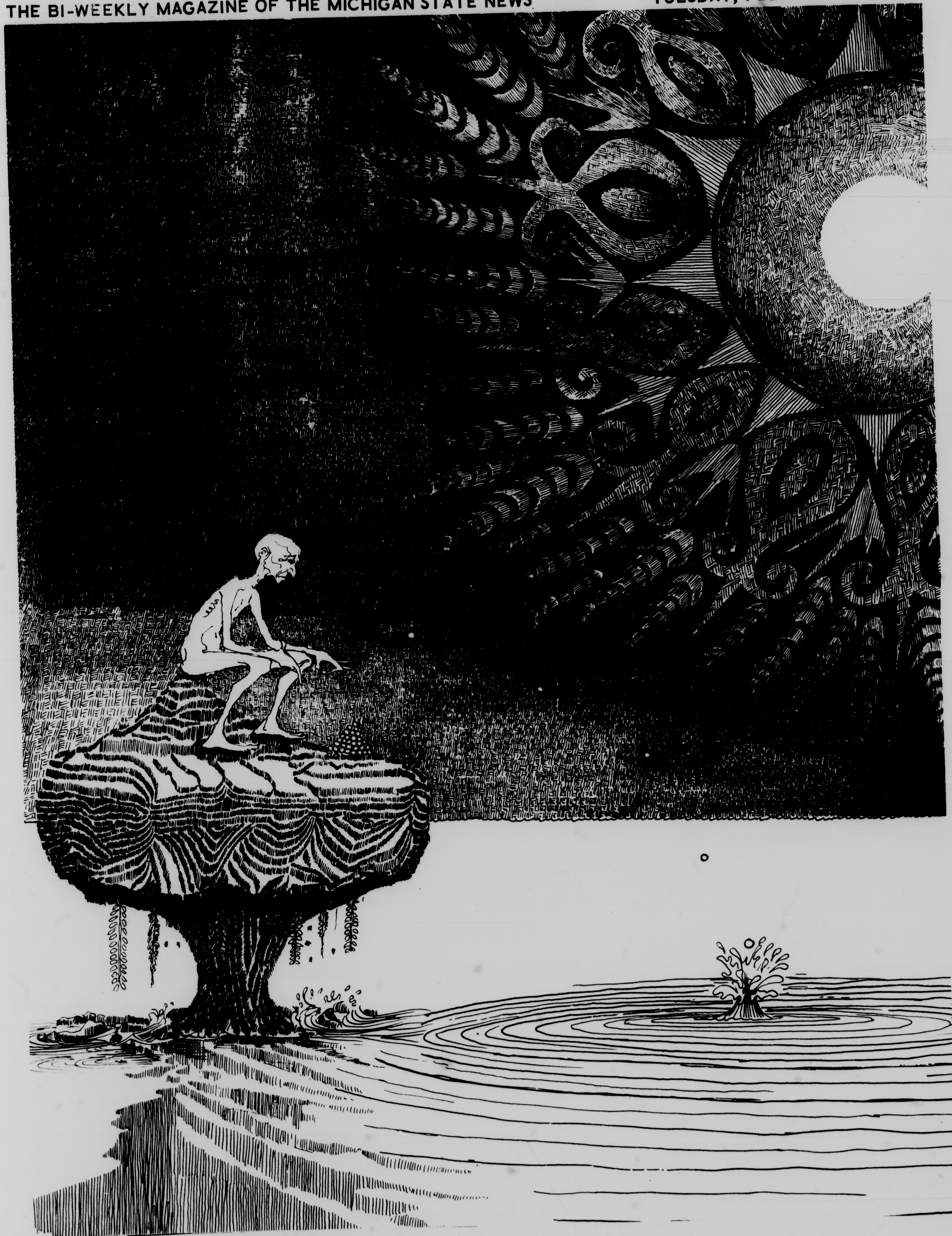
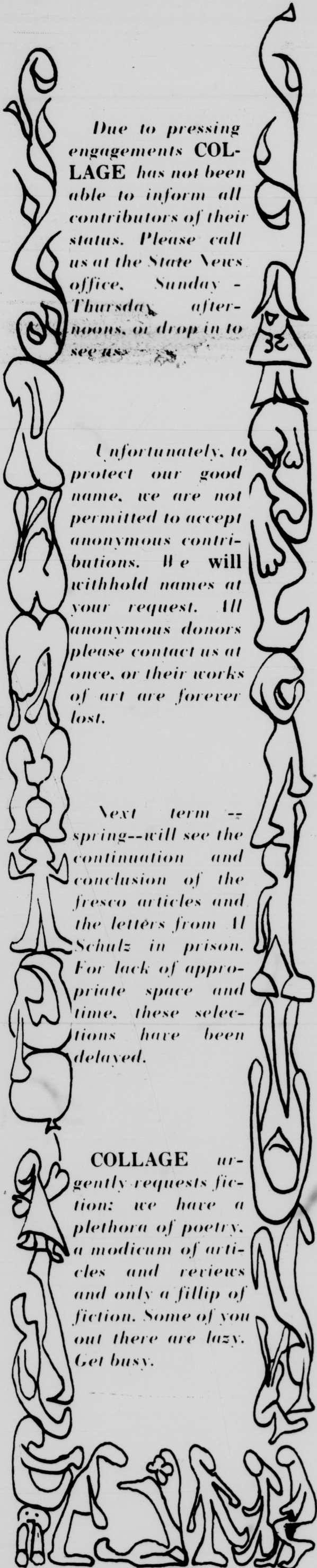


THE BI-WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE MICHIGAN STATE NEWS

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1969





Due to pressing engagements COL-
LAGE has not been able to inform all contributors of their status. Please call us at the State News office, Sunday - Thursday, afternoons, or drop in to see us.

Unfortunately, to protect our good name, we are not permitted to accept anonymous contributions. We will withhold names at your request. All anonymous donors please contact us at once, or their works of art are forever lost.

Next term -- spring--will see the continuation and conclusion of the fresco articles and the letters from Al Schulz in prison. For lack of appropriate space and time, these selections have been delayed.

COLLAGE urgently requests fiction: we have a plethora of poetry, a modicum of articles and reviews and only a fillip of fiction. Some of you out there are lazy. Get busy.



Director David Gilbert
Executive Editor Michael O'Neal
Graphics Sandy Moffat
Bruce Spitz, William R. Stewart, Tom Samet,
Clifford Randall, A. D. D., Ed. Rosenberg, Ela Singh, Harold Renn.

