BUST THE COPS!
9:21 p.m. - Received a telephone call reporting an attempted suicide. Officers dispatched to Emmons Hall and transported subject to Olin Health Center for treatment.

7:11 p.m. - Officer stopped vehicle on a routine traffic stop. While talking to driver, he observed a nightstick protruding from under the front seat. Arrested subject for carrying a concealed weapon.

3:25 p.m. - Prisoner logged at station for obstructing a police officer. 3:42 p.m. - Officer escorted prisoner to Lansing Township Justice Court for arraignment.

3:11 p.m. - Malicious destruction reported by the Grounds Dept., saying there are obscene writings on the sidewalks near the Student Services Bldg. and outdoor pool. Also on the gates of the pool. An officer is assigned to investigate.

2:13 p.m. - A breaking and entering is reported from North Case Hall. Complainant said clothing was taken from her room. Officer sent to take the report.

PHOTO CREDITS

Cover photo by Gordon Moore
Photo page 3 by Bob Evans
Photo page 4 by Bob Evans
Photo page 5 by Gordon Moore
Photo page 6 by Gordon Moore
Photo page 7 by Gordon Moore
Photo page 8 by Gordon Moore
Photo page 9 by Gordon Moore
Photo page 10 by Bob Evans

Collage is still accepting manuscripts for future issues. Writers doing exciting things in poetry, fiction, drama, commentary or graphics should get on the stick. We are at the State News office. Sunday through Thursday afternoons.
It was 3 a.m. as the dark blue car turned from the highway and stopped in front of the only building exhibiting any light. Passing headlights caught the reflective, gold shield on the door identifying it as a police patrol car.

A red neon sign blinked out the words. Benny's Coney Cafe No. 2. Ghostlike images, made their way toward the door. The older officer, found in a booth near the rear, his head drooping left from drunks rush, the old wino sat in the back toward the rear of the building. He delighted in telling about catching unsuspected speeders.

The other officer, a recruit, moved into the opposite side of the booth. Tom leaned over was startling to see how really attractive was the recruit and nodded in the direction of the gal's a doll." Hank said. But the recruit-Tom jumped up and took the telephone.

"OK Corp. He said. "We're on our way. Let's go. There's an accident at Cook's Corners."

Six months later, you are working with Hank. You've passed your probationary period and are now accepted as one of the crew. You are able to sell tickets to speeders just like you told you in recruit school. Imagine! People thanking you for a ticket! But that's what they do.

Coffee time. said Hank. "Wheel er over to Benny's No. 2 John. And let's get in and out before the drunks come in."

"OK you say, and soon the big blue car parked in front of the familiar neon sign. Hank pokes at the doorway and walks into the air. "Good night for burglars," he remarks.

John smiles and says to himself. "Some night he's going to smell right."

"How ya been?" he asks.

"Can't complain Betty, how's tricks?"

Whiffs a wafting scent of old perfume, .....

"Say Betty," Hank interrupts. "Jack keeping his nose clean?"

"You bet he is," replies Betty. "If some dumb cop don't throw him in jail for suspic- tion and lose him his job he'll be a k"

"Benny's number two," says Betty as she answers the phone. "It's for you Tiger."

John gets up, takes the phone and writes down a message. "O.K. Corp. we'll run right out and tell him. John walks back in the table, takes his officer's cap from the rack and says. "Let's go Hank. We've got a death message to deliver."

"It was Hank's turn to drive and as he turned the cruiser onto the highway, John filled him in with the details. There had been an accident over at the University. Two or maybe more young men had been killed. The car was a red hank convertible registered to Gary Morton, a farmer living in the area patrolled by Hank and John.

The city police department of University City was not sure, but they thought the driver had been Gordon, the farmer's son. The boys had been celebrating Gordon's 21st birthday and on the return had lost control and struck a tree.

