MSU's art department will hold its annual Christmas Sales, Dec. 2-23, at the Kresge Art Center. See related story page 3.
It is a well-recognized fact — great both in its power to enlighten and in its power to frustrate — when each of us first discovers that the bugaboo system to which (or against which) he has been adjusting is itself not a stable rock, but is constantly making adjustments of its own. In a Kafka dream, we start running up a staircase and find ourselves on an escalator, so shocked to discover the fact of its movement that we don't look to see whether it is moving up, downor sideways. The hard sciences surely have a Law, or an Effect, to describe that kind of relativity which makes it nearly impossible to judge the speed and direction of a platform on which we are ourselves moving about. Maybe they don't. It is certainly the kind of quantitative measurement at which I'm not any good.

I read and write and talk and earn my living as a member of a Humanities department which looks like a pillar of the big E establishment to most of the undergraduates at MSU and in almost completely invisible to the rest of the world, like everybody who is interested in ideas and search for the chimerical Truth, we are forever describing a territory which changes faster than we can map it and sprouts complexities before our eyes even if we are able to visualize them, yet, simplify must we. The people we teach new challenges asking us to "tell it like it is," telling their fathers' mistake of believing that a simple story and a straight story are the same thing. So here we are, in search of a special talent to see the essential paradox in our makeup. We talk about the capacity of the human spirit and we grade on a curve. We represent longstanding tradition, yet the members of this year's senior class arrived on campus before half the members of the Humanities department. We suffer from an almost unhealthy popularity, and yet we are in a constant sweat to improve ourselves. Not our image — ourselves. And we are going about this self-improvement the same way an individual would.

We are trying to recognize in a public way things that we've known to be true privately for years. We are transforming bunkies into hypotheses; if they work, we will keep them around, until better.bunkies or hypotheses or bunk come along.

For instance, lots of students come to the end of the sophomore series eager to pursue particular areas under a particular mino. For years men in the department have been doing the humane thing, directing such research unnecessarily, frequently for no credit, and sometimes under the bony of another department. The feeling has been that a student who is provoked in research should not be frustrated because of shortcomings of the catalog. Recently the catalog has been enlarged to include Humanities 300, and the map looks a little bit more like the territory.

Many professors keep their scholarly pleasures to themselves, but many others are at their best in the classroom while purusing these private excitements with their students. With the revised syllabus in the Fall of 1964, several class hours each term will be designated for the instructor to introduce materials of his own choosing, sharing his private discoveries with the kids.

The student who wants to learn about the Orient in a way that parallels the way he has studied his own culture is now able to choose courses about the traditions of China and India — the 290 series.

The institution of the Humanities Essay Prize is a confession of what the department has long known: We teach more than we test on, and some of the best writing many of us see comes to us as short essays thinly disguised as long letters from ex-students. The undergraduate who wants to set down his own thoughts in the kind of essay that young men in romantic novels about British and Eastern universities are always writing now has no place to take it but, with the possibility of a small measure of fame and wealth riding on his achievements.

Maurice Crane is an associate professor of Humanities who has also taught in Justin Morrill College.

We have often been aware that speaking about a performance and attending one are two different kinds of experience and in recent years have been able to offer the student both. It started some years back in our cooperative efforts with the Theatre Department. In recent years has grown to include the regular Friday night 7 to 9 record concerts in the lecture auditorium, which therapy for the listener to commended to us as pleasant, to study or to bring a date, and even to partake of our free coffee.

And finally, for the student whose achievements do not necessarily lie in the university structure but who nurtures romantic dreams about himself as a world-traveler, the Humanities department will institute this summer a regular credit program at Reed College in London. There are numerous people in the department who love England and the English, and who know the fantastic possibilities for bringing our courses live in that magnificent ancient and modern capital, London. I happen to be such a man. I love the Brits, and I love the British Museum and St. Paul's and the London theatre and night club scene, and the Tate and the National Galleries, and the English countryside, and I live the course and I love the kids. The only thing that made my unhappy in Cambridge in 1964-65 in addition to the rotten weather, of course — was that I didn't have that most saleable, educable and goodhearted bunch of human beings along with me — MSU sophomores. My own offspring, who were along, will listen to me lecture or mumble about the world, but only minute segments. Being Daddy gets in the way. Like most people in the teaching trades, I feel that kids often need the official ring of course credation and an outline of ground to be covered, so that way here it will be what the magazine calls a "learning experience." Perhaps I'm wrong, but that's our hypothesis we're going on in London this summer.

We make our share of mistakes, but we learn new things every year in the Humanities department. And if the young folks in front of us impertinently shed at full clip will look at their feet for a moment, they'll be pleased to find that we're running an UP escalator.

Joseph Losey's anti-war film, "King and Country," will have its Michigan premiere at 7 p.m. Sunday in Parlor C of the Union. The British film stars Dirk Bogarde and Tom Courtenay. This sensitive story about a lowly soldier trapped by the "system" and inescapably doomed to execution for desertion, stands as the counterpart to Kubrick's "Paths of Glory." Tom Courtenay, whose performance won the Best Actor Award at the 1964 Venice Festival, is nearly flawless in the role of Private Hump, inarticulate and unaware of the consequences of his deed.

Dirk Bogarde adds a touch of irony as the frustrated Defense officer, perceptive and sympathetic toward his client, but knowing that his case is lost. Director Losey has avoided the pitfalls of what might have been a stagey, play-like movie by the fluency of the camera, the gruesome realism of the surroundings and a constant driving toward the inevitable conclusion.

Losey contrasts the stylized, properly military personalities of the officers with those of the unexpressive enlisted men, phitting them against each other in point and counterpoint almost like the Greek narrative chorus. The depressing futility of Private Hump's situation is accentuated by scenes which underline the mockery of the whole affair; the soldiers' sadistic game as they trap a rat and conduct a mock trial; or the drunken, spontaneous party held in Hump's cell the night before his execution. The story ends on a final note of irony when the execution itself is bungled.

"King and Country" was shot in 18 days on a budget of well under $250,000.

The short is "Delacroix," a color film illustrating excerpts from Delacroix's diary and letters during his visit to Algeria. Admission is by donation. Sponsors include the Student Religious Liberals, Exploring Cinema Society and Lansing's Unitarian-Universalist Church.
The unique in all media:
Christmas art sales show

Are you looking for an unusual holiday gift? A wall decoration for your room? Some original Christmas cards? A bizarre statue? A pretty picture? The solution to these problems and many others can be found at Kresge Art Center.

MSU's art department will be holding its annual Christmas sales show starting Saturday, Dec. 2, and continuing until Dec. 23.

