I pledge allegiance
To the smugged and
Greedy coughing shadows
Of my land; who collar-up and lawless
Tack the awful folded flag
Beneath their eyes.
And squating dumb
Upon the alleybrick,
And garbled like a night cat
Digging breakfast,
Rip the cold colds
From its night.
Then raise it,
Where a child has shinnéd
Dirty-kneed and clawing for a cloud;
The crumpled city child like on his hands.

The pole is waiting rootless.
Hardless, hard and sapless
Glittering in our spacious skies.
And we’re impaled upon it
Squirming trait-like
In the bottom of the boat,
Our helpless flip-flop
Slapping in their ears.
Sexless at the top
The black man dances in our eyes
And swings the natural rhythm of the breeze.
Undown like
He wags the sterile lout
That bold us weakly where we stand.

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

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

-Tom Samet

COLLEGE STUDENT'S POETRY ANTHOLOGY

The NATIONAL POETRY PRESS
announces its
SPRING COMPETITION

The closing date for the submission of manuscripts by College Students is
April 10

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

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

MANUSCRIPTS should be sent to it: OFFICE OF THE PRESS

NATIONAL POETRY PRESS
3210 Selby Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90034
A man said to the universe:
"Sir, I exist!"
"However," replied the universe,
"that fact has not created in me
a sense of obligation."

--Stephen Crane
By BRUCE SPITZ

Under the guise of the operational definitions expressed in the U.S. census, the East Lansing Comprehensive Plan and MSU public relations releases, we are all partaking in a prosperous, exciting urban complex. There are signs of distress arising from a disproportionately large student population but the overwhelming indication is that this is a growing, healthy community. However, under the guise of living here MSU campuses appear to be no more than a thriving necropolis, a continent of people and entities. As individuals we are isolated. As groups we are segregated. And as contemporary urban citizens we accept the lack of communication and its complementary vitality and warmth with undetermined satisfaction and apathy. It is the purpose of this article, therefore, to pierce the paradox and to examine those forces which are creating a new senselessness as a community.

Architecture and the Lite Aesthetic

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

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

Architecture, the only art form from which we cannot escape, is one of the most powerful non-verbal conveyors of social meanings and intent. The power to shape the environment is the power to influence social meanings and to instill in a man a sense of his position and a social definition of his humanity. Man is not infinitely plastic. He cannot adjust to any environment. If we wish to develop creative integrated individuals, we cannot simply show them onto a conveyor belt that lacks privacy, denies individual expression, prevents meaningful interaction, and abhors spontaneity. When the beautiful and the aesthetically pleasing are deemed superior to a State institution, the State has not destroyed those qualities, it has just helped to create a new light-aesthetic: a new conceptual form of the human being—that of a scrawny, castrated figure held upright by gadgets and standardized parts. When the State deems privacy, individuality, and other basic human experiences as obstacles to the growth of the individual, he discovers those remnants of a man and annihlates the gadgets and the standardized parts. Where does one go from here? Can one condone his humanity or be impressed or exhilarated by the human genius?"

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

Overcrowding and Loneliness

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

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

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

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

You laughed me into melodies. quick-advanced hearts; reckless patterns of flesh by sly, savoring souls.

You touched me into gracefulness, the engraving of reckless patterns of flesh by sly, savoring souls.

But, dear teacher, of the crimson, the affections of spring.

I was a child traveling wondrous landscapes, breathless and gilled-eyed. You did not warn me of your vicissitudes and wondered that they taught me blue-lipped and shaven. There is only the rain now, it talks to itself all days, against silent winter-pane.

—By Elia Singh

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

I propose that one of the reasons we do not behave as a community is because we are neither too much nor are not alone enough. The task of being is impossible to operate in a community since the majority of the constituents are attempting to flee from themselves.

Problem: We must provide the opportunities for the individuals to experience solitude and privacy. Specifically, the residence hall arrangements are not modified with this goal in mind. We will simply perpetuate a system of the segmented and confused whose first and probably only focus is how to produce for that system and not fly apart in the search.
(continued from previous page)

**MSU: trilogy in four parts**

The Economics of Containment

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

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

Like grape pickers, we have submitted to the will of the transients. We form no unions. We work for minimal wages. And we would gladly cash if any attempt to organize were made. Like niggers, we hop from mental job to mental job not differentiating between getting up at 6:30 Sunday morning to mop the Man's floor or lining up every evening to feed the mob 190 at 8:35. Anyone who gets upset about wages can leave. However, if you're a good Tom and work hard and don't bitch, you'll get a chance to rise up in the world. They'll give you a 10-cent hike per hour and make you head elevator boy, that way you can make sure that none of the other boys get laid off the job. While you're working hard, they'll just boost your tuition and room and board just so high and raise your alimony so little that there's a way in the world that you can't stop working for them.