As Hank approached the Morton farmstead, the moon drifted from behind the clouds revealing the outline of an old square farmhouse. Hank drove on to the next farmhouse. He woke the occupants and after learning that they were good friends of the Morton asked them to go with him to break the news. The officers then returned to the Morton home and the neighbors followed in another car. Hank looked at John and said, "O.K. Your stuff? Ever deliver a death message?"

"No," said John. "What should I say?"

Hank had felt quite confident up till now. In the short span of six months he had handled drunks, helped pick up accident victims from the highway, chased runaway kids and an escaped convict through a swamp. But now he turned a little white. "Come on," said Hank. "I don't know what to say, either. Never do until the time comes."

Hank knocked on the door several times. He could see that the house was in need of repair and paint. Probably the cost of about one year at the University would take care of it.

A dim light flashed inside and soon the officers and the neighbors were admitted to the house. The message was delivered, and after the mutual shock and cries of anguish had subsided, the officers, with the help of the neighbors, assisted the MORTons with the responsibility of bringing home the body.

Hank at one point turned away, and after taking a deep breath, turned back to the front of the scene where the young men had met their fate. The neighbors had a right to cry with their friends; the minister would come and comfort them later, and the undertaker would guarantee burial with dignity. But for that brief moment of crisis, when a mother's forgotten pain of childbirth returns and changes to a pain tearing away her heart, as the reality of the situation comes crashing in upon her. the uniform and officialdom of a police officer is stripped away and the officer cannot escape the tragedy that befalls the people he serves.

Hank and John left. For the next few minutes all was quiet except for the efficient rumble of the Interceptor engine.

Hank broke the silence. "You know John, the dead die easy. But that mother will die for the rest of her life."

"This is a hell of a job," said John. "I don't think money can ever compensate for this kind of duty."

The officers returned to the station and went over the incident with the corporal on duty.

"You're right John," said Corporal Ed- wards. "Money cannot compensate for everything. But you're going to find this to be true many times during your career. Many times your only pay will be the personal satisfac- tion received from helping a citizen in trouble. From removing a dangerous criminal from society or saving a life or keeping a kid out of trouble. Consider it a privilege to be able to serve your fellow man. And remember that in spite of all the forces of society that would wreck the peace and tran..."
Police--
(continued from page 6)

multaneously to understand the bluffing and counter-bluffing involved.

Daides immediately said he would encourage investigations, but added that he would stand by the Chicago Police Department regardless. Hardy's notorious answer to the police image problem of Chicago, Columbia, Berkeley, etc.

Departments and would lessen that from outside. We should not have exposed to call these matters to our attention and our own weaknesses. We should not have missed. But the case is not closed there.

Hardly a notable answer to the police image problem of Chicago. Chicago cops are different, is only to pass the buck. It's all too similar to the isolated white man saying: "I'm not racist, I've never called a nigger nigger.'

The Law Enforcement Code of Ethics tends to be only something a police officer once read.

This, Too, Is Important

In the crazy moments of my mind you pick your sometime path through my confusion.

Goldenrods and clover hang from your hair and for a while I stand washed in fresh rain and my eyes flickering forward to you.

pluck clarity like a strange flower and put it in windowboxes where, every now and then thinking of you, I remember to water my singular garden with smiles.

—David Gilbert

Editors note: The Jimi Hendrix Experience's latest release Electric Ladyland is available at your friendly record store. It's the only consistently good thing on the whole album, and it can be had for a whole bunch less than the album itself.