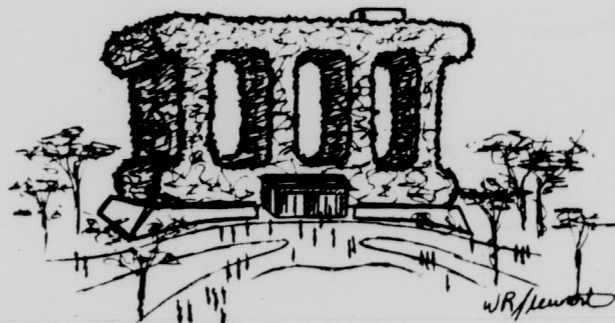
ARTWORK
Cover and pages 6-7 by Feter Key Mack
Pages 3, 8, 10 by Bruce Spitz
Pages 12, by William R. Stewart
Pages 4, 5 by Shelley Sutton
Pages 8, 9 by Sandy Moffat

I pledge allegiance
To the smogged and
Greyly coughing shadows
Of my land; who collar-up and lawless
Tuck the awful folded flag
Beneath their eyes.
And squatting dumb
Upon the alleybrick,
And garbaged like a night cat
Digging breakfast,
Rip the cold stars
From its night.
Then raise it,
Where a child has shinnied
Dirty-kneed and clawing for a cloud;
The crumbled city chalk-like on his hands.

The pole is waiting rootless,
Barkless, hard and sapless
Glinting in our spacious skies.
And we're impaled upon it
Squirring trout-like
In the bottom of the boat.
Our helpless flip-flop
Slapping in their ears.
Sexless at the top
The black man dances in our eyes
And swings the natural rhythm of the breeze.
And mirror-like
He wags the sterile loins
That hold us weakly where we stand.

Taps.
A prayer for dark to cool us --
Dry the bleeding sidewalks
For our walking on tomorrow.
TAPS.
To call the dark ones home
On empty-windowed, empty-pocket roads.
And blind and cigaretted curbs
Shrug, unwatched by the folding pennant
And we, unlifted from the pin
That sticks us to today,
Slip warmly wombward
Past the dust, to street-lamped
Milk and honey lanes,
Paved thick and warm with carpetdown.

But darkness has the streets
Where dark and wormlike from the cracks
Come rising shapes
To vaguely haunt us if we sleep.
Or silent, (sliding blackly
Through the black)
To lower down the rottings
Of their cold and sexless flag.
No proof this night;
No flag still there;
A barren pole to wag
Its laughing emptiness tomorrow.
No rag to catch the life-gift
Of the early morning light.
--Tom Samet



COLLEGE STUDENT'S POETRY ANTHOLOGY

The NATIONAL POETRY PRESS
announces its
SPRING COMPETITION

The closing date for the submission of manuscripts by College Students is

April 10

ANY STUDENT attending either junior or senior college is eligible to submit his verse. There is no limitation as to form or theme. Shorter works are preferred by the Board of Judges, because of space limitations.

Each poem must be TYPED or PRINTED on a separate sheet, and must bear the NAME and HOME ADDRESS of the student, and the COLLEGE ADDRESS as well.

MANUSCRIPTS should be sent to the OFFICE OF THE PRESS

NATIONAL POETRY PRESS

3210 Selby Avenue

Los Angeles, Calif.
90034



A man said to the universe:
"Sir, I exist!"
"However," replied the universe,
"that fact has not created in me
a sense of obligation."

--Stephen Crane

The Captive City

trilogy in four parts

By BRUCE SPITZ

Under the guise of the operational definitions expressed in the U.S. census, the East Lansing Comprehensive Plan and MSU public relations releases, we are all partaking in a prosperous, exciting urban complex. There are signs of stress arising from a disproportionately large student population but the overwhelming indication is that this is a growing, healthy community. However, under the guise of living here, the East Lansing-MSU complex appears to be no more than a thriving necropolis, a contained agglomeration of people and things. As individuals we are isolated. As groups we are segregated. And as contemporary urban citizens we accept the lack of community and its complementary vitality and warmth with undistinguished resignation and apathy. It is the purpose of this article, therefore, to pierce the paradox and to examine those forces which prevent us from coalescing as a community.

Architecture and the Life Aesthetic

"Architecture is the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man, for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them may contribute to his mental health, power, and pleasure."--John Ruskin

Examination of any of the architectural renderings or plastic models of buildings on this campus will result in an alarming realization--there is no difference between the model and the building. The model has been scaled down, detail has been blurred, only the distinctive qualities are presented for the purpose of creating an impression, or an abstraction of what is. The model is static--a painted corpse of a living dynamic creation. Pitirim Sorokin states that social space is the result of a cultural triad: that of 1. meanings, 2. human agents, and 3. inanimate vehicles and the physical setting. For example, the concept of education, a professor lecturing, and the classroom within which the lecture occurs, are all separate yet intrinsically linked. When you make the transition from a small, wood-paneled classroom to the concrete-slab, television-monitored classroom, you have not only changed the buildings but also the concept of university education.

Architecture, the only art form from which we cannot escape, is one of the most powerful non-verbal conveyors of social meanings and intent. The power to shape the environment is the power to create social meanings and to instill in man a sense of his position and a social definition of his humanity.

Man is not infinitely plastic. He cannot adjust to any environment. If we wish to develop creative integrated individuals, we cannot shove them onto a conveyor belt that lacks privacy, denies individual expression, prevents meaningful interaction, and abhors spontaneity. When the beautiful and the aesthetically pleasing are deemed superfluous at a State institution, the State has not destroyed those qualities, it has just helped to create a new life-aesthetic, a new conceptual form of the human being--that of a scrawny, castrated figure held upright by gadgets and standardized parts. When the State deems privacy, individuality, and other basic human needs superfluous, it destroys even those remnants of a man and enshrines the gadgets and the standardized parts. Where does one go on the MSU campus to be reminded of his humanity or to be inspired or exhilarated by the human genius?



This then is one problem: in a city of monumental structures there is not one that we can relate to as human beings or take pride in as a community.

Overcrowding and Loneliness

Lecture halls, cramped buses, dormitories... an overcrowded environment produces different fields. Sociologists speak of alienation and the harmful effects of a myriad of social roles. Psychologists discuss the ill-effects of a lack of privacy and the loss of ego strength and individuality. Communications experts refer to information overloads and organizational entropy. Behavioralists talk of territoriality and a behavioral sink. MSU speaks of a living-learning complex.

I propose that the constant exposure to and the inability to escape from masses of people is a debilitating force, and that that force is in operation on this campus.

The greatest consequence of the omnipresent crowd are obstruction of meaningful relationships and the destruction of solitude and privacy. It is to the latter that I direct my comments.

As a population of individuals we need to experience fully and completely that which all individuals must experience if they wish to lay claim to any form of separateness or identity:

*You laughed me into melodies,
quick-silvered hours to
reckon by. Your fingers
brushing cobwebs from
by skies.
You touched me into gracefulness,
the tracing of
reckless patterns of flesh by
braille and sigh.
But, dear teacher,
of the crimson, the unfoldings of
spring.
I was a child traveling wondrous
landscapes, breathless and
glad-eyed. You did not warn me
of your winters and wondered
that they caught me blue-lipped
and shaken.*

*There is only the rain now,
it talks to itself all day, against
silent window panes.*

--By Ela Singh

that is, we must endure the unobstructed, un-meddled, uncomforted realization that we exist apart from others, that our pain and sorrow can be shared with others but not by others, that loneliness is not shameful, nor self-confrontation a sham. And hopefully, in our state of isolation, we learn to know ourselves, to know our problems, and to draw strength from that knowledge; we learn to feel, to relate to others, and to savor our own humanity. MSU, the alleged adamant believer in the individual, has blatantly and harmfully denied this need as being relevant.