Like educated folks, we gladly offer our expertise of nigger wages and help make slaves like Kellogg Center a proverbial gold mine. This course is done under the watchful eye of the student. We're giving youexpérience. If private woes can stand the same type of wages as MSU during their transitory training period, he may become who he will, or what he will. The student a year-old retiree, hydrophobic idiots, and—yes—college students trying to get through a car. Not only has tuition been rapidly rising, but traffic regulations have become more stringently enforced and parking facilities are usually one half to three quarters of a mile away from a dorm. It doesn't seem to bother us that all other employees, or visitors or tourists can park adjacent to their destination—when the Man says no, you listen. The only other forms of transportation are feet, bikes, and the MSU bus system (one of the few solvent mass transport systems in the country). For the most part, we choose the bus system which is a very interesting way to travel because:

1. All I do is go round and round. You never leave the plantation.

2. In allocating 30 minutes between classes to travel to those classes, what has effectively been done is that one third of your day's time is devoted to being stranded around campus. At the end of a scholastic year, one full term of daylight class time has been wasted.

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

However, in The Location of Economic Activities, states the problem very clearly: 'The magnitude of price differentials corresponds in a very elementary way to the mobility. In other words, if there is a junior working for $2.00 an hour down at Olds-mobile and you are doing the same thing for $1.50 at MSU, the principal reason you are not getting better wages is because you are immobile—captive.

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

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

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

The Brick Spider

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

It seems that regardless of culture, cities approach each other in character as they grow; as their density patterns become greater, and as the society industrializes. The individual is subordinated and harmonized into the arms of the 'community' and forced to inhale its chars.

The large ghetto displays the peculiar qualities of restricted physical mobility, a restricted overcrowded housing, restricted work opportunities, inadequate access to positions of community responsibility or policy decisions. The dominant in both the black slums and the white multitudes encloses.

One may ask: Why doesn't the student look or work off-campus? The answer is simple: he is physically captured, a product of two admirably forces.

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

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

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The large ghetto displays the peculiar qualities of restricted physical mobility, a restricted overcrowded housing, restricted work opportunities, inadequate access to positions of community responsibility or policy decisions. The dominant in both the black slums and the white multitudes encloses.

The past four years that I have spent at MSU, I have watched policies change and 'liberties' granted by the scope. Yet the quality of water which is MSU has not been altered, it has only grown more trenched. The aura of mechanized structures has intensified; the crowds have increased, and the prevalent apathy has remained prevalent. The student protest over trivial questions such as open houses or hours returns a convenient method for expending energy in blind alleys. (continued on page 11)
"Who keeps us prisoner,\nWho always leads us,\nWho keeps us prisoner,\nThe quote is from Peter Weiss' MARAT/SADE.

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

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

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

Most of us don't want to break the fishbowl; we are afraid of losing the valuable fluid that keeps us alive.

On the other hand, we may not need to stay submerged in water to survive: if we are men, rather than fish, perhaps we should re-think our mode of existence.

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

Collage is interested in response from our "fishbowl colleagues." Ask yourself where you stand. Do you think you are being cheated by East Lansing merchants? Or by the University? Or by The Man? On the other hand, have you considered the problems facing private entrepreneurs who cannot depend on a steady population, but only a steady flux of population? If you were an administrator or a merchant, would you really handle things any differently? Do idealists "get things done" or are they only a burden, a drag on the general progress of the fishbowl community? And do they have anything to contribute, besides discontent?

And is discontent such a bad thing, anyway?

Collage is the forum for your response.