What distinguishes "All Along the Watchtower" from the rest of Electric Ladyland and makes it better than the rest of the album is that it forces Hendrix to be a little less Hendrix-like than usual; it forces him to be what he could be, with a lot of self-control, a good musician. The Dylan lyric has a simplicity and grace that refuses to be tampered with, either vocally or instrumentally. The lyric demands that Hendrix refrain from injecting his usual meaningless wordiness.
REFLECTIONS
And there was the mirror with the golden edge. Between the heavy curtains. It flowed in the dark. I remember I looked very little and black. Smaller than Mr. Burlington’s favorite chair. But then I played princess on it. My portrait edged in all that gold. Precious gifts were given to me. The heavy glass ball on the desk. In the corner was from China. The princess smiled (who was me). I was so very beautiful. Especially with red velvet. And plump pillows, or so they said. They said like a doll, pretty blue. And pink and gold with fluffy curls, and then a courtier came who—

Niece Mrs. Burlington, that’s what Mama called her. Ad and his gray of the dark and her eyes said I looked grey and brown in a dusty glass. “My goodness, All alone.” Oh no. But I didn’t tell her that.

—Kylie Kinsley

SUN CHILD. LISTEN
Sun tunneling clouds from the wind. Huskings: fingers searching excellence in scaling worry. This too is an art. Between your pncted nails crush gently the sunlit—er child in mind.

In her place, learn the thirst of a woman’s hot movement toward a man. Allow this moon inside your parts to strait.
Trinka Cline, a junior from West Union, Illinois, is the campus editor for the State News.

**By TRINKA CLINE**

It is a law enforcement officer, as much fundamental duty is to serve mankind... to protect the... weak from oppression or intimidation, the powerless against virtual subjugation; and to respect the Constitutional rights of all men to liberty, equality and justice...

I will keep my private life unshaded as an example to all; maintain courageous calm in the face of danger, fear, or ridicule; develop self-restraint... Honest in thought and deed in both my personal and official life, I will be exemplary in obeying the laws of the land and the regulations of my department... I will never act officiously or permit personal feelings, prejudices,animosities or friendships to influence my decisions. With no compromise with crime and with relentless prosecution of criminals, I will enforce the law courteously and with the respect due to the individual, whatever his color, creed or station in life... I will be exemplary in upholding the ethical standards of law enforcement... I will never act in any manner inconsistent with the best interests of the community, this, my department, and my country to the point of advocating or practicing any law enforcement activities which would discredit the profession...

**Code of Ethics adapted by the International Assn. of Chiefs of Police**

law enforcement is not a job, an eight-hour detached existence, but a way of life, a mode of thought and deed. Perhaps if we could isolate every police officer from the society at large, except for those unfortunate moments when each must venture out for eight hours of duty, we could indeed make the ideal a reality. But policemen wear their uniforms, live in the same neighborhoods as the rest of us, breathe the same air and eat the same foods and go some of the same places and do some of the same things.

Perhaps it is justifiable to say we get the law enforcement we deserve. The quality of their situation reflects the quality of the society that produces them.

Law enforcement is somewhat popularly viewed as a negative function: the police are suppressors, out to get the violator or even potential violator or anyone they don't happen to like or respect.

For the most part, the policeman holds less than a bachelor's degree—most likely only a high school diploma. He is very likely the product of a conservative background and remains conservative in his political preferences today. He may be worried about the negative stereotype of the cop and may be defensive about his actions to the point of advocating another police philosophy. A police state is not totally repulsive to him.

Yet the basic job is to make snap decisions concerning how best to protect and carry out the promises of freedom and the necessary limitations as stated in the U.S. Constitution, federal statutes, Supreme Court decisions and similar documents in a state level as well as various local ordinances and regulations. Snap decisions without really over-stepping powers of arrest and infringing on the duties of judge and jury and executioner.

In an instant he must do a rough parallel of what courts and prosecutors take hours or weeks or years to interpret and decide. Just as court interpretations are overturned or altered, so must the policeman's decisions flex.

The officer and marijuana. A significant portion of the population considers it only just to erase laws and statutes against marijuana. Policy discretion will have some bearing on the extent of enforcing any such rule. But laws were made to be enforced and police are hired to enforce them. He is thus the victim of a sometimes belligerent population.

