

S D S M O N O P O L Y G A M E

SEE ATTACHED DIAGRAM AND INSTRUCTION SHEET, courtesy THE PAPER, in East Lansing, Michigan.

Editor's Note: The following story, "Monopoly Game Disrupts M.S.U. Career Carnival, originally appeared in NEW LEFT NOTES. It describes the use of the SDS Monopoly Game at the MSU recruitment carnival.

by Stu Dowty  
LIBERATION News Service

Michigan State University has built its reputation upon those things most characteristic of the modern multiversity: rapid growth, huge size, assembly-line degree-production, and service to the Establishment. It has also earned an image of special notice through its football teams, its over-seas projects (the infamous CIA-Vietnam project was just one of many) and its career carnival.

Each year MSU runs a "career carnival" to which many major corporate and governmental employers are invited. Booths are set up by the employers and the recruitment usually attracts over half of the 38,000-plus students on campus. Ramparts once called MSU a "service station" university, and this event is one of the best examples of MSU's service to both government and industry.

However, the career carnival has gained a significance which its sponsors undoubtedly did not anticipate -- it has become a focal point for campus radicals. What better opportunity to confront the military-industrial complex than when it is actively recruiting fresh young bodies in your own student union? What self-respecting SDS member could sit idly by while the National Security Agency, General Motors, the FBI, Dow Chemical Co., the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, Chrysler Corp., the Michigan State Police, General Electric, A.T.&T., the Peace Corps, the Marine Corps, the Army, the Air Force, I.B.M., and dozens of others have literally "set up shop" on campus? MSU-SDS did not sit by,

This year the career carnival, titled "Careers '67", was on Monday, Oct. 9

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and Tuesday, Oct. 10. Nothing out of the ordinary happened Monday; there was leaf-letting throughout the day (the leaflet pointing out, among other things, that "the Selective Service System's 'manpower channeling' program ... is the key to understanding a great deal of what is happening at Careers '67.") without incident. The fun started Tuesday evening, and it was literally a game!

Imagine the hustle and bustle of the career "carnival" during its most active period, and then imagine 30 or 40 SDS members walking into the middle of this and spreading out on the floor their own "exhibit": a giant Monopoly game, complete with three-foot dice, "Spartantown" dollars, and people replacing the playing pieces. The players lined up, the dice were rolled and the game began with players moving from "Go" (Collect \$200 from the war machine), to such spaces as: "NSA -- collect \$500 from the CIA; Multiversity -- collect useless information; Pentagon -- rent \$70 million; Draft Dodger -- go directly to jail; Grosse Pointe -- no niggers or kikes allowed; Detroit (which was in flames); Ft. Wayne Induction Center -- rent your life; Income Tax -- for war materials; Vietnam (you died if you landed there) and, of course, Chance and Community Chest.

After a somewhat slow start the game picked up, and people really began to play, with appropriate enthusiasm. And of course a crowd quickly gathered. As the crowd grew, the game developed its own spontaneity:

"Come on, roll the dice -- get a three, that's Detroit, a real hot one!"

"Two, Boardwalk, pay \$50 ~~in~~ Spartantown dollars."

"Hey, a draft dodger -- go to jail."

"Fuck you, fascist cop!"

"Come on in, folks, play a real game; why just play theirs?"

"Our game's more fun -- step right up -- roll the dice!"

"Four -- Vietnam -- too bad, you're dead."

"Hey, George just sat down on the Pentagon and won't move; let's get him."

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"Warmongers! Stop the war machine! Get out of Vietnam!"

"NSA -- boo-o-o, here's some CIA money -- go build yourself a student movement."

"Vietnam again -- another person gone."

"We're running out of money, too; let's start a war or something. We've just GOT to make some more!"

"My name is Dunnman -- Corporal Dunnman of the MSU police and . . ."

"Come on, play our game -- it's just like yours!"

". . . I'm asking you to leave of your own accord before . . ."

"We'll stop our game if you'll stop yours!"

"Stop the war machine!" "Boo Cops!" "Gee, look't that shiny badge!"

"What's wrong with our game -- it doesn't really kill people?"

". . . We are forced to make you leave. This is Mr. Shingleton, the head of this university event, and he's asked me to tell you . . ."

"Kick Dow off campus, too!" "Here's some money to go with your badge!"

". . . that you're disrupting the career carnival and blocking the flow of traffic between exhibits."

"You all hear that? Does anyone want to go?"

"NO-O-O!"

"OK, come on, roll those dice -- let's play!"