Existential loneliness, as Clark Moustakas calls it, cannot be granted nor controlled. It is part of being human. It can, however, be hindered and stultified. It can drown in distractions and crowds. What arises in place of self-confrontation is fear of that confrontation and the frenzied desire to escape loneliness at any cost. The following extensive quote from Moustakas' recent book, *Loneliness*, not only describes loneliness anxiety but also is an apt description of the tenor of campus life:



"Much of the loneliness anxiety in our society is not the psychiatric loneliness which results from rejection or abandonment in childhood. It is possible to live too much in the world, to try to escape loneliness by constant talk, by surrounding oneself with others, by modeling oneself from people in authority or with high status. Alienated from his own self, the individual does not mean what he says and does not do what he believes or feels. He learns to use devious and indirect ways, and to base his behavior on the standards and expectations of others. Cut off from his own self, he is unable to have communal experience with others, though he may be popular, or to experience a sense of relation with nature. Many of these individuals love truth, yet their lives are predicted on appearances and false ties; they do not concentrate their energies enough to be able to become in fact what they are in inspiration. What is it that drives a man to surround himself with the same external double-talk, the same surface interests and activities during his evenings at home and during his days at work? It is the terror of loneliness, not loneliness itself but loneliness anxiety, the fear of being left alone, of being left out. It is absolutely necessary to keep busy, active, have a full schedule, be with others, escape into the fantasies, dramas, and lives of others in television or in the movies. Everything is geared towards filling and killing time to avoid feeling the emptiness of life and the vague dissatisfactions of acquiring possessions, gaining status and power and behaving in the appropriate and approved ways. The escape from loneliness is actually an escape from facing the fear of loneliness."

I propose that one of the reasons we do not behave as a community is because we are together too much and are not alone enough; that it is impossible to operate as a community when the majority of the constituents are attempting to flee from themselves.

Problem: We must provide the opportunities for the individuals to experience solitude and privacy. Specifically, if the residence hall arrangements are not modified with this goal in mind, we will only perpetuate a system of the segmented and confused whose first and probably only focus is how to produce for that system and not fly apart at the seams.

(continued on next page)

MSU: trilogy in four parts

(continued from previous page)

The Economics of Containment

Ghetto or enclave economics--the economics of containment--operates with textbook clarity within the East Lansing/MSU milieu. The following analysis will be restricted to three aspects of that operation: the student as a factor of production, his physical mobility, and the current plans for enlarging the central business district as it pertains to student housing. **Implicit in the argument is that students are niggers**, an approach made famous by Jerry Farber.

MSU is a service community, that is, one in which men are not only the producers of goods but also the goods produced. The student maintains a peculiar position for he is both the primary raw material and the primary finished product. He pays for all the transportation requirements incumbent in his travels from home to campus, thereby eliminating a bothersome factor that plagues most corporations when they locate, i.e. the minimization of the transfer cost or basic materials. The student has made MSU impervious to demographic changes and transportation rates and in doing so has created one of the most enviable of firms--an aspatial factory. The student is the largest consumer of MSU producer goods (campus housing, instruction, etc.) and comprises the largest sector of the MSU force. We are a group of men so situated as to be at one time five major factors of production. One would assume that we wield tremendous power within this complex. However, one cannot assume anything when dealing with a group of niggers.



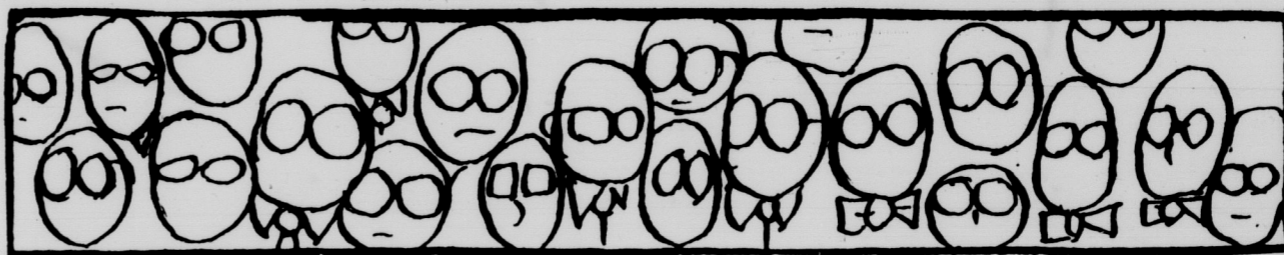
Like grape pickers, we have submitted to the ethic of the transient. We form no unions. We work for minimal wages. And we would gladly cede if any attempt to organize was made.

Like niggers, we hop from menial job to menial job not differentiating between getting up at 6:30 Sunday morning to mop the Man's floor or lining up every evening to feed the mob. \$1.50 is a \$1.50. Anybody who gets uppity about wages can leave. However, if you're a real good Tom and work hard and don't bitch, well, they'll allow you to rise up in the world. They'll give you a 10-cent hike per hour and make you head elevator boy; that way you can make sure that none of the other boys get lazy or lay off the job. And while you're working real hard, they'll just boost your tuition and your room and board so high and raise your salary so little that there ain't a way in the world that you can't stop working for them--boy.

Like educated fools, we gladly offer our expertise for nigger wages and help make places like Kellogg Center a proverbial gold mine. This of course is done under the mask of 'We're giving you experience.' If private corporations paid the same type of wages as MSU during their managerial training period, the only people they would attract would be 40-year-old retirees, hydrocephalic idiots, and high yes--college students trying to get through school.

One may ask: Why doesn't the student look for work off-campus? The answer is simple. He is physically captive, a product of two admirable forces.

First, his time budget is distorted and fragmented. He may sign up for only 15 credit hours, but he has requirements; and those required courses are conveniently spread throughout the work week.



Secondly, it is getting harder and harder to own a car. Not only has tuition been rapidly rising, but traffic regulations have become more stringently enforced and parking facilities are usually one half to three quarters of a mile away from a dorm. It doesn't seem to bother us that all other employees, or visitors or reporters can park adjacent to their destination--when the Man says no, you listen. The only other forms of transportation are feet, bikes, and the MSU bus system (one of the few solvent mass transport systems in the country). For the most part, we choose the bus system which is a very interesting way to travel because:

1. All it does is go round and round. You never leave the plantation.
2. In allocating 20 minutes between classes to travel to those classes, what has effectively been done is that one third of your day time is devoted to being shuttled around campus. At the end of a scholastic year, one full term of daylight class time has been wasted.