It makes little difference that only 10 percent of a police officer's time goes into criminal proceedings, with 90 percent miscellaneous, including car accident calls and removal of squires caught in air conditioners.

He is remembered, criticized, romanticized and ridiculed, hated and praised at times by that one-tenth of his time when he attempts an improper or improper manner to defend and protect society from itself.

Seated in one of the best "Pig Ad" schools of the nation, one really wouldn't expect to hear a Police Administration prof say: "These are just no way I can defend the Chicago police." The typical policeman will at least partially defend the actions of the hoscaloid or will simply say, "Don't judge the rest of us by Chicago police: they're like that; they're a different breed of cop.


In recent times the police departments across the nation have become infamous for the handling or mugging of demonstrators and riots.

When should the police move in, enforcing the minimum law to the hilt and end a non-violent demonstration? When the demonstrators are peaceful and the spectators aren't, who should be arrested? And worst of all comes the question of how one goes about it all.

The same rebel Police Administration prof suggested that it is sometimes desirable "bend over backwards, even bend the law little" in allowing the expression of free speech. During the nights of the Democratic Convention it was really necessary to enforce the park closing hours? Was this not a slightly special occasion? The decision to clear the park was obviously not the most practical answer. Just how harmful can a few thousand youth singing songs and hurling around trash fires actually be?

Weren't the police wedges sent through the now famous Grant Park necessary? How justifiable is it for officers to break ranks and run swinging clubs through a frightened crowd of unarmed youth?

It is noteworthy that although police usually have their own photographers, Chicago was unable to produce shots of people charging the police lines. Of more than 600 arrests made during the week, only 16 people were charged with unlawful use of weapons.

Viewing the Chicago police display of make-shift weapons seized from those arrested, one finds it hard to believe that with such weapons in hand and with the supposed intent of the demonstrators, injury to police officers was cut five times as great.

Mayor Daley's official report fails to explain the police raid on the McCarthy suites of the Conrad Hilton. He distorts the event and does not attempt to explain what happened or why if police were so certain that properties were coming from those windows, no one was arrested. Only blood on the Hilton carpets.

Chicago has found itself the exaggeration of everything ever done wrong. The hypocrisy. Too sweeping to admit and blame the Commissars philosophy. The propaganda and政法 of Yippies to assassinate everything and destroy the city. But one has to appreciate the mind of a Yippie and a policeman.
Mark Jaroslav, Dearborn Heights senior, is a major in philosophy.

By MARC JARSLULIC

Mailer has said it. Huey Newton and Eldridge Cleaver have said it. And anyone else who has had sufficient opportunity to experience the tender mercies of the riot baton and the jail cell will say it: the American police are pigs.

Pigs: brutal and sometimes sadistic enemies of the people. In the latest edition of Harper's Magazine (November, 1968), Norman Mailer devotes more than a few lines to the activities of policemen. Among them is an examination of the American cop mentality, the best, perhaps, that has ever been written.

"...The cop tries to solve his violence by blanketing it with a uniform. That is virtually commonplace, but it explains why cops will put up with poor salary, public dislike, uncomfortable working conditions and a general sense of bad conscience. They know they are lucky; they know they are getting away with a successful solution to the criminality they can taste in their blood. This taste is practically in the forefront of a cop's brain, he is in a stink of perspiration whenever he goes into action; he can tolerate little in the way of small, and virtually no contradiction; he lies with a simplicity and quick confidence which will stifle the breath of any upright citizen who encounters it innocently for the first time. The difference between a good cop and a bad cop is that the good cop will at least do no more than give his own salted version of events—the bad cop will make up his version. That is why the police arrested the pedestrians they pushed through the window of the Haymarket inn at the Conrad Hilton; the gallant the situation in which a policeman finds himself, the more he will be the victim of his guilt."

Brutal. Some would make this fact the keynote of their political activity, finding in the police a principal target for their executions and expending much energy attacking them. But by doing so they ignore their real enemy, and hence are less able to confront the police who are merely agents of that enemy.

