewling puke of Enlightenment's own  
Brand of bigotry; and make me want to flounder  
With the Ignorant in Midwestern gutters  
And scream to Berkeley Monks sitting in:  
'I never went! Cloistered Halls, I am virgin yet.'  
But it is too late.

T. MALONE



A new tactic in the reporting game has recently been successfully exploited by the State News in its story concerning the Anti-Draft Union. This technique is called ARFE, Advance Reporting of Future Events (otherwise known as making a mountain out of a Mollison). Following this lead, THE PAPER now proudly presents its own page of

# FUTURE NEWS

By DALE WALKER  
THE PAPER'S Ace Reporter



Tuesday, January 17:  
HEADLINE:

## YAF FORMS PRO-DRAFT UNION TO SUPPORT SYSTEM

A subsidiary now being organized by the MSU chapter of YAF (Young Americans for Freedom) plans to "Bring the Anti-Draft Union to a grinding halt by interfering as efficiently as possible with the formal functioning of the SDS."

To be called the Pro-Draft Union, it hopes to:

- block buses and cars carrying SDS members to conventions and organizational meetings;
- disrupt proceedings at SDS meetings;

- harass SDS recruiters in the MSU Union;

- campaign through "Support Uncle Sam" petitions and an educational program against draft-dodging to generate enthusiasm for the Vietnam war.

This activist position is a tactical about-face for the chapter and will bring about danger of possible legal action against the organization for its activities. Section 12 of the East Lansing Police Fund-Raising Campaign By-Laws reads: "Any person or persons who shall knowingly or unknowingly hinder or assist or attempt to do so in any way, by force or violence or otherwise, with practically anything will at least be fined and will probably face other court action." City Police Chief Buster Bigg said yesterday that he could not recall any cases of students not being arrested under this section of the act.

Plans call for the Pro-Draft Union to be community-wide, but the national YAF organization may possibly establish a nationwide network of such subsidiaries to combat Anti-Draft Unions wherever they crop up. If such widespread support could be garnered it would be viewed as a major success for the otherwise fragmented Young Right.

WEDNESDAY, January 18:  
HEADLINE:

## FBI INVESTIGATION UNDER WAY

The controversy over the newly-formed Anti-Draft Union continues to grow. Agents for the Federal Bureau of Investigation met behind closed doors with police, members of the administration and other father figures for over two hours yesterday.

At a press conference following the meeting, sources close to usually reliable distant relatives of spokesmen for acquaintances of the parties involved revealed that "little progress" had been made. The "desired information" concerning membership and structure of the controversial Anti-Draft Union was apparently being "suppressed" and otherwise "withheld by the administration. The investigation, however, "will continue as before."

Thursday, January 19:

## RAMPARTS DOES IT AGAIN!

LATE FLASH: Ramparts Magazine in its March issue has disclosed startling and rather convincing evidence of administration collaboration with the national Young Americans for Freedom organization. Charges include the following:

1. That the university has been making "substantial yearly contributions" to the organization under the name of "educational aid."

2. Policy decisions concerning course content and the recruiting and firing of professors have often been influenced by pressures from YAF. Ramparts hopes to disclose proof in a later issue that ATL instructors Groat, Lawless and Fogarty were refused tenure because their political views were in conflict with those of the YAF.

At the time that the story broke,

~~no administration members were a-~~  
vailable for comment.

Monday, January 23:

## HOAX REVEALED! WAR GROUPS NONEXISTENT

In the aftermath of last week's rioting on the Michigan State University campus, a special investigating body has given its report. Injuries have apparently been finally estimated at 2,718 and the figure for property damage is "approximately \$2.5 million." The committee (composed of police, administrators, student government members, Ramparts reporters and CIA agents) had other information which was far more startling.

Despite the fact that the riot has been widely labeled as a fight between members of the Pro-Draft and Anti-Draft Unions and their sympathizers, the Riot Investigating Committee now claims that both of these organizations are "totally fictional" and have "no members, no officers" and have never held a formal meeting or gathering. That such "confusion" could result from mere misunderstanding is "quite hard to believe and extremely unfortunate" according to the committee's spokesman, but he cautioned "one must never underestimate the power of the mass media in influencing and even creating news."

Tuesday, January 24:

## WAR PANIC SPREADS

LATE BULLETIN: Residents of Central Michigan are staging a mad rush on food stores and lumber and construction companies in preparation for the "approaching war" with Russia. Looting and vandalism is increasing in East Lansing and nearby communities. The war scare is apparently the result of the front-page copyrighted story in yesterday's State News declaring that "WAR IS IMMINENT."

Friday, January 20:

## MASSIVE DEMONSTRATION DEVELOPS INTO RIOT

15,000 students and 10,000 reporters and photographers gathered this afternoon in front of the Union Building in what appeared to be a protest of some sort concerning something or other. Speeches and chants were at first orderly, but the event broke into scattered fistfights and eventually mass rioting as it became more and more evident that many different viewpoints were being represented. Chants to the effect that President John Hannah should be jailed for refusing to give the FBI a list of Anti-Draft Union members (though he claimed there were no such members) apparently came from YAF sympathizers. Chants that the Administration supported YAF and the war seemed to come from the New Left types infuriated by the information exposed in the Ramparts article. Reporters, however, could find no people present who were actual members of either the Anti-Draft Union or the Pro-Draft Union.

Many theories are being advanced to explain this rioting and the extensive coverage given it by the mass media despite the fact that SDS and YAF claim to have planned no picketing or demonstrating at all. The most widely-held theory at present is that the mass meeting was the result of a front-page article by State News executive reporter Andrew Mollison stating that "both pro-war and anti-war groups are scheduled to have picket lines in front of the Union tomorrow and the expectation that the marching can be peacefully conducted is lessening as the news of the demonstrations spreads."