If you care enough to use it.
er, who locks us in..."
MSU, We Love Thy Shadows

By WILLIAM R. STEWART

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

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

It is a reality of the colonial situation that the "traditional" societal mechanisms and institutions--those having real existence for the colonized population before the colonial imposition--merely appear to continue to exist and function, while in fact they are form with no content--structure with no power--shadows. All power has been alienated from them and invested in the Colonial Protectorate Government--the Guardians, the Trustees of the colony--not by consent of the governed community, but by consent of the "taxpayers" of the Metropole, the parent state. Within the colony, this Board of Trustees is the single central locus of all power: adjudicative, legislative, coercive, and repressive. In terms of power, nothing real exists outside of this body. A study of power at MSU therefore takes place within a colonial context. Relevant to the position of the colonized "native," it is a study of attics and shadows.

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

(continued from previous page)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—Clifford Randall

remember

February 14th

956 Trowbridge Rd.
across from Wilson, Wonders, Case and Holden Halls
Calendar for Timely Events Feb. 11-25

TUESDAY, FEB. 11
"The Balcony" (PAC, 8:00), Arena Theatre. Through Feb. 15.
Clebanoff Strings (8:15, Auditorium).
Student Recital (1:00, Music Auditorium)

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12
Lincoln's Birthday

THURSDAY, FEB. 13
Royal Winnipeg Ballet (8:15, Auditorium).
"Singin' in the Rain" (7:30, Anthony).
"7 Days in May" (8:00, Concert Hall).

FRIDAY, FEB. 14
Valentine's Day
"7 Days in May" (7 & 9, Wilson).
"Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" (7 & 9, 109 Anthony).
All Campus Talent Show (Union, through Feb. 22).

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

SUNDAY, FEB. 16
Senior Recital: Sue Pinner, soprano (2:00, Music Auditorium).
"Summer and Smoke" (109 Anthony).
MSU Symphony Orchestra (4:00, Auditorium).

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

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

THURSDAY, FEB. 20
"Nights of Cabiria" (7:30, 109 Anthony).
"Von Ryan's Express" (7 & 9, Wilson).
"Two for the Road" (7 & 9, 100 Vet Clinic).
Hockey, MSU vs. Minnesota.

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

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

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

FRIDAY, FEB. 21
"Summer and Smoke" (109 Anthony).
"Marat Sade" (7 & 9, 108 Wells).
"Von Ryan's Express" (7 & 9, Wilson).
"Two for the Road" (7 & 9, 106 Vet Clinic).
Hockey, MSU vs. Minnesota.
Arts & Letters Recital, Richard Woodwind Quintet (8:15, Music Auditorium).
These are the important issues:

Does MSU have the right to keep the student physically captive?

Does MSU have the right to tell you not only now but where you can live?

Does MSU have the right to inform a captive market that it is never worth more than $2 an hour regardless of the job or the going wages in the Lansing Metropolitan area?

Does MSU have the right to make all key policy decisions for you, to act as an org, etc., which presupposes to be the electorate, the legislature, the judiciary, and the executives all at one time?

And while you ponder these questions ask yourself one more—would your parents agree to live in such a community?

As it is now, the MSU complex leans mindlessly over some chrome precipice, blindly glaring, efficiently pulling strings. Encircled, we stand state center in a Ptolemaic model of captivity. Enraptured in ourselves, yet grasping, we look out onto a theatrical backdrop of plastic trees and Lionel train stations. Crowded into herds, thankful yet alarmed at the anonymity and the social inertia that those herds provide. Anxious to prove our economic independence in a system that nourishes dependence. Anxious to be productive in a system that demands consumption. Anxious to be a part of something in a system in which we remain a piece of something else. Anxious. Captive.
Verily, I say unto you...

In the beginning, the Federal Government planted the Tree in the garden of Lansing in the east. And there it put the students whom it had formed.

And the Federal Government said: "Let there be a Light in the Federal Government so that the Light of the Federal Government would be known and the Ignorance, and to separate the Knowledge from the Ignorance. And the Federal Government said: "The Light of the Federal Government was good."

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

And the Federal Government set them in the Administration to give Knowledge unto the University, to rule over the Knowledge and over the Ignorance, and to separate the Knowledge from the Ignorance. And the Federal Government said that it was good. And the Federal Government said: "And we make the student in our image after our likeness. So the Federal Government created the student in its own image, in the image of the Federal Government it created him; male and female it created them. And the Federal Government blessed them, and the Federal Government said to them, 'Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the University and rule over the same, and be masters of it.' And the Federal Government saw everything that it had made, and behold, it was very good."

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

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

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

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