Consider the functions which police perform. In times of relative tranquility, police are called upon to prevent minor disturbances from expanding. When strikers become too prolonged or too violent, police are used to smash them; when the lumpen proletariat, now confined mostly in the black ghetto, become too active in their misery, the necessary steps are taken to squelch them. And of course, the members of the upper and middle classes are protected from the ravages of common crime, although no serious effort is made to eliminate the organized criminals who prey on the less affluent.

In times of internal crisis—when demand for fundamental social change has grown strong—they are the bulwark of the status quo. When the rebellions in Watts, Detroit and Newark threatened the normal order of business, the grievances of ghetto dwellers were not even considered. Police were sent into ghettos to stop the disruption by any means necessary. They reigned from totally indiscriminate violence only because the people in political control feared more widespread uprisings. Even the sympathetic media were unable to disguise the ruthlessness with which the people operated or the callousness of those who directed them.

During the student strike at Columbia University, police performed the same counterinsurgency function, though in a more restrained manner. Clearly the strikers were in the right: the university's complete disregard for Harlem residents in its decision to construct the Morningside Heights gym and the university's complicity with American imperialism through the Institute for Defense Analysis were both issues which had to be confronted. But neither Columbia nor the corporations and government agencies contracting with her were interested in anything other than insuring that the university would continue as a research center and a processing plant. New York police were therefore told to spill the blood necessary to end the strike.

And of course there was the Convention of Death in Chicago. Thousands of youth had come to that city to protest the corruption of a party which would not nominate a candidate who was even vaguely popular or reputable a hideous war it had helped create. Though the people in the streets had no chance of getting hold of the political machinery, they were a threat. Their presence disrupts the carefully constructed sham of democratic process, and the voice of their disjunction threatened to drown out the empty rhetoric inside the convention arena. It was therefore decided that the demonstrators would have to be contained and if possible, discredit for them investigators of police.

You saw the results on your television screens. In tranquility, and in crisis, police are used to preserve the control which the few have over the many, and that is the essence of their job. Someone might suggest, that since police are all, equally under political control, all this can be changed through normal democratic means. But they would be invited to examine more closely the real nature of America's "democratic" government. I can best be characterized as a bourgeois oligarchy. That is to say, while there is popular participation in government through elections and conventions, actual political control rests in the hands of a monied class. A candidate receives the money necessary for election only if his intentions are satisfactory to that class; he will be re-elected only if he has fulfilled his obligations to them. High appointive office (and high office generally) is limited to members of that class. Significant support for political parties is purposefully limited to the two major ones; thereby eliminating the instability of parliamentary government or it sometimes permits popular influence. The reality of this situation is unquestioned; you need only to read The Power Elite or to examine the activities of your state representatives for confirmation.

To put it another way: a small class of people controls America; though politicians control the people, it is the money of the power elite which controls the politicians. It is therefore the members of this select class who are striking out at the prisoners of the ghetto and the demonstrators in the street. Though they have made enemies of the immediate antagonists, it is they who are the real pigs, the real enemy who must be confronted.
"I can't get younger; I have to be an old man, that's all..."
3,800 different courses. And as always, we effects do these mega-dorms have upon harbor, and maintaining that at worst MSU tic enrollment allows her to make the most that as a non-profit organization her gigan­ to different people and opinions. We accept that she maximizes exposure to the arts and seem bothered that less than 45 per cent of tal MSU Expenditures - $142 million). We More than the combined expenditures. (The MSU Financial Report of 1966-1967 reads like a comic book).

But these statistics shrink to a level of insignificance when compared to the MSU division of Hotels and Restaurants, more commonly called that residence halls are a Power and status, and the...
Red Cedar Reviewed

By JOSEPH WALDMIR

Red Cedar Review. Vol. VI. No. 3. 8.00 Available at campus Book Store.