And 3. the student can learn to appreciate 'togetherness' in a more direct fashion than the dorms or lecture halls can provide.

Hoover, in *The Location of Economic Activity*, states the problem very clearly: "The magnitude of price differentials corresponds inversely to mobility." In other words, if there is a janitor working for \$3,000 an hour down at Oldsmobile and you are doing the same thing for a \$1.50 at MSU, the principal reason you are not getting better wages is because you are immobile--captive.

It has been recommended by the East Lansing Planning Commission that the Central Business District should be renovated. And so, urban removal--more aptly called Negro removal--has been implemented. Parking facilities and shopping malls are to be erected after leveling an 'undesirable' section directly adjacent to the Grand River shops. I think that some statistics about that area would prove interesting.

It is the oldest section of town with most of the dwellings built between 1887 and 1920.

It is one of the most deteriorated parts of East Lansing.

It has the highest concentration of student rooming houses in East Lansing.

The dwellings are generally assessed at between \$10,000 and \$15,000 and taxed accordingly.

First, where are those students going to move to after their residences are destroyed? The situation is reminiscent of the problem of displaced slum tenants in the 'Big City.'

Secondly, there are approximately 5.5 students living in each rooming house in that area. If we can assume that each pays only \$50 a month for rent and that the current capitalization rate lies somewhere between 7 per cent and 9 per cent, then on the average the value of those houses (regardless of condition) as income property is between \$45,000 and \$27,500. Yet the slumlords pay taxes on only one third of that value. Overcrowded, students utilize a disproportionate amount of community services. The need for those services increases but neither the slumlord nor the student contribute adequately to the tax base. Increased

taxes are passed onto professional people who live elsewhere in the community. The non-student residents get disgusted with paying high taxes and living next to niggers so they move out to the suburbs. And, zip zap, we have our own little ghetto developing, and the East Lansing municipal government becomes plagued with financial worries. Why go to Detroit to study urban blight? We have it right here.

The problem is twofold. First, the student population is an artificial market created by MSU. When MSU decides that it should not interfere with the supply side, that capitalism is the only doctrine feasible in our society, a contained market is ripe for the pick'n. According to Wilbur Thompson, as a city grows in size, the variety of available goods increases. But when that city is captive, variety is not necessary. It will consume anything.

Secondly, you will never form a community when the base of that community is both transient and exploited. You can not integrate niggers into a society. Only when men are mutually respected and acknowledged does any communal synthesis take place.

The Brick Spider

A settlement of people is like a child, for as the community organism grows, it cries for independence, for a life separate from its human creators. The MSU creature is full grown. Trapped in her webs of architecture and general design, lodged in her bureaucratic rituals and classes, captive in her crowds and mechanized prowess, she displays a spirit quite independent of even the most charismatic individual.

It seems that regardless of culture, cities approach each other in character as they grow, as their density patterns become greater, and as the society industrializes. The individual is obtrusively and harshly nestled into the arms of the 'community' and forced to imbibe its charms.

The large ghetto displays the additional qualities of: restricted physical mobility, a restricted overcrowded housing, restricted work opportunities (low paying, menial jobs), and the denied access to positions of community responsibility or policy decisions. These problems are dominant in both the black slums and the white multiversity enclaves.



The past four years that I have spent at MSU, I have watched policies change and 'liberties' granted by the score. Yet the quality of character which is MSU has not been altered, it has only grown more frenzied. The aura of mechanized structures has intensified, the crowds have increased, and the prevalent apathy has remained prevalent. The student protest over trivial questions such as open houses or hours remains a convenient method for expending energy in blind alleys.

(continued on page 11)

"Who keeps us prisoner,

The quote is from Peter Weiss' MARAT/SADE.

The picture is one of a series of "emotional hieroglyphics" by Peter Key Mack.

Both are intended to depict the MSU community. Which is where Collage comes in.

This issue of Collage was set up as a particular, one-sided perspective to invite reaction and comment on the part of the MSU community. Too few of us take time to examine the world in which we live; like fish leading glass-bowl lives, we never notice the limits of our environment until we bump our noses painfully against the invisible sides of the fishbowl.

Most of us don't want to break the fishbowl; we are afraid of losing the valuable fluid that keeps us alive. On the other hand, we may not need to stay submerged in water to survive: if we are men, rather than fish, perhaps we should re-think our mode of existence.

The question posed by the writers in this issue is that the fishbowl is not so much a haven of protection, but a whirlpool of spiritual death. They propose that our human potential is diminished by our fishbowl environment.

Collage is interested in response from our "fishbowl colleagues:" ask yourself where you stand. Do you think you are being cheated by East Lansing merchants? Or by the University? Or by The Man?

On the other hand, have you considered the problems facing private entrepreneurs who cannot depend on a steady population, but only a steady flux of population? If you were an administrator or a merchant, would you really handle things any differently? Do idealists "get things done" or are they only a burden, a drag on the general progress of the fishbowl community? And do they have anything to contribute, besides discontent?