The cop and the bureaucrat retreated for the time being and quick phone calls were made, evidently for more cops. A major portion of the patrons of career carnival had been attracted by this time and the game continued before a considerable audience. During the game, also, other SDSers had been walking through the exhibit areas with a number of signs and posters: "The Only Show in Town"; "Dow -- Better Living Through Better Chemistry"; "All of America is Playing Monopoly"; "Who Owns the Monopoly Board?"; and "American Know-How Did This" (with a picture from a Ramparts article on the children

of Vietnam).

In not too long a time more cops appeared, in fact quite a number of them. Not wanting to really go to jail the Monopoly players suddenly picked up their board and as a group disappeared from the career carnival. . . .

They came back -- without Monopoly Board -- and huddled on the same spot where the game had been played. While cops and bureaucrats were waiting for the "worst", signals were given from the huddle, and on the word "Go!" the group suddenly split into two's and three's, and heading in every which way, made for the booths and exhibits. And that's all there was to it. But then again, there really was more. The rest of the evening was spent talking individually or in small groups to the representatives in the different booths. Dow Chemical had to talk to radicals. The Peace Corps had to talk to radicals. The Marines were visibly sick of talking to radicals. The FBI denied they harassed radicals. The State Police tried to ignore radicals. Everyone talked to radicals.

As some one once said, "those kids can sure be troublemakers."

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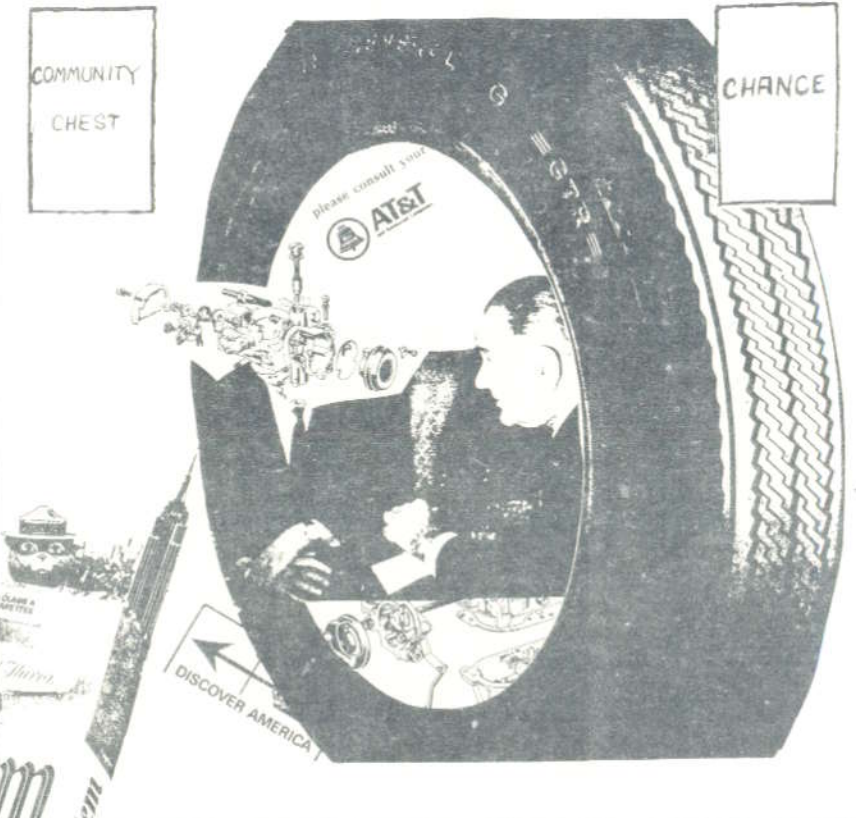




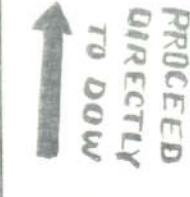

# MONOPOLY

fun and games from SDS

SDS played Monopoly Tuesday night at "Careers '67" with great success. Several hundred people gathered to watch, wonder, and enjoy. The crowd was sympathetic, except for the plain-clothes cops who soon showed up. As soon as we arrived, the crowd gathered to watch. Dice rolled, people moved, and money was collected. The message was not lost on the spectators, who seemed to explain it to each other as well as we could explain it to him. The parallel between our game and the real world seemed so thick in. After about five minutes, the cops began calling for reinforcements. One cop came into the game area and demanded that we disperse. In an instant meeting we decided to stay until we had made our point. The rumor spread that about sixty or seventy cops were being gathered together. Cops with walkie-talkers filtered in and started observing. Since we felt that we had made our point, the word was passed, "move out in ten minutes". When the signal was given, we picked up the large posters making up the board and left. Reassembling later at our secret hideout deep in the vast wilderness of East Lansing, we decided to go back and create discussions with the exhibitors about the war and American society, but we were too few by this time to have much effect. The day before, all over campus and in the Union we handed out about 10,000 leaflets.