The show consists of works by students and faculty. Each contribution must be voted into the show by a jury of faculty and students selected from the various branches of the art department.

The entire range of fine arts at MSU is represented here. The paintings, in oils, acrylics and watercolor, tend toward the pop and the abstract, yet there are enough "realistic" works of children and the like to please the most conservative buyer. Some works are framed, some just stretched--so another factor is added to the wide range of prices.

The sculpture in bronze, wood, plastic or "found object" has perhaps the widest range of all. Some are representational, some gracefully abstract and some, like Washburn's "Pornografitti," are a bizarre combination of pop sculpture and 3-D surrealism, guaranteed at least to get your attention.

Closely related to sculpture is the selection of hand-made jewelry and pottery. Jewelry makes an excellent one-of-a-kind personal gift. And the pottery comes in tremendous variety. There are glazed and unglazed works in the form of plates, pots, vases, bowls, jugs, dishes, ashtrays, tea pots, candlesticks, mugs and so forth--some of them totally different, some, like the mugs, in matched sets.

In the area of graphics, the show offers many beautiful posters and prints--etchings, lithographs, silk screens and linoleum block prints. Like the paintings, they vary greatly in style, size and price--and many are framed. In a more functional vein, the graphics department offers original Christmas cards and a pair of beautiful, limited-edition books, one of which, "Idiom" ($3) is an explanation of the Tarot (continued on page 9)
History of Nigerian crisis

By Jean Warden

To better understand the nature of the present Nigerian situation, a rundown of the country's history is essential.

Nigeria was originally divided into three sections, North, East and West, and the regions were called Hausa, Yoruba and Ibo respectively.

In the late 19th century Britain extended its influence in Nigeria and devised the "indirect rule" system. The British sent garrisons to the sectors to find tribe leaders who could act as links in communications.

Trade was the main idea of the British when they intervened in Nigeria, in order to secure trade they had to have a person in rule through whom they could barter.

The Emirs of the North fit their purpose. The Emirs spoke for their people. They said British trade was acceptable as long as British rule didn't accompany the agreements.

These theocratic Emirs, also Islam priests, had no division of power, but had the most strength of any rulers within the three sectors of the country.

The British also infiltrated the West where kings had less power, and the East, which was organized by village democracies — even meeting styles. The eastern sector posed many trading and communication problems because there was no unification between villages.

In 1960 Nigeria gained her independence forming three different states.

There are remarkable dissimilarities between the three Nigerian states in their economic development, religion, historical experience and language.

Naturally this caused disintegration. All six major Nigerian crises have revolved around the question of which of the three sectors should control the federal government including access to funds and control of the military.

This leads to another problem, even though the Hausa Land (north) has half the nation's population and advantages in elections, militant minority groups are out to cause trouble and weaken the ruling party.

In 1959 the North and East (Bo) united in a coalition incorporating the West (Yoruba) out. This left the West with two possibilities:

1. They could look to all minority groups in the three sectors for support.
2. Accommodate themselves to the present situation.

The West chose to unite minority peoples and dwell under the leadership of Chief Obafemi Awolowo who appealed for opposition to the federal government.

In 1963 Awolowo was jailed. Trouble began between the coalition sectors of the North and East. A census was taken and the East realized the North still had majority electoral power, leaving them semi-powerless and at the North's mercy.

Thus the coalition splits. The East banded with Awolowo's followers and formed the Progressive Alliance. One must remember this includes minorities from the North.

At first the Alliance felt it might be able to gain control of the federal government, but soon realized the hopelessness of this when it couldn't even win in the West in the state election. The North controlled the election machinery then, and the Alliance charged that the election was rigged. The alliance boycotted the national election, and of course the North won.

This occurred in October of 1965.

The first coup took place in January of 1966 when Aguiyi Ironsi who took over after Awolowo was jailed, as head of the Progressive Alliance. He was an Ibo from the East.

Ironsi felt the only way to stop constant crises was to make a break in the present government, ruled by the North, and create a strong federal government, thus abolishing the three states.

His idea meant that the North might not be in control any longer. This frightened the northerners who feared the loss of northern ruling kingdoms. He in the summer of 1966, the Hausa held a counter-coup against Ironsi. He was killed and replaced by Colonel Yakubu Gowon.

Gowon's first move was to release Awolowo from jail. This built popularity with the Yorubas of the West. Gowon halted the process of unification which Ironsi began for the time being because he felt things were fairly stable.

Going back a step, shortly after World War II, many traders from within Nigeria and other African nations were traveling frequently between the sectors. Many also lived in certain sectors of the North.

Trouble came to a peak in the fall of 1966, riots against the traders were staged. Many best living in the North were massacred.

This forced many to leave Hausa Land. Refugees began pouring into the East. The Bo were fed up. About 40,000 people, were killed altogether. The East came to the conclusion their people weren't safe anywhere and decided that it was ridiculous to formally combine the coalition with the North. They seceded and called themselves Hausa, And, this is the situation today.

The federal government today isn't Northern, even though about one half of the electoral power still is concentrated there. The government is composed of Chief Awolowo's followers and people from other minority areas within each sector. They are able to keep control because the North is now divided.

Vital Statistics

Three Views of Nigeria Today

The Biafrans' by Njoku Awa

For five months now Nigeria and Biafra have been fighting an internecine war, a war which means different things to different people. To Nigeria, the war is basically aimed at crushing the succession in Biafra. To Biafra, it is a struggle of a people with a grim determination to forge a nation in which their right of self-determination and survival will be guaranteed. To Britain and the Soviet Union, the war is a means to their own ends. Foreign journalists who have found a gold mine of news in Nigeria have a different meaning for the war. In particular, to these reporters who speak in terms of nationalism and idealism, the war is just another dramatization of the inability of Africans to rule themselves.

Before the war broke out on July 6, 1967, Britain had advised Nigeria to blockade Biafra, apparently to stop an unconditional recognition of Biafra. Although Britain did not persecute the war, the British did not succeed in blocking Biafra. The war continued under a new regime in the war, and was now resolved to continue even at the expense of compromising Communism.

Fortunately, the United States turned down Nigeria's appeal for military intervention because she regards the war as an internal problem. If the United States acquiesced in the grandiose military plan to General Gowon, Biafra would since have become the barren land that Gowon and his supporters wish to make it.

With Britain and Russia fighting physically and diplomatically against Biafra, the world felt that the intervention in Biafra would be subdued in no time. But events later proved that military might, however strong today, can be a sheer dream.

With the world now beginning to realize that the nation of Nigeria is divided, the government has to worry about the future of Nigeria. The leadership of Nigeria is not sure of what to do with the two sides.