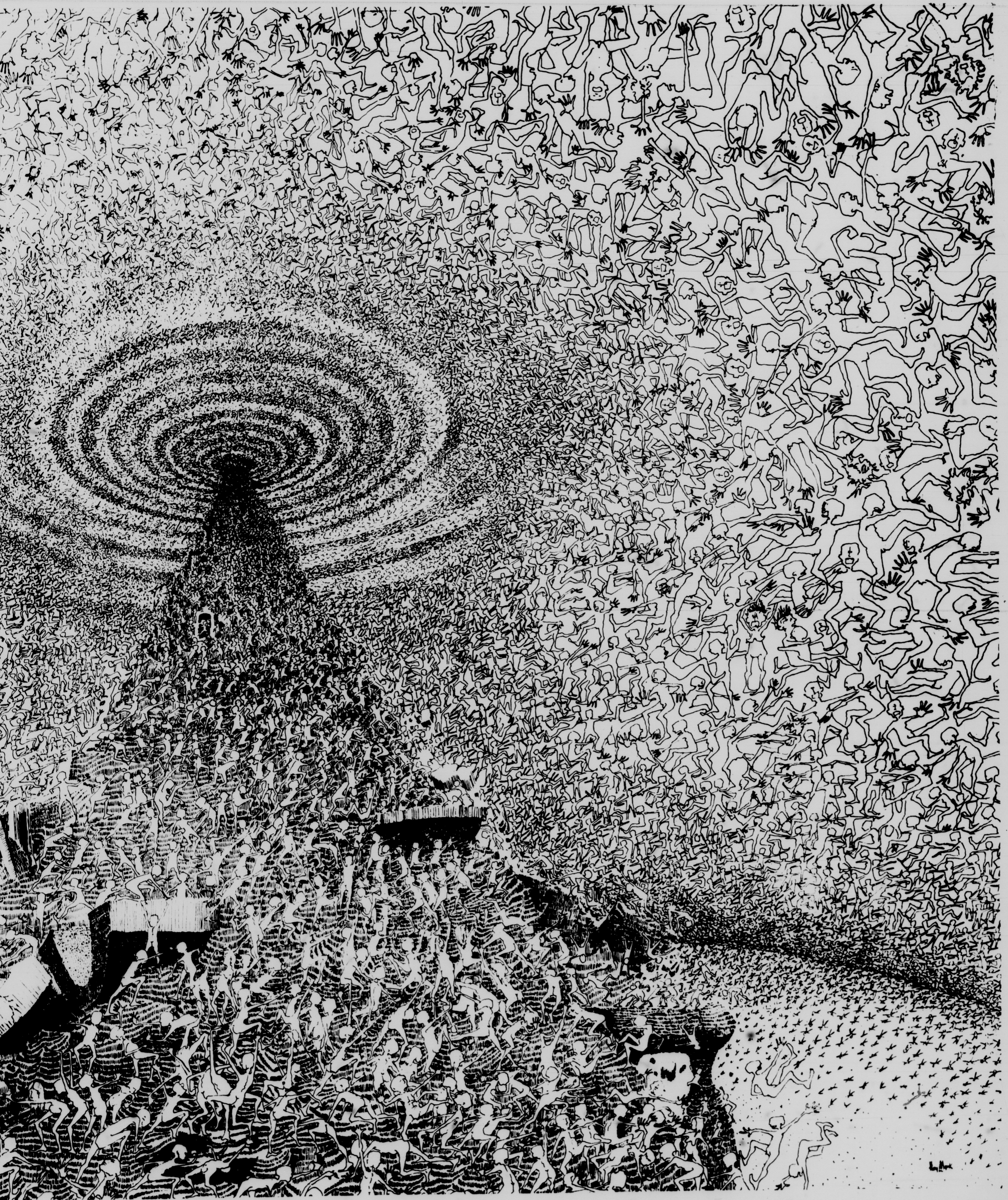
And is discontent such a bad thing, anyway?

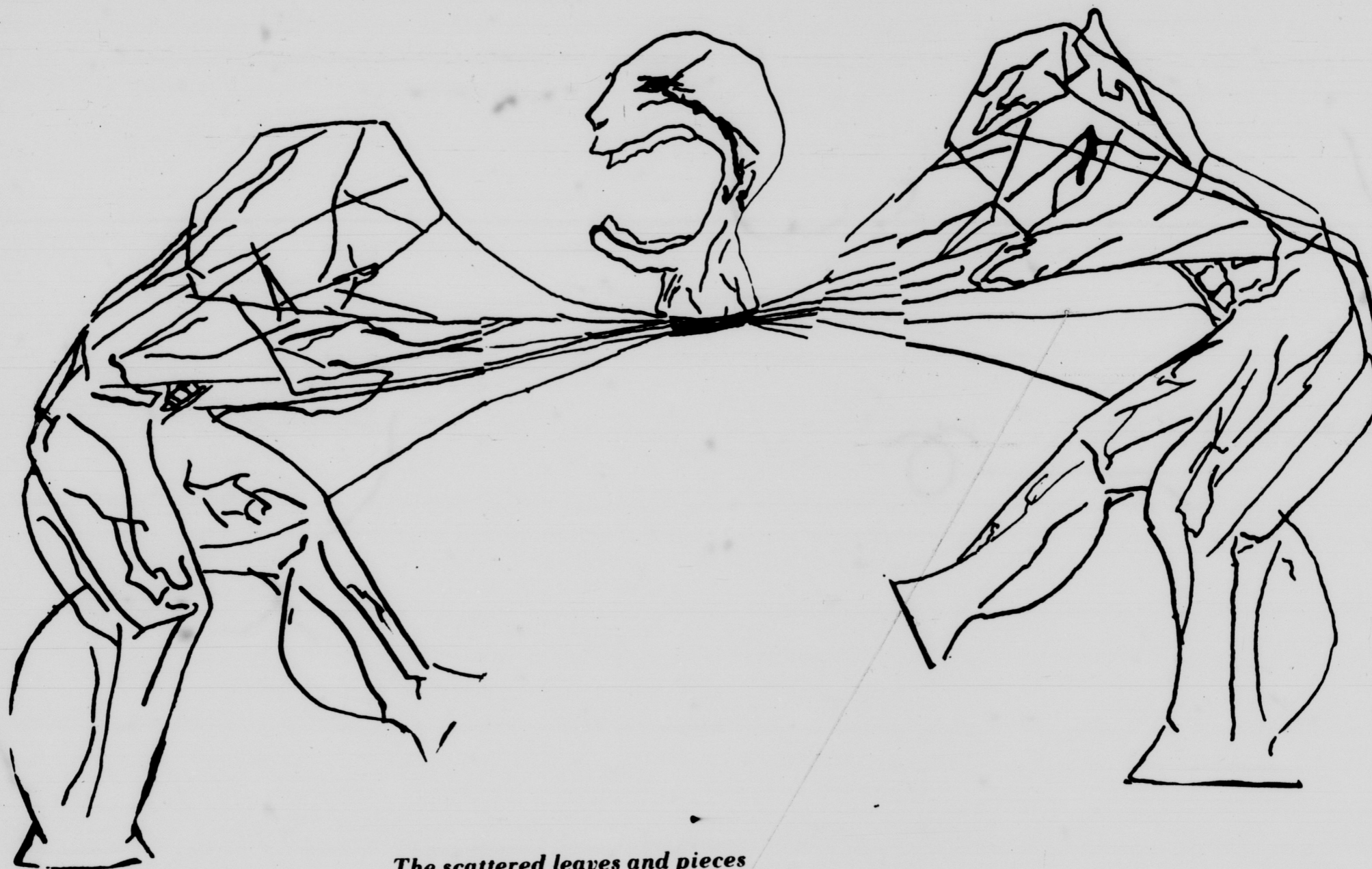
Collage is the forum for your response.

If you care enough to use it.



er, who locks us in. . . "





*The scattered leaves and pieces
are like people
come to rest in corners
and on other sides of hills.*

--Clifford Randall

MSU, We Love Thy Shadows

By WILLIAM R. STEWART

A long time ago, before you were born, there were *THEY*. And *THEY* convened in attics. And *THEY* suffered the existence of AUSG, and *THEY* ignored it. And AUSG grew befuddled and factious, and died. And it begat ASMSU in an impotent image. And *THEY* overwhelm ASMSU and it grows befuddled and factious. And there was CSR, and *THEY* broke it. And there was Paul Schiff, and *THEY* were amused. And there were "illegally assembled" crowds, and *THEY* bloodied them. And there was The Paper, and *THEY* repressed it. And there was Zeitgeist, and *THEY* forbade it. And here was Ken Lawless, and *THEY* indicted him, tried him, and hanged him in his absence. And there was Gary Groat, and *THEY* hanged him beside Lawless. And there was the Orange Horse, and *THEY* withdrew to await its death. And there was SDS, and *THEY* will not suffer it. And there was BSA, and *THEY* were elusive. For *THEY* convene in attics. And there was Bertram Garskof . . . and *THEY* are.