Note: Dr. Waldmeir is an associate professor in the English department. His field is 20th century American literature.

Two happy facts should be noted here at the outset of this review. The first is that the Red Cedar Review is definitely becoming a quarterly — the second is that it has definitely gone underground. Many of the selections in the present issue, particularly poems, come from authors as far away as San Francisco and Massachusetts, and even from the island of Malta — which means really that, at least in a modest way, it has even gone international. It's nice to think that a legitimate literary quarterly may emanate from this campus. It's about time.

MSU student work has not been slighted, however. Only five of the 26 poems are by students, but three of the four stories are by them. Unfortunately, the quality of the student work, especially of the fiction, is not particularly high. One can only hope that as the magazine improves it will attract the work of better writers here on campus. There must be some, after all, there are 30,000 students here! Such faulty logic is excusable if the hope is realized.

But let's get on with business at hand.

The poetry in this issue is remarkably good.

The best are the three by John Stokes Wade of Malta. Presumably they are translations, but they are beautifully done, simply and tightly constructed, conveying emotion and meaning clearly and satisfyingly. Read "Trees seen from a train" carefully and I think you will agree. W. Allen Taylor's "Miami Beach" nearl:y contrasts the unrealistic reality of that playground city with the real unreality of the Republican National Convention that was held there; and ends with verses strolling the sand "in search of teddybears and presidents."

There are a few pretty good semi-narrative poems in the issue, two by Ottone M. Riego - "The Attack," about a rape with a perpsective twist at the end, and "Final Discovery, about an auto accident and at least on by Joe Dionne. My vote is for the Miohning Stepped." I say at least one because Dionne's "Abaka" could be considered narrative. Each of them is interesting. Riego's gives a more immediate emotional impact, while Dionne's try to reach us in a more subdued manner.

But the best poems here are the brief attempts to convey an emotion or emotion outside or on the periphery of narrating the sorts of poems that Stuart O'Grady is talking about in his "Sestina." I mean those already mentioned by Taylor and Wade, and Mervyn Bueholtz's "First Freeme. "Regina Walking on the Beach," William A. Roecker's "The Instructor Sees John Collins," and Harvey Tucker's "A tree of O'Cock."

Now to the fiction, which I found quite disappointing after the high quality of the poetry. The best goes to the essay with a Sherlock-Anderson-like sketch by Stephan Hathaway titled "The Revival of a Sentiment." It is nicely consistent, well focused and well written, but it remains a sketch, an undeveloped slice of life either not conflict and without a theme. But I like it. I'd like to read a story by Mr. Hathaway again. Of the stories, Barbara Drake's "Night Out" is pretty good. The trouble with it is that it starts out as a sketch and winds up a story. We are introduced to a set of characters of nearly equal importance, but we aren't sure who the ghosts are until the last half page — some time, drastic Virginia Woolfish things happen to an entirely wearable couple. Still, despite this criticism, I find "Night Out" to be a far better story than the other two.

"Root" (continued from page 1)

quality of your community and corrupt the administration of our government, if you have served the people well, they will stick with you. You know, John, continued Corporal Farrell. "There are about all the people, the bankers, the politicians and the Sunday School teachers — they all have problems; but the worst part, you don't catch very many crooks in church."

Crime and the victim's crimes strike hardest in the suburbs and ghetto areas. The black businessman of the ghetto who cannot get insurance on his lamduarum to cover the losses from the burglary is soon out of business. This moral problem is more important to him, and it should be to us, than a bank job at the First National.

"That's right," said Hank. "And what about that rat-looking kid that's the prime suspect in the lamduanum? You know very well he doesn't have a chance. I wish I had some way to help the kid, rather than throwing his tail in jail as will likely happen.

I get your point," said John. But I don't know about you, Hank. You sound more like a socialist than ever. That's what you get when you get into those classes you're taking at the University."