The Federalists' by Jean Warden

Conference in the Nigeria-Biafra war, much power or organization must respect the right (not privilege) of either party to state its case. Col. Ojukwu is the ruler of Biafra and the peoples of Biafra must not be excluded from the right of force to achieve his end. He depends on heavy armaments which were procured over the years with the joint resources of the whole Nigeria, to negotiate the future of Biafra, and upon the British and French armaments which continue to be in the Nigerian arsenal. In the words of Col. Ojukwu, he does not realize that his forces will be wiped out. (Continued on page 10)

The Federalists' by Jean Warden

Elements of the Nigerian crisis as seen from the federal viewpoint is a "struggle for very high stakes: popular control of the national and local bureaucracies, the protection of great economic resources, access to education facilities, and retaining full status in Nigerian society." As cited in the Nigerian National News Bulletin, published by the Embassy of Nigeria, the Northern leaders feel that their control of the Federal Government today has succeeded in uniting all but the Biafrans of the country in a broadly-based federal nation unlike the split Nigeria which the South has known.

It is believed that these new in Nigerian history because never before has African leadership, on its own initiative, organized to mobilize many people with no help from others. General Gowon has been praised for stopping an attack on the East. He did the basic political questions must be clarified first, before any Federal military operation could be rationalized. A result of the July, 1966 coup was that minority had achieved an importance unlike any before. They added up to the majority of the people in the country.

Nigeria, far from being a poor nation, still can't forget the massacre in the fall of 1966. The Biafrans alone, don't forget the 'Nigerian' for killing so many of its people. This matter remains a friction point. The government is trying to make reparations and guarantees, but the Easterners are40,000. The Biafrans, especially, think that the Biafrans have been merciless, that they have been defending their nation. The Nigerian leadership is that the Biafrans are not purely ethnic or religious, but different sections. They have been fighting, problems through the years, however, have been just ordinary, "sacrificing" whatever type men could have been tolerated. If Northern massacres hadn't been the upshot, then.

It is the belief of some that the United States should still arm the Nigerian government to help restore order to the country.

"The present Federal military, 12 states with a strong but not dictatorial center, is what two generations of Nigerian National governments have been fighting for, and it has been realized, against great odds, by the initiative and devotion of the Nigerian peoples." According to the Nigerian National News Bulletin.

"The greatest kindness one can do to the rebels is to permit them to fight, as firmly as necessary to join it and cease their rebellion." The bulletin was written by Robert G. Armstrong, Research Professor of Linguistics, Director of the Institute of African Studies, University of Ibadan.

Political scientists' by Jean Warden

The Nigerian situation boils down to a fight of friends against friends, said Robert Mclnroy, assistant professor of political science and member of the African Studies Club. Mclnroy, who has done extensive research into the crisis and who has lived in Nigeria, isn't optimistic about the future.

The present situation has progressed to a point where compromise is almost an impossibility for the Eastern Biafrans, of whom about 40,000 were massacred by Northerners last year.

Mclnroy feels that the unrest by outside national forces could be a decisive factor in the future of the nation.

He said this crisis might be used by some countries to further the cold war.

Up until this time, the U.S. hasn't entered the conflict, apparently, to avoid a war. But if a war does come, it could be a decisive factor because of the jingle-like Eastern terrain, he said.

As each day passes, Nigeria's economic situation worsens and the political instability becomes more pressing, the Nigerian government.

Political, the East is dead, Enugu, the capital of Biafra was captured years ago, eliminating the East's political backbone, leadership, and source of military equipment.

As present, the outlook for Nigeria's future seems quite bleak.

The whole question is also tied to the future of the African continent. Nigeria is rich in minerals, especially oil, and could be a great asset in raising Africa's economy. But as it stands, the present problem lies in getting Nigerian leaders and other foreign investors to exploit resources to their fullest.

The future of education in Nigeria isn't promising either. Since Enugu was captured, Nigeria's education system has become stagnant. One of the main stalwarts in the educational system was the University of Nigeria at Nsukka. Many of the buildings and programs of the university, which was affiliated with MSU, are now gone. All Americans have been evacuated or shut down. Millions of dollars have been wasted.

Rogers blamed the early British developers for much of the Nigerian troubles today. When Nigeria was divided into sections, boundaries were based primarily on geographical locations, no consideration was made for tribal cultures, environment and languages.

The boundary, formed over peace talks many miles from the country, were done so by people who didn't know the land, its inhabited and ethnic backgrounds, according to Rogers.
Fables of alcoholic morality

By JEFF JUSTIN

The teller of these fables comes from another age. Not the age of copy, from whom the entire scene had to have taken his cue in writing about practical morality, but rather the beginning of our own century. The style then was to break down what was left of the Victorian barriers to life with their pompous morality and subdued representations of life.

While perversion, Yost's political activities, the shadow of man's unconscious, an open emotion, Elliot's ruthless upholding of the hollow men, all these united with stirring Sinclair Lewis, potent Hemmingway, and poet F. Scott Thomas to create the image of the following, the narrow road of intense degeneration rather than the broad high-way of the establishment's hypocritical morality. Shelly's, I suppose, lifted the first main to life in the chry, and after 200 years it seemed that all those who pledged themselves to expel our bourgeois had finally purged us.

Yet Lawless is still standing. He's war-shipping still at "Ye Tavern," described in his new book of The Tales as "the most peaceful bar I ever was in, and f'd but it still is, if it is still. I talk about it as if it is, because it would pain me beyond words to dwell on its passing." Not true. The image Lawless has created of the teller of these fables is their main problem. He is an old drunk who loves to tell stories to take in exchange for "provisions." He knows nothing of his past, and since he is a fellow, perhaps we shouldn't. What we have, then, is an old story-teller with a wound of life, a telling eye, sharp and witty conversation and bad breath.

Tell a story, my man. We envy this talk, the puns, the crazy names, the stories' titles, but he seems to expect us to be as illiterate as himself.

The Journeys of a Man, which is about a girl who makes money taxing clowns.

Immediatley rent her a couple of extra roles of film in case she doesn't know anything drastic, and while some of us know we may have some pretty pictures for our walls here. Let us hope she, though, down the stew-pot is well condition.

When he says things like that, you don't laugh at what he says but at the old drunk himself. Actually, you don't feel like laughing at all.

Gary Groat, in his preface to the book, tells us that the story is not supposed to take this alcoholic seriously. Still, we must have sympathy with him to want to laugh at his jokes. Unfortunately, the old man's mind for booze becomes aggressive.