Button, button, who pushes the button: where does the Power lie? The legal existence of MSU and hence all real power, resides in the corporate person of the MSU Board of Trustees. The Board of Trustees is the University, and the University is the Board of Trustees. To understand the dimensions of this power and the realities of its exercise within the Multiversity is to fully appreciate the efficient and effective implementation of White Anglo-Saxon Protestant principles, not of education, but of indirect colonial rule.

It is a reality of the colonial situation that the "traditional" societal mechanisms and institutions (those having real existence for the colonized population before the colonial imposition) merely appear to continue to exist and function, while in fact they are form with no content--structure with no power--shadows. All power has been alienated from them and invested in the Colonial Protectorate Government-- the Guardians, the Trustees of the colony--not by consent of the governed community,

but by consent of the "taxpayers" of the Metropole, the parent state. Within the colony, this Board of Trustees is the single central locus of all power: adjudicative, legislative, coercive, and repressive. In terms of power, nothing real exists outside of this body. A study of power at MSU therefore takes place within a colonial context. Relevant to the position of the colonized "native," it is a study of attics and shadows.

The MSU Colonial Administration, headed by the Board of Trustees, is a statist bureaucratic machine empowered to administer a colony of the Metropole, by the Metropole, and for the Metropole. (It somehow seems a shame that the desired product is an outstandingly mediocre, unintegrated man possessed of an expensively-programmed repertoire of behaviors which he executes on command, for a price, with the proper modicum of expertise and a minimum of self-initiated thought. But then, that's Garskof's problem, isn't it?)

(continued on next page)



"We Love Thy Shadows"

(continued from previous page)

For the administrative purposes of the Board of Trustees, in fulfilling the rich promise of the land-grant philosophy, power is delegated downward level by level through the ranks of the Colonial Administration. The scope of each individual packet of power so delegated clearly defines the administrator's permitted range of exercise of such power, his "local area" with regard specifically to his place in the hierarchy overtopped by the Board. This delegated power is revocable; the Board giveth and the Board taketh away.

The resultant structure is a thoroughly bureaucratized legion of civil servants--clients of the power-patron Board--responsible only to the Board and dependent upon its favor for the original granting and continued existence of their power, their positions, their salaries, and their legitimacy to rule a transient disenfranchised "native" population. The Board, the Protectorate Government, is the sole policy-making power of the colony--the Colonial Administrative apparatus implements and executes this policy. All policy, all law, proceeds downward through "properly constituted channels" which may be blocked or made more circuitous by the local administrator at any level. It is government by executive order and administrative decree--Colonial government, without alternative, by inter-office memo in triplicate, incorporating inexhaustible opportunities for miscommunication, blundering and abuse.

It is doubtful that an administrator deriving power, career, and legitimacy from above will be overly responsive to appeals from below, but then the MSU Colonial Administration is manifestly an administrative institution of the Metropole, not a political organ through which the will of the governed natives may seek expression. Thus, we leave the realm of attics and wander among shadows.

For the administrative purposes of the Protectorate Government and the Colonial Governor, revocable power has further been delegated downward to faculty and student "recommending boards" boldly empowering them to "advise," permitting them the freedom of speech, within limits--and ASMSU, the Native Local Government, is the least of these "recommending boards." Neither the faculty, nor the students, nor the faculty and students combined, are the University, nor are they in any sense self-governing. In terms of real power within the colony, they are at best, irrelevant.

There may appear to exist a minor power enclave in the "traditional" political form of the tenured faculty, but in a confrontation with the Colonial Administration they must surely be acutely aware of the revocable nature of their "recommending" status, and that there are other more effective coercive alternatives open to the Protectorate Government than mere firing. They may appear to hold some small modicum of autonomous power, but in the final analysis, all policy decisions from above eventually meet with their "approval." As for the un-tenured faculty, let it merely be said that they comprise, with respect to the students, only a small percentage of the captive nature labor force available to the government.

Let it be repeated that the pretentious political organ that is ASMSU is the least of these "recommending boards." The "traditional" political forms of representative democracy and government by consent of the governed embodied in this Native Local Government are likewise made sham, shadow, and structure without content. The power relationship of its elected officials to the administrators in their respective local areas is absurdly legible. The Native Local Government official resides in a living-learning-experience unit shared by a varying number of native roommates. He is a member of an artificial ethnic group, termed a "house," toward which he is expected to feel a primordial bond of kinship, unity and loyalty, and which constitutes, through a hierarchy of native councils, the basis of his "legitimacy" and his "power."

The local area administrator either resides in a single unit, an apartment, or goes home at night. He has no ethnicity--in terms of power he is "white." In his local area he is the legibly wealthiest individual, he commands social prestige and respect, he has the prerogative to reject the "decisions" of any and all legislative and adjudicative "recommending boards" at his level and below, he has sole access to all disciplinary, coercive, and repressive force, and he is empowered to issue administrative orders which have the force of law. Again, this power is derived from the single central locus of power which owns or controls all public services, all utilities, all media of consequence, all transportation, all housing facilities, and the colonial lands themselves and all else that stands or moves thereon. The least of these administrators, the friendly neighborhood Resident Assistant, holds more power than the whole of ASMSU. When the Native Local Government, or any of the greater "recommending boards" or "advisory committees" seeks to reach a compromise with the colonial power, the only thing it compromises, the only thing available for compromise, is itself.

At the time of this writing, the Academic Freedom Report, the crowning achievement of Native Local Government and sacred to

us all, is reputedly still in existence. Do we have the power to preserve, protect, defend, uphold, enforce, or amend even this, our "Bill of Rights?" the Continued existence of the Academic Freedom Report, and of all similar triumphs of responsible native self-government, is assured only so long as the Board of Trustees and the President of MSU suffer them to exist. All power is theirs.

Within this Colonial system we have no representation, no legal existence, and no power. To seek power over our own lives within a system which denies it to us by its very structure and as a prerequisite of its existence, is absurd and intolerable. To remain aloof is to remain disenfranchised, powerless, and suppressed. To seek power outside of the duly-constituted shadows, is to walk the thin line of "treason" and to be dangerously "subversive." And *THEY* will not suffer it.

I am a nigger. You, dear reader, are also a nigger. Think long upon it, my brother.