"Or don't get smart," said Hank. "No We have our job and the probation officers and the social workers have theirs. And one of the professors of the school of police administration has said, the policeman is a social agency for the police."

We're out here where the citizen is. We must make decisions on the spot, and not sit back in a court room chairing in ivory towers and mediate on the complexities of the issues."

"Oh, John, Time for breakfast."

Let's catch it at Benny's and then be ready to nail some red-light runners on their way to work. I kind of love on the tomorrows this month so I'd better get busy."

The car left the station and soon checked out at Benny's. And after Betty had brought the coffee and took the orders. John dug into Hank again. "Hank, how can you stand being up at the University with all those kooks and long-hairs that keep stirring up the natives. You know, the cop is meek here is keeping his eye on the length of your sideburns not. The next thing we know you'll be recruiting black Nationalists and KKK Klansmen for the police service. I saw one of those schrillpaper things the other day referring to the police as pigs. If I ever got called upon they first thing I'd do is bend a night stick right around some brass horn and then you'll hear some real pig-squeals."

Another thing."

"John, drive in Hans. Now, you're acting like the kind of pig impipped by the label You know John, stop to think about it. I guess we are something like pigs. You're an old farm boy. Remember how the pig would root around in the dirt and dig up the hay and feed? Well here we are rooting around in a haybard littered with the outcasts of society: drunks, prostitutes, addicts, beggars, sex deviants, most of which go on their own families, and all the other types of hoodlums and chiselers who have the cleanest to provide a false front of respectability. Remember also, John, the two types of pigs we had. We had the hard type, you know something like the old-typed policeman with his captive chief of police. They sat by the public trough and got fat on tax money and graft. They closed those beardy little eyes to the suffering around. They were afraid of the shop and crud and human waste were so high around them that they were immobilized and no longer produced a marketable product. The public rebelled and the farmer changed his idea to more vigorous horn type hog.

This pig was long and lean and had a longer nose to dig into the hard-packed surface of the haybard. He stirred things up and found a bit of good, even in the lowest segment of society and startled other pro professionals to come in and make the system work for the lost and downtrodden. And they were more successful than the one seen by the black and white. There's more clear in this type of thing, but maybe you should have taken a very good look. Maybe it has something to do with a ten-dollar word and the words call projection. Or perhaps it's due to the reflection they observe from looking at the marbled surface of a policeman's badge.

"By the way, John, maybe you should be (continued on page 12)"
Calendar of Events: Nov. 12-25

November 12
PAC Royal Gambit, Arena Theatre. 8 p.m.
National Assn. of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges
Cora E. Siegel, mezzo-soprano: graduate recital. Music Auditorium. 8:15 p.m.
Arthur Dove Show, Kresge Art Center
Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 13
PAC Royal Gambit, Arena Theatre. 8 p.m.
National Assn. of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges
To Be a Crook. 104 Wells Hall. 7:30 p.m.

Arthur Dove Show, Kresge Art Center
Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 14
PAC Royal Gambit, Arena Theatre. 8 p.m.
Jeffrey Ball, Auditorium. 8:15 p.m.
Blow up. Body Auditorium. 7 and 9 p.m.

Arthur Dove Show, Kresge Art Center
Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

King Rat and Libelle 109 Anthony Hall. 7 and 9 p.m.
King Rat and Libelle 109 Anthony Hall. 7 and 9 p.m.

November 15
Final oral exams: graduate students
PAC Royal Gambit, Arena Theatre. 8 p.m.
Jeffrey Ball, Auditorium. 8:15 p.m.

Blow up. MIA-WIC. Wilson Auditorium. 7 and 9 p.m.
The Phantom. 106 Wells Hall. 7 and 9 p.m.

November 16
Purdue football game
Jeffrey Ball, Auditorium. 2 p.m.
World Television. 104 Wells Hall. 7:30 p.m.

Arthur Dove Show, Kresge Art Center
Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 17
PAC Royal Gambit, Arena Theatre. 8 p.m.