In a letter from F., in the second part of the novel, the scholar reads what is perhaps the most important passage in the novel:

"Dear Father, accept this confession: we did not keep ourselves to receive because we believed there wasn't anything to receive and we could not endure with this belief.

All of the trials and tests, F., puts his scholar friend through new experiences with holy ritual, to bring him, train him to the point where he can receive. On one occasion, F., is driving at high speed to make a speech to Parliament. He begins manuscripting, and the scholar jokes him. Suddenly, at the moment of climax, when I argued on the edge of my orgasm like a poet on nature in the song of my musical revolution with the mysterious F. The scholar must relive every moment of his depressions, the seeking of a definitive account of the man, an Indian tribe, his obsession with having sex with all the women. Even Kievan, the desire for oral immolations with his wife, his pathetic longing for a little boy to join him in eating his loneliness. All these searches and trials have one purpose: to negate the proud and arrogant statement that characterizes man. Truth can be

found by making the proper "connections." Cohen ruthlessly eliminates introspection, revolt or even sex as pathways to truth: only submission to one of these is the way.

Once upon a time three salesmen enraged in a pseudo-road-attack in a cramped little bar. The first of these was a wise salesman

---O my Friend, you are so lovely. Each day you get lovelier. What will we do?" (P., and Eddi) are grow.

The scholar has always reflected on others to fill up his lonely void, but they cannot do it. Cohen rejects the philosophy of Hegel.

There is a time when a thing in the mind is a heavy thing to carry, and then it must be put down. There is only one thing shaped to receive it, and that is another human mind, for there is another way to set the "heavy thing" down, through ritual. Two minds with a shared loneliness are strong even as long as they both are together, while a loneliness shared with the infedel to eternity and finally received. Through submission to ritual, Cohen says, man attains the infinite.

In a scene between F. and Eddi, submission is portrayed as a self-subjugation to a Danish Vibrating, and the excerpt F., reads to Eddi, exclude sex manuals taken on the quality of a religious chant, bringing her to an ecstasy that is purgative as receiving the Host.

Numbed by hunger and the prospect of disgusting thrills, she is ready to submit.

The final pages reveal a hallucination of sort in the mind of the scholar: he integrates and reforms into a new man. He has submitted: He will uncover his face. He will not leave me alone. I will spread his name in Parliament, We will welcome Our silence in pain, I have come through the fire of family and love, and become a satan.

Leonard Cohen is the high priest of a new generation, which under a dogma of revolt, sexuality and fear must break past its own overwhelming pride and believe and accept any rituals that will work.
POETRY

Three Poems

I
A crested betchup ball pregnant with talking
Kerry wall,
on a rainy day,
look in the corner
among old newspapers

II
Friday afternoon
a grey dying
ICarrier
In my green room
An old movie with summer
lovers
made me cry,

The wall
It was a broken wall
washed white by the seasons
One and another for up
from rock and earth
To stand a silhouette
next to the sky.
Once part of a fine damn
water flowed over A river
with power and currents
that killed tree who tried to cross.
After the flood the damn crushed
leaving the broken wall
to stand alone.
We stood on that wall
children, and small
at least at a stagnant pool
below where turtles lived.
One day we'd be brave enough
tall we said
and climb down that wall
and catch a turtle
But the city didn't wait
for our growing. The land
was flattened and buildings
appeared
and the wall was gone
and the turtled went away.

The Bailey House
This yellow house has aged
Offending the neighborhood with peeling paint
and scattered weeds.
Standing
majestic as any Camelot
to five who live within
offering
sanctuary to assorted beings:
a fugitive drug addict
as estranged wife
small rodents
and a brilliant butterfly
seeking shelter
from the weather.

Jane Frink, Rochester senior, will
graduate at the end of this term.
She plans to go into social work in
the area of juvenile delinquency.

Along the Tracks
The bouncing earth swallow me
like a greedyジャンプman's whale—
Ah, I have got you (at laughter)—
whole and saucy you.
(Why didn't someone tell me
the hour of joy
is surprising?)
I will play games with you,
wicked air, and nose but
will be the wiser.
And what will they think when the train
passes: this way—or one lane figure in the
rail—still grasses, too
Far from any proper destination?
Look! how I dance these tracks with
mechanical precision—my father did this
once, high in the circus air,
passing narrow planks with
stable knees and solemn limbs.
I think he was a poor one.
I am a car, (or kitchen as the case may be)
waiting in peace and be suddenly fed.
No, I'm the mouse and you're the cat
(though safely immobile.)
A boy, blend, comes walking toward me
on the tracks, out in this nowhere
I could suddenly be raped or, more disastrous,
fall in love.
His cheeks are freckled and his
big-toothed grin is
smiling past my skin.
At last I love the train approaches,
a great white slipped stallion
flashing a silver mane.
but all is darkness, no one's
waiting from the platform.
But never mind, little one.
The towers rattle in the morning wind.
This morning I can sway then with my hand.

Green Lights and Red Lights
The green lights say:
Now for the world is the
hour of coming home, and the
air is a moving Christmas tree.
At my feet small puppies
mack the coming of snow, and
children, still in their yards,
are shouted remnants of summer.
Behind me, young athletes
approach like a herd of galloping
stallions, One brushes my winter
coat, and the crisp sky
is singing with our laughter.

At the doorway of my destination
a small red car reminds me of
someone.

(I carry my yesterday's
like sunken balloons, and
whistle my news in dusty corners)
"I'm sorry, he is not in,
I will read your poems instead."
The festival has forsaken the
air, eyes more less
opened, and even the tracks
wear a mask of silence.

Tonight I ignore them
and hurry home.

—Ruth Knapp

Ruth Knapp attended Wheaton
College and the University of Virginia,
where some of her poems were
published. Her poetry will be reprinted
in "New Writing from Virginia," to be
published soon.

—Ruth Knapp
The CIRCUS

By ERIC PIANN

I quit writing sports my senior year in college. I decided to quit the last time I saw Rufus Sesame at the Mercury Drive-In. After that, I told the sports editor he could find himself another boy. Just like that I said, "Rufus, you can find yourself another boy. Sports is a real circus," I told him. Then I quit.

It was my nights at the Mercury while I was a reporter. The place was big enough so that if you wanted to you could lose yourself in the back booths. No one bothered you or looked at you funny. The jocks came in for pizza and to play the pinball machines, but they wouldn't talk to you much. Not even to me. With their varsity jackets on, they wouldn't want their spit on you. It was different in the locker room when they were stripped down and staking up the bar, humid room with that weird smell of sweat. They'd talk to you then. As long as you spelled their names right, they spouted to you.