**The Plaster has fallen
and smashed in small parts
a piece for each.
Keys for broken locks
Doors that open outward
Rooms dark
Lights with pull chains
to turn us all
on or off
depending on our piece of plaster.**

--Clifford Randall



remember

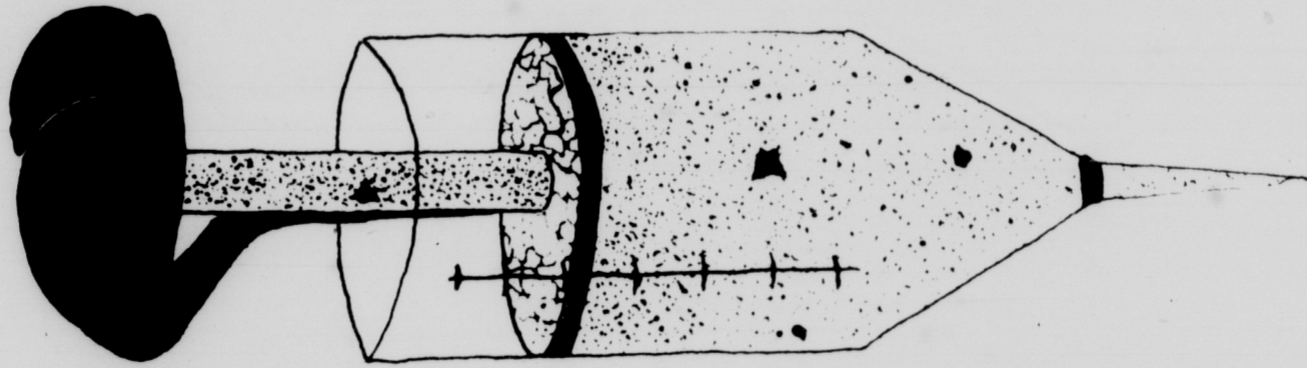


February 14th

THE LOST MARINER

956 Trowbridge Rd.
across from Wilson, Wonders, Case
and Holden Halls

Calendar for Timely Events Feb. 11-25



TUESDAY, FEB. 11
 "The Balcony" (PAC, 8:00, Arena Theatre, through Feb. 15)
 Clebanoff Strings (8:15, Auditorium)
 Student Recital (3:00, Music Auditorium)

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12
 Lincoln's Birthday
THURSDAY, FEB. 13
 Royal Winnipeg Ballet (8:15, Auditorium)
 "Singin' in the Rain" (7:30, 109 Anthony)
 "7 Days in May" (7 & 9, Brody)

FRIDAY, FEB. 14
 Valentine's Day
 "7 Days in May" (7 & 9, Wilson)
 "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
 All Campus Talent Show
 Union Board Photo Exhibit (Union, through Feb. 22)
 ADS Competition
 "Wide Wide Mexico" (8:00, Auditorium)
 Faculty Recital: Elsa Ludwig, clarinet; David Renner, piano (8:15, Music Auditorium)

SATURDAY, FEB. 15
 "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
 "7 Days in May" (7 & 9, Conrad)
 "Background of Adventure" (8:00, Auditorium)
 Fencing, MSU vs. Ohio State and Notre Dame
 Basketball, MSU vs. Illinois

SUNDAY, FEB. 16
 Senior Recital: Sue Pinner, soprano (2:00, Music Auditorium)
 MSU Symphony Orchestra (4:00, Auditorium)

MONDAY, FEB. 17
 Senior Recital: Joseph Docksey, trumpet (8:15, Music Auditorium)

TUESDAY, FEB. 18
 Thieves' Market Art Show (Union)
 Ballet America (8:15, Auditorium)
 Basketball, MSU vs. Iowa
 Joint Recital: Allan Bodman, violin; Linda Boozer, viola (3:00, 103 Practice Bldg.)
 Senior Recital: Ellen Larson, piano (8:15, Music Auditorium)

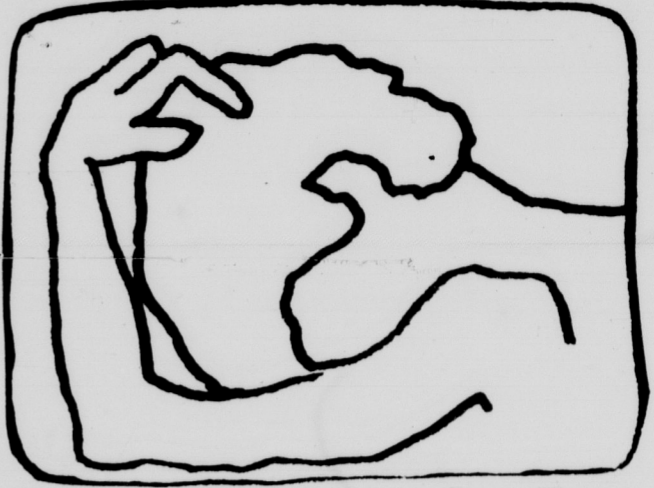
THURSDAY, FEB. 20
 "Nights of Cabiria" (7:30, 109 Anthony)
 "Von Ryan's Express" (7 & 9, Brody)

FRIDAY, FEB. 21
 "Summer and Smoke" (109 Anthony)
 "Marat Sade" (7 & 9, 108 Wells)
 "Von Ryan's Express" (7 & 9, Wilson)
 "Two for the Road" (7 & 9, 100 Vet Clinic)
 Hockey, MSU vs. Minnesota Arts & Letters Recital, Richards Woodwind Quintet (8:15, Music Auditorium)

SATURDAY, FEB. 22
 Washington's Birthday
 "Two for the Road" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony)
 "Marat Sade" (7 & 9, 108 Wells)
 "Von Ryan's Express" (7 & 9, Conrad)
 "A Journey in Spain" (8:00, Auditorium)
 Miss MSU Pageant
 Track, MSU vs. Ohio
 Swimming, MSU vs. Wisconsin
 Gymnastics, MSU vs. Ohio State and Wisconsin
 Hockey, MSU vs. Minnesota
 Wrestling, MSU vs. Minnesota

SUNDAY, FEB. 23
 Faculty Recital: Joseph Evans, piano; Ralph Evans, violin (2:00, Music Auditorium)
 Joint Senior Recital: Nancy Lamas, soprano; Timothy Lamas, baritone (4:00, Music Auditorium)
 Men's Glee Club (7:30, University Methodist Church)

MONDAY, FEB. 24
 Senior Recital: Susan Martin, piano (8:15, Music Auditorium)



Trilogy



(continued from page 5)

These are the important issues:
 Does MSU have the right to keep the student physically captive?
 Does MSU have the right to tell you not only how but where you can live?
 Does MSU have the right to inform a captive market that it is never worth more than \$2 an hour regardless of the job or the going wages in the Lansing Metropolitan area?
 Does MSU have the right to make all key policy decisions for you, to act as an organism which presupposes to be the electorate, the legislature, the judiciary, and the executives all at one time?
 And while you ponder these questions ask yourself one more--would your parents agree to live in such a community?
 As it is now, the MSU complex leans mindlessly over some chrome precipice, blindly glaring, efficiently pulling strings. Encircled, we stand state center in a Ptolemaic model of captivity. Entrenched in ourselves, yet grasping, we look out onto a theatrical backdrop of plastic trees and Lionel train stations. Cowed into herds: thankful yet alarmed at the anonymity and the social inertia that those herds provide. Anxious to prove our economic independence in a system that nourishes dependency. Anxious to be productive in a system that demands consumption. Anxious to be a part of something in a system in which we remain a piece of something else. Anxious. Captive.