Fun and games from SDS, via "Careers '67," fun and games from the Military-Industrial Complex. Monopoly is a game which reflects the world we live in. Just as in the real world, the entire board is already owned by the Corporate-Military-Liberal state. You have to play, there is no choice. How do you win? You don't. Everyone loses. Sounds like a funny sort of game? It shouldn't, you've been playing it all your life.

Players: Everybody plays. Can be played with only the number of people actually present.  
Banker: collects money from everybody, gets rich.  
Draft director: moves pawns around. Pawns: that's you, baby.  
How to play: The draft director rolls the dice and moves the players the appropriate number of squares. If he doesn't like the way things end up, he can move them somewhere else. If you don't like where you are moved, you go to Jail.

 <p>SPRINTOWN FREE PARKING</p>  <p>STUDENTS</p>	<p>DETROIT</p> 	<p>CHANCE</p> 	<p>VIETNAM</p> 	<p>DOMINICAN REP</p> 	<p>DRAFT DODGERS</p>  <p>GO DIRECTLY TO JAIL DO NOT PASS GO DO NOT COLLECT \$200</p>	
<p>PENTAGON</p>  <p>RENT 70 MILLION A YEAR</p>	<p>COMMUNITY CHEST</p>				<p>CHANCE</p>	<p>BOARD WALK</p> <p>RENT \$ 50</p>
<p>FBI</p> <p>SUSPICIOUS? HELP US WITH YOUR EYES AND EARS.</p> 	<p>COMMUNITY CHEST</p>				<p>CHANCE</p>	<p>MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX</p> 
<p>DRAFT BOARD</p> <p>TAKE A CHANCE</p> 	<p>COMMUNITY CHEST</p>				<p>CHANCE</p>	<p>GROSSE POINTE</p> <p>WINGERS, KITES, ETC.</p>
<p>INCOME TAX</p> <p>FOR WORK MILITARY</p> <p>PAY 70%</p> 	<p>COMMUNITY CHEST</p>				<p>CHANCE</p>	<p>PROCEED DIRECTLY TO DOW</p> 
<p>JUST PASSING</p> 	<p>COMMUNITY CHEST</p>	<p>COMMUNITY CHEST</p>	<p>COMMUNITY CHEST</p>	<p>COMMUNITY CHEST</p>	<p>COMMUNITY CHEST</p>	<p>COMMUNITY CHEST</p>

The board is arranged as a series of squares. These are all owned by the Military-Industrial complex. You move from square to square, paying as you go. If you land on a square marked Vietnam, you are killed and lose. If you land on Drafted, you also lose. If you are against the war and land on Draft Register, you go to Jail for the rest of your life. If you land on the Military-Industrial Complex, you have sold your soul to the Establishment. You lose. If you are fortunate enough to miss these squares, you can go on playing, for a while. Special rule: If you are not White, Anglo-Saxon and land on the Grosse Pointe square, you are thrown out of the game. If you are a leftist reformer and land on a third world (Dominican Republic, Vietnam, etc.) square, you will be overthrown by a military Junta.

Payment: Each time you manage to circle the board, you collect \$200 in relief, almost half enough to keep you alive in the Ghetto. If you are in the military, you get even less. When you run out of money you can borrow more from the Banker, at interest of about 50%, more if you are poor. You pay out money for every square you land on, except the squares where you lose. All the money goes directly to the Banker, to save the farce of filtering it through the government. Rents in the Ghetto are almost as high as in Grosse Pointe. If you run out of money, you have to keep on playing, borrowing more money.

The object of the game is to survive, somehow.

How to win: there ain't no way in the world.

COMMUNITY CHEST

Collect \$200 dividend from Dow's napalm profits.  
Collect \$200 from Multiversity for CIA work.  
Collect \$200 from GM for tanks.  
Win \$500 for stuffing ballot boxes in Vietnam.  
Marry a Negro, get chased out of Grosse Pointe.  
Go directly to Fort Wayne induction center. Do not pass go, do not collect \$200.

CHANCE

Reclassified I-A, proceed to Fort Wayne induction station.  
Pay \$200 War Tax.  
Receive 2-5 deferment, go to Multiversity, then go to work for the CIA.  
Since you are a Vietnam air ace, become an apologist for US policy and collect \$500.  
Flunk out of school, go to Drafted. You followed your conscience. Go directly to Jail.



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