Rufus Sesame used to come into the Mercury a lot. He was the biggest, blackest softball player to ever play the defensive line for our football team. When he walked into the Mercury, long after the other jocks had been longly tucked away for the night, everyone in that joint looked Rufus over, from his twelve-and-one-half shoes to the nearly clapped hair on his skull. Every long-haired blonde looked him over, and you could tell from the way they eyes squinted and their lips parted slightly, that they wondered what it would be like to get with that no respectable white girl was supposed to want from Rufus. I know. I watched them all.

I had left a bottle in my car that night and tried to wash off with several cups of coffee in the Mercury. Rufus was standing hunched over the sink. He was eating a banana and talking to fiedula the last time I saw him. I walked up to order another cup of coffee, and he turned on the one-armed hand, said, "Leave the kid alone," fiedula said, taking my cup to refill it. "It's not his fault.

"You've come to lose that arm, reporter." "Civil War," I said. "I lost it in the Civil War."

"Well, what are you doing fighting in da Civil War?"

"We were frocing your people from the coastline, reporter."

Rufus gave me that blunt, stony look for a few seconds, then patted his thick lips so that his tongue could go laughing and jumping around his white teeth.

"You play, reporter," Rufus said, grabbing the cuff of my empty shirt sleeve and shaking it a couple times. "You play, baby."

Fiedula came back with my coffee. Her chubby hand slid the cup in front of me and I picked it up, set it back on my booth.

"Where you going, reporter?" Rufus said. "Me and my fat friend fiedula here, we ain't talking bout nothing ' pertinent. In we, fiedula."

Fiedula grinned and pushed back her stringy hair, but it only fell down in her face again.

"That's right," fiedula said. "We ain't talking about nothing.

Rufus nodded me a couple times in the line with a finger while grinning at fiedula. Then he looked back at me. "Want to know why I love this woman, reporter?"

Fiedula was picking at a pimple on her face when the reporter and I didn't give a ticklum's damn why Rufus loved her. "Ya, Rufus," I said. "I don't know."

"Because this here woman ain't never seen a football game in her life. Ain't that right, fiedula?"

Fiedula was still busy with the pimple. "Fiedula here is the only person in this whole state don't know who Rufus Sesame is. And I love her."

"That's swell," I said.

"I ain't got time for your foolishness tonight," fiedula said. "I got customers to take care of. Draggin' Civil War black carcass out of here."

"Does das mean our engagement is off?" Rufus asked fiedula. Rufus laughed and placed one of his mammoth hands on top one of her chubbi hands. "You okay, fiedula, you okay?"

Rufus went to the bathroom and I went back to my booth and drank coffee, smoked cigarettes, and watched the papers come and go in the Mercury. Three guys and a broad with blonde hair was sitting in one of the booths afterward. I don't know who the three jokers were, but I'd seen the blonde before. She hung around gyms and stadiums, like I did, but she wasn't after any sport. A babe like that makes news, doesn't it? Rufus walked out of the bathroom in back and started up the aisle towards where I was sitting. I knew he was coming because the jibe was now looking intently past me, like radar beaming in on a jet.

"You still here, reporter?" he said as he stopped at my booth.

"I'm not gange anywhere."

"I'se funny, ain't I, either."

"While you're deciding how you'll spend the rest of this delightful evening, sit down."

I gestured to the seat opposite me in the booth and he eased his bulky frame into it, ignoring the jibe who was giving him the once-over. The guy with the slicked-back hair returned with a tray full of cakes and hangdys. He sat next to the jibe. Then they both started to stare over towards our booth and I knew they weren't admiring my torso.

"You got a fan club over there?" I said.

"Them pencil necks, Rufus said, "Tight dealer."

"Ya, big deal," I said. "How come you spend so much time here?"

"Same reason you do, I spect."

I started monkeying with the cup of coffee in front of me and watched Rufus drum his thick fingers on the table.

"It's none of my business, but why aren't you observing training rules?"

"Are you playing reporter with me, boy?" he said. "You right, reporter. It ain't none of your business. Rufus' nostrils flared and his eyes were narrowing and I figured I was pressing my luck.

"Scary," I said.

"You boys tick me off, you know that? You boys always keep bugging Rufus. Well, Rufus don't have to tell me nothin'. He gets them all wore up and his nostrils kept time to the music of the game.

"Rufus ain't telling you nothing, reporter."

"Then why did you sit down?"

Rufus was quiet for a moment, then started drumming his fingers on the table again. "Cause I ain't got no one else to talk to, 'cept that old hag fiedula over there."

No. "When are your friends?"

"Are yo' friends?" he said.

"You want a cup of coffee?"

"Rufus don't want nothing, Rufus just tired—mighty tired."

"What are you tired about?"

"Rufus, I'm tired of this stupid game." I said. I was feeling pretty cool for a pint-sized, one-armed bastard. "If ya don't want to talk, then I'll buzz off. I'm tired of this merry-go-rounds."

"So am I, reporter."

Her face was grim and his nostrils quit working. "Look, reporter. Rufus got a lot on his mind. Rufus gonna make a big decision. You okay, reporter, but maybe ya oughta buzz off."

I picked up my cup and left the booth. I was really famished. It was my damn booth to begin with. Fiedula refilled my cup and I found an empty table, still in sight of where Rufus was sitting in my booth. The slick-haired guy and the blonde got out of their booth and walked over to Rufus.

"Hit there, Rufus," the slick-haired fella said. "That was quite a game you played last week. Me and my girl Sheila here, we back saw you play. You really ripped hell out of them."

"Thanks," Rufus said.

It was no trouble hearing Slick talk because he had that shrill kind of voice that jumps all over the room and makes babies cry. Slick kept shuffling around, shifting the weight of his body from one foot to the other, like he had the urge but couldn't find the right room. The babe stood by him coolly looking at Rufus all the time. "That's what you gotta keep doing, Rufus. You gotta keep ripping those guys for us," Slick said. "Rip them all to hell." He was smiling now, like he was expecting some kind of merit badge for being a good scout.

Rufus didn't answer him. He went back to drumming on the table. I had my neck craned a bit, so I saw he was drumming again. The blonde moved in front of Slick and probably was giving Rufus the coquettish smile.

"Remember me, Rufus? We met before," she said.

"No."

"Sure you do. We've met before." "Blust. I saw and your boy friend beat it." "The two of them looked amused. They looked like they got all their answers right but flunked the test. 'That ain't any way to treat a person," Slick said.