BOOKMARKS

DIRECTORY OF LITTLE MAGAZINES & SMALL PRESSES (Dustbooks, Box 123, El Cerrito, Calif. 94530), 1968. 70 pp. \$2.00. Available at Paramount.

For those who might wonder where poetry has gone, this Directory should indicate that it has taken to the streets and coffeehouses in force. There is a terrific and growing poetic consciousness beyond the classrooms--poems being written and published and read and exchanged among friends, and sometimes a poem is even sold. For money.

This Directory lists the sources from which the poems flow: some 700 little magazines and presses, from ABYSS ("Literature in any form considered.") to ZEITGEIST ("Our audience is mostly sophisticated university people with a distaste for the standard academic shit, either creative or critical.")

Of course, little magazines all suffer a slow, painful birth, and a quick death--it's their nature--and therefore it is difficult to keep up with their short lives. But this Directory, which is published each year, helps to keep track, and is essential for anyone interested in writing.

--A. D. D.

GIVE HER SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY

Valentine's Day is coming up, flowers are nice, but they soon die, and the memories are thrown out with the dried-up flowers.

Give her something which lasts--something which will remind her of you everytime she sees it.

Take a look at our fine selection of beads, necklaces, earrings, bracelets, bangles, and rings.


HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!

HOUSE of INDIA

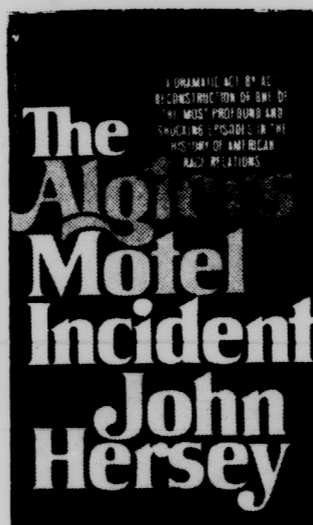
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DOWNSTAIRS BETWEEN KESSEL'S AND CUNNINGHAM'S

332-8403




Paperbounds on your reading list?



THE ALGIERS MOTEL INCIDENT
 By John Hersey
 Paperback \$1.25

This report is a personal investigation into the deaths of three black youths in Detroit. On the fourth day of the Detroit riots, newspapers reported that three Negroes had been killed in a sniper battle at the Algiers Motel . . . This report tells what really happened at the Algiers Motel.



RIGHTS IN CONFLICT
 By The Walker Report
 Paperback \$1.00

The confrontation of demonstrators and Chicago police in front of the Conrad Hilton Hotel was seen by millions of Americans on TV and recorded for others in newspapers and magazines across the nation. The club-swinging, the obscenities, the mindless violence shocked the world. Here are the facts behind these events, including a pictorial review of what happens.

THE 10 BEST-SELLING PAPERBACKS

1. Topaz	6. The Exhibitionist
2. Coffee, Tea or me?	7. Call Me Brick
3. Christy	8. Rozemary's Baby
4. Myra Breckenridge	9. Five Smooth Stones
5. Doctor's Quick Weight Loss Diet	10. Boston Strangler

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Verily, I say unto you. . .

Revised Edition
for students
By ED ROSENBERG

In the beginning the Federal Government created the Land Grant College and the Board of Trustees. The University was without form and void, and Ignorance was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of the Federal Government was moving over the face of the Red Cedar.

And the Federal Government said, "Let there be light," and there was light. And the Federal Government saw that the light was good, and the Federal Government separated the light from the darkness. The Federal Government called the light Knowledge, and the darkness it called Ignorance. . . .

And the Federal Government said, "Let there be a Ruling Force in the midst of the students." And it was so. And the Federal Government called the Ruling Force the Administration. . . .

And the Federal Government said, "Let there be people in the Administration of the Board of Trustees to separate the Knowledge from the Ignorance." . . . And it was so. And the Federal Government made two great People, the President to rule the Knowledge, and the Vice President for Student Affairs to rule the Ignorance; it made the Members of the Board of Trustees also.

And the Federal Government set them in the Administration to give Knowledge unto the University, to rule over the Knowledge and over the Ignorance, and to separate the Knowledge from the Ignorance. And the Federal Government saw that it was good. . . .

Then the Federal Government said, "Let us make the student in our image, after our likeness." . . . So the Federal Government created the student in its own image, in the image of the Federal Government it created him; male and coed it created them. And the Federal Government blessed them, and the Federal Government said to them, "Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the University and rule your fair share of it." . . . And the Federal Government saw everything that it had made, and behold, it was very good. . . .

Thus the Administration and the University were finished, and all the host of them. . . .

And the Federal Government planted the University in the garden of Lansing, in the east; and there it put the students whom it had formed

The Federal Government took the student and put him in the garden east of Lansing to till it and keep it. And the Administration commanded the student, saying, "You may freely learn of every departmental tree in the garden; but of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil you shall not learn, for in the day that you learn of it you shall be summarily expelled. . . ."

Now the Conscience was more subtle than any other wild creature that the Government had made. It said to the student, "Did the Administration say, 'You shall not learn of any departmental tree of the garden?'" And the student said to the Conscience, "We may learn of the Wisdom of the departmental trees of the garden; but the Administration said, 'You shall not learn of the Wisdom of the Tree which is in the midst of the garden, neither shall you advocate it, lest you be summarily expelled.'" . . .

But the Conscience said to the student, "You will not be summarily expelled. For the Administration knows that when you learn of it your eyes will be opened, knowing Good and Evil." So when the student saw that the Tree was good for Wisdom, and that it was a delight to the eyes, and that the Tree was to be desired to make one wise, he took of its fruit and ate. . . . Then his eyes were opened. . . .

And he heard the sound of the Vice President for Student Affairs walking in the garden in the cool of the day, and the student hid himself from the presence of the Vice President for Student Affairs among the departmental trees of the garden. But the Vice President for Student Affairs called to the student, and said to him, "Where are you?" And he said, "I heard the sound of thee in the garden, and I was afraid. . . . and I hid myself." He said, "Have you learned of the Tree of which I commanded you not to learn?" The student said, "The Conscience whom thou gavest to be with me, it gave me fruit of the Tree, and I ate it." Then the Vice-President for Student Affairs said to the student, "What is this that you have done?" The student said, "The Conscience led me to it, and I ate. . . ."

Then the Vice President for Student Affairs said, "Behold, the student has become like one of Us, knowing Good and Evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand and take also of the Tree of Power, and eat, and rule forever"—therefore the Administration summarily expelled him from the University of East Lansing. . . . He drove out the student; and at the University was placed the Campus Police, with a flaming sword which turned every way, to guard the path to the Tree of Power.