Gail Warnick, graduate recital. Music Auditorium. 8 p.m.

Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 18
Blood Drive Demonstration Hall
PAC Royal Gambit, Wonders Hall

Arthur Dove Show, Kresge Art Center
Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 19
Administrative group. 9 a.m.
Blood Drive Demonstration Hall

Chamber Orchestra, Music Auditorium. 8:15 p.m.

Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 20
Blood Drive Demonstration Hall
Promenaders Dance
PAC Royal Gambit, Wonders Hall

Arthur Dove Show, Kresge Art Center
Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 21

Irma La Douce. Body Auditorium. 7 and 9 p.m.

Student Recital. Music Auditorium. 7 and 9 p.m.

Chamber Orchestra, Music Auditorium. 8:15 p.m.

Paintings by Owen Brainard, Kresge Art Center

November 22
Three penny Opera. 106 Wells Hall. 7 and 9 p.m.

Closely Watched Trains. Auditorium. 7:30 p.m.

Women's Intercollegiate Swim Championships. Men's 1 M.

November 23
World Travel Series. Marion Dix, Auditorium. 8 p.m.

Three penny Opera. 106 Wells Hall. 7 and 9 p.m.

Women's Intercollegiate Swim Championships

November 24
MSU Concert Band, Auditorium. 4 p.m.

December 12, 1968
security and the dread of a trespasser about to be expelled. That individuals feel like invaders in their own rooms does not make for optimum living conditions.

Secondly, status and power are very carefully delineated in the type and amount of space you have, and the control you have over that space. Head Advisers are given bachelor pads, RA's are given their own rooms. Undergraduates are put two in a room. Freshmen are crammed together in a dormitory. You know who you are and how you are by where you are.

"Motivation for territory is psychological. The possession and recognition of one's territory satisfies two distinctive needs: security, which is experienced in the comfort and safety of the heartland of one's own property, and identification, which is experienced through the existence of a "unique fragment of something larger and more permanent than the individual himself, a place whether social or geographic, to which you belong." (R. Ardrey)

The living-learning complexes provide a provocative glimpse as to how a population functions. There are put two in a room. Freshmen are crammed together in a dormitory. Undergraduates are given "their own rooms. Uhdergraduates make for optimum living conditions.

Herein lies both the horror and the multiversal machine. You no longer search to find yourself; for you are very complex. Wilbur Rykert, East Lansing senior in police administration, is on leave from the Michigan State Police. He has nine years previous service in police work.

A zoo which forcefully intimidates the human qualities of love, compassion, individuation, privacy, and security are ignored as irrelevant. A zoo which forcefully intimidates the individual to purge himself of any distinctive qualities, to fit in and function in the multiversal machine, is on leave from the "State News." Wanted a story. Some gal wanted to be a policeman. "Black is Beautiful" development.

Well, John, it's time to quit. Let's head for the barn. Some gal by the name of Trinka called last night. She said she was from the "State News. Wanted a story. Something about what it is to be a policeman.

Well," said John, "what did you tell her?"

"I guess the university is getting to me," said Hank. "I told her I couldn't do it. It's too complex.

As the officers turned the cruiser into the station parking lot, they noticed Tom coming in to the day-shift. As he got close to the car, John said to Tom, "What in the world are you wearing on your feet?"

"Hush Puppies," said Tom, "it's a new kind. They are very attractive.

Wilbur Rykert, East Lansing senior in police administration, is on leave from the Multiversal machine.

1. Myra Breckinridge
2. The President's Plume In Lansing
3. Rosemary's Baby
4. Five Smooth Stones

THE 10 BEST-SELLING PAPERBACKS

5. Seventh Avenue
6. The Plot
7. The Gabriel Hounds
8. Our Crowd
9. A Modern Priest Looks At His Outdated Church
10. A Modern Priest Looks At His Outdated Church