Rufus kept drumming on the table. The two went back to their friends at the next booth. "That ain't any way to treat someone," Slick was still (continued on page 11)
One of the most phenomenal pianists of our time has revisited us at last, his name is Alexei Weissenberg, returning to the concert stage after an absence of 12 years, his return brings to mind the recent comeback of Michelangeli. It should be clear, in "Weissenberg's position as an artist, he is less interested than his colleagues in technical perfection, but in his total and consummation of self.

However, unlike Michelangeli, Weissenberg, Rebungvably, is the most logical and skillful keyboard virtuoso, he leaves Weissenberg's competition, until recently, extended primarily to recordings. In 1967, Weissenberg didn't record an album, composition and conduct, quite a few in musical culture. Nevertheless, for the past 12 years, Weissenberg's consummate virtuosity, were shown through, for all we knew, his performances.

Weissenberg's return to concert life this reason, with a world tour underway and a series of recordings released this month on the Angel and RCA Victor labels, adds a bright new star to the pianistic constellation.

Over the Thanksgiving holiday I had an opportunity to sample Weissenberg's brand of alchemy, in a sense, the completely original and exciting interpretation of Rachmaninoff's "Third Piano Concerto" with the Chicago Symphony. It was an effortless, passionate arrangement, as rhythm and architecture, and clarity, never for a moment lacked poetic insight and dramatic tension. Technically, it was certainly one of the most breathtaking performances I have ever heard (or seen recorded).

If one were to describe Weissenberg's piano-playing in two brief terms, my choice among others, Kappell and Lipatti might be the mark. But, such comparisons are limited in value, for Weissenberg is too much himself to be accurately described in terms of others. I had the pleasure of listening to his interview with Weissenberg following the concert. On first acquaintance Weissenberg the man is as impressive as Weissenberg the pianist. Here is a handsome, impeccably dressed Parisian (he lives in Paris today, although he is Bulgarian by birth). Possessed of a charm and sophistication that are at once genuine, he has a ready sense of humor; he promptly kidded me for attending the afternoon concert which is generally frequented by society women and assorted cultural dignitaries — excluding me of course. His conversation further demonstrated that he is a true artist, articulate (in a language of his own) and obviously sincere.

Why has he remained away from the concert platform for so many years? "It would be silly to call it meditation, because I don't believe in messages in any case. All of us agree that one must be introspective in one point, and you cannot do it if you're very busy externally. You have to live more introspectively and fight with yourself until you come to two different people who try to find the meaning of the music, and emotionally, introspectively, it is a necessary marriage if you want to keep the balance as an artist."

Does he plan to maintain his concert activities? "As far as repertoire is concerned, Weissenberg says he doesn't go much further than Bartok or Chopinovsky. Nevertheless, he appears aware of the values of avant-garde music: "It's not because I do not play them (avant-garde composers) that I think they're inferior in any way. I just think there is a certain approach to the individual which has taken up so many years of my life worrying, making absolute efforts on the weight of the hand on the keyboard is a certain thing, that it is a shame to throw this out and perform in an almost electronic way oneself."

For example: "When you come across a piece of music where you think it's wonderful because it cuts through at least five or ten years of another suffering the financial difficulties and artistic possibilities. You come from that room to where people you know, and you are engaged, that is where competitions can be important.

Regarding the seemingly large number of young pianists who have talent, but lacks personality, he says: "I think among those hundred or so who play every year there are traces of exceptional talent. With great talents it is the animal that is different. You are physiologically different. You have something that projects, and whatever you do you project it."

For example: "When you come across a piece at a cocktail party, even if you don't know who she is, you somehow totally possessed as attracted by her. That's because she has it. She has it on stage, she has it everywhere."

I asked Weissenberg if he thought there were any differences between American and European audiences. "There is always a great difference. To me the American audiences are the best in the world, and I don't say this to flatter. I think it is exceptional as a country musically."

And this love for music, the millions who attend concerts disagree with those who feel that the public have made the effort and have built — even in small towns — their own orchestras, choirs or competitions, it's extraordinary.

As for recordings, Weissenberg disagrees with those who feel that the public have made the effort and have built — even in small towns — their own orchestras, choirs or competitions, it's extraordinary.

And this love for music, the millions who attend concerts disagree with those who feel that the public have made the effort and have built — even in small towns — their own orchestras, choirs or competitions, it's extraordinary.

On the other hand, Weissenberg would not agree with pianist Glenn Gould's determination to abandon the "circus atmosphere" of the concert stage and devote all his time to recording, he makes no claim about live performance, the exchange of music with the audience is something of vital importance. "Without going further into who understands and who doesn't, it is something essential to an artist. It's his confidence, and I think Glenn Gould is wrong to ignore it."

Of course, as Weissenberg resumes his concert activities he will also be making recordings. Though his repertoire is wide-ranging, he says that Chopin and Schumann are particularly important tones to him and that he has "a personal love for Bach that is beyond all other composers. It is a love that grows beyond performing, I love to listen to Bach, play Bach, study Bach and I usually include an enormous amount of Bach in my concerts, I don't say this as a musical 'preach', but there is a sort of spiritual satisfaction in playing Bach.

To satisfy himself (and undoubtedly many others) Weissenberg has recorded all the Bach Partitas for Angel along with the "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue." They will be released in the U.S. Finally. The first disc is available, the other two are agreed, the Angel and RCA for eventual release, and the Rachmaninoff, "D-minor Concerto" in Chicago last week (RCA).

Weissenberg is definitely in the "swing" again. His future engagements include such items as the Salzburg Festival, a two-week trip to the U.S. next October and November. At that time, among other things, he will perform both Brahms Concerti.

Art Show

(continued from page 3)

The exhibition is a revolving type: Instead of putting all items on display at once, a partial number of works are selected for the opening. Then, when a work is sold it is given immediately to the buyer and another piece of art is put in its place.

The prices are as varied as the artwork, ranging from a $1.50 ceramic work to a $100 piece of sculpture. Nevertheless, the prices are relatively high, with 20% of the proceeds will go to the art department for art scholarships and purchases for the Kresge Gallery's permanent collection.

A public reception will mark the opening of the show. Kresge Gallery hours are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays; 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Tuesdays; and 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays. The show will close at 5 p.m. on December 23.
Biafran view of Nigeria

(continued from page 5)

"Arms and armies cannot defeat the will of the people to survive."

The Nigeria-Biafra crisis cannot be resolved with rifle and bayonet. As other British-influenced federations, Nigeria as a federation was bound to crumble under the weight of British neo-colonialist maneuvers. Its failure is no news to a student of history. Other British-designed federations, such as Central Africa, Malaysia, the West Indies and South Arabia have disintegrated. The inevitable fragmentation of Nigeria was just a matter of time, for Nigeria was blotted to British designs in her political and economic advancement.

If military conquest were possible, Biafra would long ago have been vanquished. She has a much smaller army and an even smaller navy. She has no foreign powers supporting her and her population is about one-quarter that of Nigeria. The fact of the matter is that while Nigeria is fighting with millions of soldiers, most of whom do not know the intrinsic issues involved, Biafra has thousands of soldiers whose singleness of purpose is translated into a grim determination to fight for survival.

It is heartening that some humanitarians in the United States have made categorical statements on their stand in the crisis. After their tour of Nigeria and Biafra recently, a team comprising Dr. Audu Ogbeibie, Dr. Stanley Diamond, Dr. Cooper G. O'Brien and Dr. Albert Schweitzer recommended immediate cease-fire negotiations to avoid "genocide in Biafra" and "a long period of military servitude" throughout the former Nigerian Federation. They held that "the old Federation of Nigeria has dissolved," since the "Nigerians run an imminent risk of violent death if they set foot outside their own region." It is obvious that any attempt to bring about unity between Nigeria and Biafra by force is a deliberate attempt to spread fear and militarism among the people.

Early this month in the U.S. Congress, Mr. Reuther filed a resolution calling on President Johnson "to take such action as may be necessary to transmit to the belligerent parties, to the OAU, to the UN, and to the International Red Cross the earnest pleas of the UN, that all appropriate bodies join in seeking a halt to hostilities and take measures, including the dispatch of impartial observers, to protect the lives of the civilian population of the area."

He was commenting on the "wholesale slaughter of Biafrans and other Nigerians... throughout that country." The resolution was signed by eight other Congressmen—Messrs. George D. Brown, John C. Franks, Leonard C. Farbstein, Kenneth J. Gray, Seymour Halpern, Augustus F. Hawkins, and Chester L. Minto.

These Congressmen have been neither to Nigeria nor to Biafra, but they are deeply concerned with what "historians in the past call a genocidal pattern of extermination." The U.N. is the only great power that is not yet committed to either side. The already desolated image of Britain in Biafra makes it a question now more than ever whether Harold Wilson may wish to make "no matter how benevolent" the position of the Soviet Union is crystal clear. The stand of certain African countries is deeply discordant. But the U.N. has a singular advantage over other nations in urging a cease-fire. Over to you, dear President Johnson...

-- Njoku Awa is chairman of the publicity bureau of the Biafra Students' Association in the American East Lansing chapter. He is a sophomore in communications from Umudahia, Nigeria.

Fables of alcoholic morality

(continued from page 6)

of a philosophical light in which the impenetrable edifices of society takes on an absurd color. The old man reveals some hints of this kind of sympathy with the present generation. "The Happy Nuk" favors a non-doctrinaire approach to life, which is happily growing in the world: But you should always be tolerant, and not just of negroes and Jews and parents, but of rich people and soldiers and nuns, of editors and teachers and people with beards, of crony old people with no teeth and of policemen and writers. Don't trust any of the bastards, but try to be tolerant. Make them leave you alone, but do it in a tolerant way.

And there is aflow pan at the end of "Statesman Alf":

And so it can be seen that no statesman would ever attempt to do any thing statesmanlike that must be left to the backs and bureaucrats and editors. Indeed, "states" and "maid" hardly belong in the same word.

This is Lawless' second volume of The Fables, and it is an improvement on the first, which concentrated on exploding the sexual hypocrisy that doesn't exist anymore. With his present book, Lawless has reached deeper into society to poke fun at the facades behind the facades, and they are worth exposing and reading about. Great is correct in saying in the preface that our world (and perhaps East Lansing especially) needs more of the laughter that comes from wisdom. Though funny and amusing, the humor is not often the case more than the humour of life often makes these stories seem affected. Lawless' engaging sense of humour calls up some of both in The Fables.
Real perversion. Hollywood style

By JIM YOULTING

The PM's, Planet's, Magazine's Shirley Temple Black, the Legion of Decency and other protectors of the screen seem to have been swept over one day by the realization about the dangers of the increasing frankness in motion pictures. But have they managed to entirely wipe out the most powerful and disgusting films of all, the "completely" sex comedies popularized by Doris Day and epitomized by Jack Lemmon's "Under the Yum Yum Tree." These films contain distorted values which, while not as outrageous as those of the nudie movies, are subtle, far-reaching and widely accepted.

These films should not be confused with stories of American sex attitudes like "Divorce, American Style," the films of Eddy Widdersh, and Jean-Luc Godard's and Group's work. Instead, these sex comedies are intended to be in the same category as the works of the op纵ual movement, superficially similar but being awkwardly absent at itself.

Instead, these comedies are exploitation films which are intended to bring about establish values for profit. In them, sexual desires should be laughed at and the whole story is in the standards of morality is incredible exemplified by Doris Day protecting her virginity in film after film, Men manipulate women only into bed, women manipulate men only into marriage.

Love is a form of altruction out of "Remorse Comic" and the world of Barbie dolls. No one speaks of honor, respect, growing old together, or the like. Communication, the most important aspect of any long-range relationship, is astonishingly absent. This, in fact, is the basis of the obvious misunderstanding, are mistaken intentions, unnecessary jealousy, or a ring of people from knowing how computable they really are.

For example, in Ross Hunter's "Leaver, Come Back" (it's not a new idea — the two have been dissolved and limitations of "Pillow Talk" Doris Day and Rock Hudson loathe each other. Then one night they get drunk — so drunk that they wake up the next morning in a motel bed, "Did anything happen?" asks Doris, "Yes" said Hunter, "What do you commit suicide. But (Thank God) it turns out that she got drunk while her husband first! Yefi Doris is exasperated. It doesn't matter that she had intercourse and then passed out with a man she detests. All that matters is that she was married at the time. He can simplify a divorce and regain her virgins status.

As far as would have it, however, she discovers that she is pregnant. But don't worry, folks; Rock suddenly falls in love with her and remarries her just as he is being wheeled into the delivery room. Her baby will have a name!

Most of these films have one character who, in the last reel, lectures the lecherous male on the joys of Love and Marriage and the evils of Sex without Legal Bonds (which he always sees without love). Usually played by Thelma Ritter, Tony Randall or some other "best friend" type, this persona makes the only role to realize for a brief moment that this lecher is not so admirable after all. Thus the film can pass any family censorship board, and the audience is snipped from voyeurism back into false peace.

In "Under the Yum Yum Tree," the most offensive film I have ever seen in this genre, Jack Lemmon spends 90 per cent of the film clumsily seducing girls at his Centaur Apartment Complex. Every cliche is dragged into the most absolute seduction technique, when peeping, a separate struggle to save virginsity and marriage have been. "Dad do we do anything last night?" Finally Edie Adams, an old flame who has finally found a nice man who wants to marry her first, gives Lemmon the moral lecture to end all moral lectures. Lemmon vows celibacy, by now, all of his girls have married Mr. Right. Even his coos has left. The audience suddenly hates him.

But when some see blakets, a husband of fresh girls: school; virginity; now; looking for apartments. The glass returns to Lemmon's eyes (and to the audience's) and the film ends happily for all concerned. As Wilfred She's family, I do not despise the voyeur, however sensible. For he is the stuff that movie audiences are made of.

As in the case of most popular films, I feel that these sex comedies do not create middle-class tastes; they simply reflect them, Mass acceptance of a film usually indicates mass acceptance of the film's basic attitudes. Very few adults are being taught or warped by sex comedies.

The man responsible for "Pillow Talk" and most of its offspring, producer-director Ross Hunter, openly admits that he doesn't have a message; he is giving the American public what it wants, as indicated by box office receipts. Still, although they are indications of adult taste, these glaston comedies just zip past the censors into family viewing classification, making them silently approved examples for children and adolescents. In this respect, they deserve more attention than the popular films, which are rearely seen outside of the larger cities and are relatively severely limited to adults. All in all the morality of our popular media is much more important than the morality of suburban nudes and pornography.

And censor's constantly bungle their job. When censorship boards condemn films like "Deel Dix'" and "Kiss Me, Stupid" which criticize our middle-class values, it is the Doris and Rock are shaking up under false pretenses in the neighborhood theatres, something is wrong. Too many films are being made as fake, speech and intercourse which corrupt — not those that are good.

Perhaps in 30 years I will love "Under the Yum Yum Tree" and all the rest. The filthy innuendos of Bushy Berkley's old muscals (22nd Street, etc.) are hilariously camp now. But Doris Day's sexy escapades and frank sex values which surround and drag me, overriding the genuine comedy to be found in them. When these values have changed, maybe the movie may change too. Let us hope that the next generation never suffers from the dichotomy between artful presentation of sex and popular trash.

(continued from page 8)

muttering—loud enough, naturally, so that Rufus and everyone else in the joint could hear him.

"Who the hell does he think he is, anyway?" Slick asked the two Johns sitting opposite him. They weren't saying much of anything. "Who the hell does he think he is?"

"Just shut up, the babby.

"Don't tell me what the others, toot.

"Tell me what you'll do when I damn well please." "What's matter, honey? Maybe you fancy that kinda a stroll over there?"

"Maybe I do."

Rufus left the booth and walked over to Beulla at the counter. He didn't bother giving the game a look, I know, I was watching every move he made. I was in no mood for more bullshit that didn't go so well. I was another cake," Slick announced.

"I don't see any chain tied to your ass," the blonde said.

Slick moved out of the booth and strutted up to the counter. I want another cake—that is, of arm, big muscle man, rear minds."

"I don't mind, Beulla said, "Do you mind Rufus?"

"Hell, I don't mind. Beulla. Give this here gentleman a cake."

"That's real wise of you."

"What's matter with you, mister? Ain't you got no people here? That greedy head of yours."

"You better scram, ain, Beulla said.

"I ain't through talking yet, Slick said.

"Let the boy talk, Beulla. I know his kind."

"I ain't afraid of you."

"Then you is a mighty foolish boy," Rufus said, "I was getting pretty dazed with the whole matter about them and wanted to get the hell out of there. I stood up and started towards the door, which was near the counter. Rufus looked over to me and I nodded back, "Let's go, Rufus," I said, "The guy's a jerk."

Slick turned to where I was standing and sized me up for a moment, "Who's that?" he asked Rufus, "Your bodyguard?"

The blonde got out of the booth and walked over to where Slick was standing, "It's his go," she said. The two Johns got up to leave.

Slick looked at Rufus for a moment, then over to me again, "You, you seem to be going, I've seen enough of these freaks."

He started towards the door with the blonde, but then stopped next to me. "Where'd you lose it, arm, big muscle man?"

"In the war," I said, "I'm in the Civil War, don't I?"

I heard Beulla scream, I saw Rufus bolt towards where we were standing. He turned Slick around, then slapped him twice on his face and Slick went sprawling to the floor. Rufus didn't hit him hard, I've seen him almost maining badballs on the field and I know the power he's got. But he got it right on the chin. Slick fell to the floor anyway, like maybe he figured that was the safest place to be. Beulla came lumbering around the counter and up to where Rufus was standing. "Are you nuts?" she said.

The blonde bade bent down and looked at Slick's red cheeks.

"You goddam animal," she shouted up at Rufus. The two Johns standing near the booth hurried over and stood around. They weren't saying much. I stood there, watching chubby Beulla push Rufus' talk away from where Slick was lying stunned on the floor, his hair still lying on the place. The blonde was making a fuss over him and the two Johns were just standing there, not saying much of anything.

"I'm not, the blonde said. He brushed past Beulla and me and walked out the door.

I walked into the newspaper office to meet the following afternoon and Richie, the sports editor, hurried over and told me he had a big story for me to write. Rufus Southern, Seabell team and dropped out of school. Football was my best and it was my story to beat and with the help of a few of the coaches, got some quotes, then wrote the story. The lead said, "All-conference lineman Rufus Southern quit football Thursday and withdrew from the University. Head Coach Jeff Anderson could give no explanation for the action."

I finished my story at 6 p.m., handed it to Richie and headed out to the bookstore with another boy. Just like that I said, "Richie, you can find yourself another boy, Sports is a real crew," I told him. "Then I quoted to
**The Christmas Contract**

**The Scene**

The north pole and the home of that famous toymaker, Santa Claus.

**Meanwhile in the Employees' Lunchroom**

During the 11:30 break, there is trouble here.

- The working conditions here are awful.
- And the pay is stingy... let's call a union meeting!
- This meeting of the United Toymakers is called to order.
- What are your grievances?

**I hear the toymakers are going to strike...**

I've got a wife and two fawns to support!

**The runners aren't even lit!**

The runway isn't even lit! I'm tired of working on Christmas!

**We haven't had new bells in 3 years!**

**The Next Morning...**

- The strike is on.
- Longer lunch hour.
- No more whip.
- No contract, no delivery.
- Medical & insp profit sharing.

**After a 72 hour round-the-clock bargaining session, Santa Claus announces to the press...**

We have agreed on a one-year contract which seems acceptable to all parties.

And so once again the toys will be under the tree on Christmas Eve... but wait 'til next year when the contract expires... ho, ho, ho...